

MACLEAN'S

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Quebec

1959



*A searching new look at the French Canadian
two hundred years after the Plains of Abraham*

*How 'bout that little
Janie of mine!*



She gave me a PARKER 61... the one pen a man really hopes to own someday!

You know how it is when it's your birthday. You come home sort of expecting the family to make a fuss.

But you sure don't expect anything like this. My little Janie gave me a Parker 61 Pen... the one pen a man really hopes to own someday. Must have saved her allowance for months.

I'd used a Parker 61 once before. My boss has one. I'd noticed the good feel of it and the easy way it puts your thoughts on paper. Noticed, too, how proud the boss

is of his Parker 61. And now I've got one of my own. It even fills by itself... you put the reservoir part in the ink bottle and the point stays high and dry.

Guess I'd rather have a Parker 61 Pen than any other gift in the world. Especially *this* Parker 61! Janie gave it to me.

Parker 61 CAPILLARY PEN *the world's most wanted pen*
Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Don Mills, Ontario (Metropolitan Toronto)

Custom \$27.50*
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MACLEANS

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Crumple-proof woollens in our shops next fall
- ✓ Sociology's new frontier: the hit parade



HALDANES

and feature films. They've already bought two cinema-length scripts.

HOUSEWIVES WON'T HAVE TO PRESS WOOLENS they buy from this fall on if the clothes are treated with a new chemical called Si-Ro-Set. Sprayed on new suits or skirts before the factory pressing, it bends the fibres, makes pleats and creases permanent. It's already in use in Australia, where it was developed, and the U.S. Extra cost of a pair of treated slacks: about \$1. It won't work on older clothes. Si-Ro-Set reacts with iron or copper deposits left from dry-cleaning and turns clothes pink. But once it's set, dry-cleaning has no ill effect.

WHAT MAKES A HIT RECORD? Usually only teen-agers and disk jockeys are asked. Now CBC Montreal is turning to modern socio-psychological techniques. Researchers have set up a permanent panel of 500 listeners—none under 16. Each week, 125 will answer a questionnaire, naming their favorite popular songs. Then the sociologists will move in with depth interviews: *why* were the hits picked? CBC calls it a study of "the cyclical birth and death of a song." It's the first scientific study anywhere.

ONE OF CANADIAN LETTERS' most famous names could soon be making new literary headlines. Barry Callaghan, 21-year-old son of Morley (The Loved and the Lost, The Varsity Story) has nearly completed a novel to be called *Thou Strangers*. He's already written eight short stories (Morley's published more than a hundred)—mostly for a "little" magazine called *The Chorus* which he edits. Still a student at the University of Toronto's St. Michael's College, Barry also writes poetry, paints in oils. Has Morley's work been a guide? "No," says Barry. "We have different styles. But he's criticized my work—a great help."



CALLAGHANS

FARM LIFE CHANGING

Big companies move in on agriculture / The farmer's more secure—but how free?

BARELY NOTICED by city dwellers, Canadian farm life is undergoing a metamorphosis that threatens its status as the last stronghold of rugged individualism. Thousands of farmers are now facing an economic phenomenon called vertical integration: their businesses are controlled as rigidly as a greenhouse seedling. Thousands more will come to grips with it in the next few years. Here's how it's quietly changing the face of agriculture:

How it works: Instead of buying them, a farmer is given seeds or young livestock by a packing house or processor. He nurtures them and sells the mature product back to the supplier. In effect, he's paid wages for his labor, rent for his land.

What's affected: So far in Canada, mostly chickens (90% of Ontario broil-

ers are contract-raised), hogs and a few specialized crops. Around Taber, Alta., there are 10,500 acres of sugar beets contracted for Canadian Sugar Refineries. It's more prevalent in the U.S. Already grown on vertically integrated farms there: 95% of broiler chickens, one of every two turkeys, three-quarters of all hybrid seed corn, almost all sugar beets, some cotton, potatoes and hogs.

Is it good or bad? It's at least efficient—so efficient that the small farmer is facing the fate of the corner grocer: complete domination by giant companies and perhaps ultimate surrender to them. One of the biggest

worries is that federal price supports will subsidize the big interests. That's largely why the hog support price will be cut \$1.35 a hundredweight Oct. 1. Ottawa's stabilization board is now working out ways to cut off subsidies to vertically integrated producers. "I do not intend to . . . (subsidize) anyone

but bona fide farmers," Agriculture Minister Harkness says. Saskatchewan Premier Tommy Douglas calls vertical integration "as dangerous as communism." "A new type of enslavement," Dr. H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, said in a National Film Board study.



Farmers: just hired hands?

But some farmers are happy with it. Percy Ruby, in the London, Ont., area, raises 2,000 broiler chicks every 10 weeks and 2,000 hogs a year—all under contract. "I just supply the buildings, heat and work and I'm assured of a market," Ruby told Maclean's. "There's \$20,000 worth of hogs on my farm. I couldn't afford that."

Can farmers avoid it? One way is to band themselves together. United Co-operatives of Ontario has allocated \$2 million to assist farmers to build their own contracting system through local co-ops. "We'll develop integration from the farm up instead of from wholesaler down," says president Alden McLean, A U.S. Department of Agriculture official told Maclean's. "If farmers are going to be just hired hands they're bound to organize unions."



VANCOUVER'S

New civic theatres can spark municipal

CULTURE BOOMS



TORONTO'S

VANCOUVER AND TORONTO will open grandiose new civic auditoriums in the next year and a half. Other than adding impressive skyline wrinkles, what will the new theatres mean?

Here's what three other cities have found:

Calgary: The provincially financed Southern Alberta Jubilee Auditorium has boosted attendance at symphonies, operas and drama 35% since it was opened in 1957. "It's been a real incentive for our musicians and actors," manager R. M. Aickenhead told Maclean's.

Edmonton: Where Louis Armstrong and Artur Rubinstein once played concerts from a platform over a hockey cushion, Alberta's other Jubilee Auditorium has been a "shot in the arm," says manager J. E. Plewes.

Winnipeg's civic auditorium was built as a depression work project and has made money since. Everything from symphonies to wrestling is staged before its 4,135 seats. CBC helps pay costs by renting the 15,000-sq.-ft. basement for TV studios.

Our newest auditoriums are equally well equipped:

Vancouver's Royal Elizabeth (if the queen gives her consent to the name) Theatre will open July 5. Summer at-

traction will be the city's International Festival. The festival was an artistic and financial success last year—its first—but was roasted by critics for inadequate accommodation. "Now we have one of the continent's finest," says publicity director Ernest Perrault. They have. Stage dimensions: 125 x 65 ft. There's seating for 2,800, nearly half an acre of lobby and lounges, a 700-seat Little Theatre (with reduced rent for amateur groups), a restaurant, rehearsal hall and car-park. Advance tickets will be sold from a drive-in box office. The auditorium's already booked solidly for a year.

Toronto's O'Keefe Centre for the Performing Arts will seat 3,200. Its stage 128 x 60. The proscenium was designed with the guidance of the Metropolitan Opera. Opening date is September 1960—for a road company of either *My Fair Lady* or *Flower Drum Song*. Second attraction will be the Toronto Opera Festival. The lounge will have a 100-ft. wall designed for art exhibitions. One unique feature: sliding panels so the auditorium can be acoustically "tuned" for everything from spoken words to a brass band. "We hope to make Toronto again a try-out centre for Broadway," says manager Hugh Walker.

HOW'S FISHING? Outlook is dandy, coast to coast

A SURE SIGN that summer is icumen in is the look of impatience in the fisherman's eye. This year, more anglers than ever before will be trying Canadian waters. After one of the toughest winters ever—at least in the east—what are their chances?

Maritimes: Black spring salmon are already running heavily in the Miramichi and other rivers. Last year's Atlantic salmon run was the best since '53; this year's should be even better. P.E.I. and Nova Scotia predict a good year for rainbow, brown, speckled and sea trout. But Nova Scotia's 22-year-old tuna tournament will be canceled this summer. Reason: from 1,774 in 1949 the catch has dropped to one tuna last year.

Ontario and Quebec will enjoy an especially good bass season. They're warm-water fish; the bumper crop spawned in 1955—a warm year—will

be ready for taking. The long hard winter froze some shallow streams to the bottom, killing fish, but didn't bother lake fish. The number of fishermen in Algonquin Park doubled last year, is expected to keep rising. Thirty-five new fishing camps will open in the northern areas of both provinces.

The west had a mild winter and prospects are good. Last year's record run of grayling in B.C., Alberta and northern Saskatchewan will probably be topped. Fingerling plantings have been higher than ever. Look for a boom in "pot-hole" fishing. Prairie sloughs have been yielding huge rainbows. Bass in Manitoba are so plentiful the government's extended the season six weeks. Opening day: May 16. The lake trout season will run into the fall. Alberta's no-live-bait rule—passed in 1957—has cut down on "pest" fish in trout waters.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

QUEBEC'S POLITICAL DILEMMA:

Is Diefenbaker outdrawing Duplessis?



Two or three times a year, with no more effort than it takes to get up out of a chair, Liberal members of parliament cause painful embarrassment to forty-two Conservative foes. These are the French-speaking MPs from Quebec (the other eight Tories from that province are English-speaking). The cause of embarrassment is always the same: Liberals demand a recorded vote on some measure, supported by both parties in Ottawa but denounced by Premier Maurice LeNoblet Duplessis of Quebec.

Most recent example was the Trans-Canada Highway Act, amended in March to raise the ceiling on Ottawa's share from \$250 million to \$350 million. The Liberals were for it—their government had introduced the original act. Most Conservatives were for it—their government was proposing the increase. Premier Duplessis was loudly and emphatically against it as an unwarranted intrusion by Ottawa into a provincial field.

Nobody voted "No" in the House of Commons; the amendment was adopted 202 to 0. But of forty-two French-speaking Quebecers on the government side, only three cabinet ministers and thirteen back-benchers stood up to vote "Yes." The others, including one cabinet minister, were diplomatically absent—even though one of the absent made a speech against the bill, just before the vote was taken.

The same thing happened last September, when the Liberals called for a formal vote on that other *bête noire* of Premier Duplessis, the federal grants to universities, which Quebec is forbidden to accept. Luckily for the French-speaking Conservatives, this was a committee vote in which names were not recorded—but they still had to stand up and be counted, or else scuttle behind the curtain while the Liberals hooted and jeered. Most of them chose the latter alternative. They were proving, in anger and humiliation, something that Liberals had said all along and they themselves had hotly denied: that it is impossible to be, wholeheartedly, a Diefenbaker man and a Duplessis man at one and the same time.

To some MPs the recurring embarrassment is a real crisis of conscience—they really believe in the Duplessis version of provincial "autonomy," really believe that the government they support is violating provincial rights with these grants for roads and universities and so on. To others it's no longer an embarrassment at all, because they have "joined the Conservative Party" and repudiated Duplessis and all he stands for. But for many, perhaps for most, it's a difficult and urgent question of political tactics:

If they have to choose between these two political leaders, which is the better man for a Quebec politician to back?

There was a time, not so long ago, when the question would have answered itself. Maurice Duplessis was a potentate plenipotentiary, a ruler who didn't really mind being called a dictator but who did mind being opposed, a man so powerful in his own province that even Liberal MPs, a good many of them, had private non-aggression pacts with the Duplessis organizers in their ridings. ("You stay out of my federal elections and I'll stay out of provincial affairs.") Anyone who challenged Duplessis needed a lot of courage.

His followers say this situation hasn't changed, and maybe they are right. Certainly the Quebec premier, at sixty-nine, still looks and sounds as formidable as ever. Every few months, it seems, the Liberals spread the word that his health is failing, that his chronic diabetes (which he has had for years) is catching up with him at last, and they launch joyous speculation as to which of his rather docile followers will succeed him. So far, Duplessis has never failed to confound them by turning up as chipper as ever, and making them look like a pack of wishful thinkers.

But this year there are a few new items to support the Liberal hope that things are different now, that Duplessis is losing his grip and his touch. One of them was a squabble he got into last winter about his old enemy, the Very Rev. Father G. H. Levesque.

Levesque is now rector of the Dominican rest house Maison Mont-

morency, formerly the commercial hotel Kent House, in Courville near Quebec City. When the Dominicans bought the hotel it became tax-exempt, as church property, but Levesque offered the village an annual payment of \$2,400 in lieu of taxes. The village council happily agreed. To keep everything tidy they included this bargain in their annual private bill before the Quebec legislature, to have it ratified.

Duplessis rejected it. When Courville's bill came before the private bills committee he pronounced the annual payment too small—it should be \$3,000. The village fathers obediently amended their bill, but before it was passed in full the legislature adjourned for Christmas.

Meanwhile a storm blew up. The anti-Duplessis newspaper *Le Devoir* started a fund to make up the extra \$600; in no time at all it amounted to more than the whole \$3,000. All over the province the reaction was extremely hostile to Duplessis. So great was the outcry that Duplessis backed down—something he rarely does. As finally adopted, the Courville bill ratified the original agreement.

"The Duplessis of a few years ago would never have acted so crudely," said a good friend of Father Levesque. "He would not have denounced the agreement, he would have praised it. He would have said, 'I commend the example of my good friend Father Levesque to the other clerical orders.' I tell you, if he had done that, Father Levesque would have been in a terrible spot—the other orders would have been furious. As it was everyone was on Levesque's side."

Even the most hopeful enemies of

Duplessis don't pretend that this incident in itself will make any great difference in a provincial election still two years away. They point to it more as a symptom of decline in the old master's skill.

He is not infallible, even in Quebec politics, nor has he always been the giant he seems now. When he was first elected MLA for Three Rivers in 1927 he was one of only nine Conservatives to survive the election; four years later he was one of eleven, in an election wherein Camillien Houde, the new Conservative leader in Quebec, lost his own seat. A year later Duplessis became temporary House leader, and in 1933 he defeated Houde for leadership of the Conservative Party in Quebec.

But he still had only ten followers, and in the 1935 election—despite scandals that nearly upset the Taschereau Liberal regime—he was able to lead only sixteen Conservatives into the new legislature. The bigger fraction of the opposition was made up of rebel Liberals led by Paul Gouin, who called themselves the *Action Libérale Nationale*.

The two opposition groups had run separately, but by agreement they had not run against each other; each won about half of the seats it contested. For the run-off election which was obviously coming soon, they decided to merge into one party. Duplessis had no trouble at all in outmanoeuvring Paul Gouin, and emerging as leader of the newborn *Union Nationale*. He became premier of Quebec a few months later.

He held the post only three years, though. In October 1939, apparently believing Quebec's anti-war feeling would sweep him back into office, he called an election even though the legislature still had two years left to run. Duplessis miscalculated. Quebec's federal ministers entered the fray, led by the late great Ernest Lapointe; the Duplessis government was turned out. Not until 1944 was it re-elected, and then by an over-all majority of only half a dozen. It was not until 1948 that Duplessis scored his first really smashing victory and reduced the Quebec Liberals to the corporal's guard that they have been ever since.

Now a few whiffs of scandal are blowing around the *Union Nationale* too—not the old, commonplace charges of electoral corruption that nobody even bothered to deny, but more precise charges of graft. However, none involves Duplessis himself or any member of his family, and there's not much evidence that his regime has been badly hurt by this type of attack, so far.

The likelier hope of his enemies is that his old autonomy cry, so sure-fire for so many years, is beginning to sound hollow. Not that Quebecers are any less interested in autonomy, far from it. But the Duplessis interpretation has mostly been a refusal to accept money from Ottawa—money that Quebec taxpayers have to pay like everyone else, but of which they alone get nothing back. There are signs that people are getting tired of this.

That's what sharpens the dilemma of the Quebec MPs. Is their grand old man out of date? Should they turn their backs on him and go down the line for Diefenbaker? Or, if they do, will the old grey wolf prove that he is still able to eat them up?

It's a neat question. Before many more of these embarrassing votes in the House of Commons, we should know the answer. ★



How long can Duplessis count on the loyalty of Quebec's federal Tories?

BACKSTAGE WITH CIVIC MORALS

Would all our cities make Les Ballets Africains cover up?

WHEN TORONTO — and even Montreal — made the brilliant folk-dance troupe *Les Ballets Africains* cover up in two bare-bosomed numbers, most Canadians condescendingly smiled: "Mrs. Grundies." Even Boston had let them perform bare-breasted. But how would the rest of Canada have reacted to *Les Ballets*?

Maclean's wired the mayors of fifteen major cities to find out. Seven wouldn't answer at all: Vancouver, Calgary, Hamilton, Windsor, Ottawa, Saint John and St. John's. The mayors of Halifax and Saskatoon were out of town.

Here's how the others lined up:

✓ Mayor Wilfrid Hamel of Quebec City: "I am of the opinion we would have acted accordingly with the decisions taken in Montreal and Toronto."

✓ H. H. P. Baker, Regina: "A city bylaw provides that no person shall be guilty of any immorality or in-

decency... If the act put on by this folk-dance group is considered indecent I would be inclined to support any action to disallow such performances."

✓ Millard H. Mooney, acting mayor of Victoria: "I am sure in cultural Victoria the dancing itself would command much appreciation and admiration. But I'm convinced their bare-bosom numbers would not be tolerated officially and would be strongly opposed by the vast majority of our people. I wouldn't want my daughter to appear in public so exposed."

✓ William Hawrelak, Edmonton: "Should the Criminal Code be infringed upon, action would be taken."

✓ Stephen Juba, Winnipeg: "Present civic problems far outweigh the subject matter. No comment."

Only Fredericton intimated it might follow the lead of most world cities *Les Ballets* have visit-



MAYORS JUBA & WALKER

"Other problems" — "Broad view."

ed. After taking the question up with his council, Mayor William Walker wired: "If the dance were viewed from the standpoint of art there could be no objection. If [*Les Ballets*] were under good sponsorship, reaction would probably be favorable. This university city takes a broad view of things artistic — but I can't state definitely the reaction of the population as a whole."

In Toronto, the dancers found one way around the city's reaction. On opening night, a girl dropped her fish-net brassiere to her waist, then, wrote Toronto Star critic Nathan Cohen, "held her pose just long enough to demonstrate that what happened was no accident."



Backstage WITH CHAMPLAIN

◀ Here's how our history books draw his face . . .

But chances are he really looked more like this ▶



TO GENERATIONS of history students, the picture of sleek-cheeked, trim-bearded, robust Samuel de Champlain has represented one of the most swashbuckling pioneers on the pages of Canadian history. There's no doubt of Champlain's heroism. But is the picture Champlain?

Probably not. All the familiar textbook portraits are based on an 1854 lithograph by Louis César Joseph Ducornet, a French artist who wasn't born till nearly two centuries after Champlain died.

As early as 1904, historians knew Ducornet's source: a painting done in 1654 by a French court portraitist named Moncornet. But not till 1920 did they know the whole story.

Canadian archivist H. P. Biggar traveled to Paris's Bibliotheque Nationale to study original sources. He found Moncornet's portrait wasn't Champlain at all. It was one of Louis XIV's most insignificant finance ministers, an Italian named Michel Particelli. Ducornet, an armless painter who held his brush with toes and teeth, had simply copied it and changed the name.

What did Champlain really look like? According to Dr. Morris Bishop, Cornell University professor and a leading authority on Champlain, he was lean, ascetic, dry and dark — "and he would never have trimmed his beard." Best extant likenesses are probably those by Canadian artist C. W.

Jefferys, but Jefferys never attempted to picture Champlain as he would have looked in a formal pose. Maclean's artist Lew Parker drew his sketch from Bishop's description.

Why do textbooks continue to carry the phony portraits? Historians have never made an issue of the fraud and few publishers knew the portraits they printed weren't Champlain.

Champlain may not be our only misdrawn pioneer. Of eight existing portraits of Jacques Cartier, none is proved to be authentic. And the death-bed portrait of Louis de Buade Frontenac is now known to portray a 17th-century Swiss clergyman named Jean Henri Heidegger.

Backstage

WITH BAHAI

With 700 members from Queen Charlottes to Cape Breton, "new" faith flourishes

AS MORE AND MORE

Canadians flock to our traditional houses of worship a group whose name smacks of Oriental mysticism is quietly sinking new roots here. It is Baha'i, less than a century old, but now established in 250 countries. In Canada it has "Pioneer" members from the Queen Charlottes to Moose Jaw to Cape Breton Island. One of the finest lots in northeast Toronto's Bayview district has been bought for Canada's first Baha'i temple.



MARY MAXWELL

What exactly is Baha'i? It combines the teachings of many religions. Baha'is believe in one God and accept as his divinely inspired prophets Abraham, Moses, Zoroaster, Christ, Mohammed and a 19th-century Persian called The Bab (Gate). The Bab announced in 1844 that a new world teacher would arise to unite all nations. Nineteen years later a Persian Minister of State's son announced he was the chosen teacher — Baha'u'llah. His son succeeded him as Exemplar of Baha'i. From 1921-57, Baha'u'llah's great-grandson, Shoghi Effendi Rabbani, was world leader. Rabbani's widow is Mary Maxwell, daughter of Montreal architect William Sutherland Maxwell. She's now a member of the council of nine which leads world Baha'i.

How do Baha'is live? They must: 1. attend services of worship on the first day of each of the Baha'i year's 19 months; 2. pray formally once a day; 3. fast between sunrise and sunset one month a year.

They may: 1. smoke; 2. serve in armed forces — if they're drafted; 3. become divorced but only after sincere attempts at reconciliation and a year's trial separation. (Baha'is are usually married in civil ceremonies. Only B.C. recognizes their service as legal.)

They do not: 1. drink; 2. tithe — except voluntarily; 3. seek political office.

To become a Baha'i you must attend several months' classes and be passed by a committee.

Who are Baha'is? Out of 4 million in the world, there are only 700 in Canada. But Baha'is don't proselytize. They want "dedication, not numbers," Mrs. Peggy Ross, secretary of Baha'i national headquarters in Toronto told Maclean's. Members are asked to speak frequently of Baha'i and they must lead exemplary lives. There are no priests.

One prominent Canadian Baha'i is F. St. George Spendlove, curator of the Royal Ontario Museum's Canadiana collection and author of *The Face of Early Canada*. Montreal architect Maxwell, who designed Regina's Parliament Buildings, also built Baha'i's world centre in Haifa, Israel. Architect of the nine-sided North American temple in Wilmette, Ill., was French-Canadian Louis Bourgeois. DOROTHY SANGSTER

Background

OUR CHANGING DIET

Before World War II, the average Canadian ate 192 lb. of potatoes a year. Now it's down to 154 lb. But meat's up — from 118 pre-war lb. to 141 today. A Department of Agriculture survey found enough changes to spot a "definite shift in food consumption toward more expensive foods." Samples: fruit and tomatoes up to 239 lb. a year from 139; vegetables up to 101 from 78; sugar and cereal consumption down.

BIND-YOUR-OWN LIBRARY

As more and more world classics are published in paperbacks (soon to be joined by Dr. Zhivago), keeping a permanent home library has become a problem. Now Toronto publisher S. J. R. Saunders offers a solution: a 98c kit that includes enough material for the owner to bind three paperbacks in hard covers. Added touch for the truly proud: gold foil for monograms.

LOST SPIKE FOUND?

Where's the CPR's last spike? asked Maclean's (Backstage, Jan. 17). Both the spike that Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) put in his pocket

when he couldn't drive it home and the one that got driven but later replaced were missing. Smith's spike was splintered into jewelry. Now at least one piece has come to light. Lady Strathcona, widow of Smith's grandson, owns a diamond-studded nail-shaped brooch. A second piece, says a Montreal descendant of Strathcona, is owned by Queen Elizabeth.

SLEEP-LEARNING

Citizens of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* were taught by recorded lessons while they slept. Now some Canadians are using the same principle. A firm called Learnophone

Canada sells specially equipped tape recorders for \$289. The customer records his own lesson, hears it through a speaker under his pillow.

GUIDEBOOK FOR NEWCOMERS

Few Canadians see one of the best selling books written in Canada. It's *We Came to Canada*, by Thomas Beak, a British-born Kingston, Ont., consulting biologist. Most of the 100,000 copies already sold have been snapped up by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration for distribution overseas. The 62-page, 50-cent booklet is jammed with information on Canadian prices, wages, climate and habits.

Editorial

Let's stop boasting of national unity and start working for it

Canadians are fond of lecturing other people, especially at international gatherings for the promotion of peace, on how to get along with neighbors of different language or faith. It's a matching cliché to go with the four thousand miles of undefended border, and it too is put forward as the voice of experience. We Canadians have achieved a national unity, we tell the world, in which two major groups get along in perfect harmony despite differences of language, religion and cultural background.

The only thing wrong with this picture (aside from a touch of patronizing self-righteousness) is that it isn't true.

We do not in fact get on very well with each other, we Canadians. Our parliament has found that it cannot even discuss such matters as a national flag or a national anthem because any debate rouses the sleeping dogs of prejudice. Several provinces have the same inhibition about discussions of separate schools. Quebec, though it sets an example to other provinces in fairness to the school system of its English-speaking Protestant minority, has its own symptoms of neurotic separateness: it won't even accept its rightful share of federal money for various worthy purposes. Lord Durham's famous description of Canada a century ago, as "two nations warring within the bosom of a single state," has certainly become an overstatement but it has not quite, even yet, become a falsehood.

It's hard to say which group is the more to blame for this undesirable situation. But it is obvious that neither is blameless. In our opinion the French-speaking third is more inclined to deliberate withdrawal, deliberate erection of Chinese walls against the encroaching "English."

The faults of the English-speaking are mainly apathy, ignorance, and a bland condescension that's just as common among the many self-appointed friends of Quebec as it is among Quebec's few self-admitted foes. Some of our specialists in *bonne entente* talk as if French Canada were populated by quaint *habitants* who drive oxcarts, have eighteen children apiece in two-room farmhouses, and speak the broken English of Dr. W. H. Drummond's poems. Needless to say, this kind of friendship is even more infuriating to a sensitive French Canadian than enmity.

What we need, if we're ever to get true national unity in Canada, is not a mere examination and re-examination of the stereotypes of our history, not the fixed, perpetual study of old prejudices and old scars. We need a proper knowledge of and respect for our past but we also need more knowledge of each other as we really are here and now. This knowledge will confront both of us with some facts we find distasteful, others we may find astonishing, but at least it will give us a foundation on which to build a better understanding. It's the purpose and the hope of this issue of Maclean's to contribute to it.

Mailbag

- ✓ Do businessmen even put a price on women?
- ✓ The Bobbsey Twins aren't dead yet
- ✓ Spare the child and produce a holdup man

As a servant of Him who spent His time in the company of "call girls" and alcoholics allow me to offer you my congratulations for publishing Sidney Katz's brilliant, objective and sympathetic report (The Sleazy Grey World of the Call Girl, April 11). Let us now find out why our business big shots resort to prostitutes? Is it because they price everything and value nothing, not even woman?—REV. E. L. H. TAYLOR, TEMISKAMING, QUE.

✓ You are doing an eminently successful job of purveying literary garbage.—CHARLES WILSON, ALMONTE, QUE.

✓ These girls are filling a human emptiness. Their profession is an honorable one, no matter what thinks the moronic writer who makes them feel guilty, sick and impure.—CHARLES E. CHARBONEAU, MONTREAL.

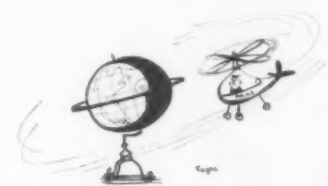
✓ I was shocked and surprised that such a fine magazine as Maclean's should publish such a disgusting topic. Such things may exist but for heaven's sake do not bring them out into the open.—R. MAXWELL, MONTREAL.

✓ Pity, oh pity the poor call girl who has to struggle along on a measly \$10,000 a year! And all the while hundreds of thousands of overpaid Joes, like myself, raise our families on and wallow in the luxury of a \$65 to \$75 a week.—JOHN L. DOYLE, TAYLOR, B.C.

✓ Revealing and thought-provoking. Who are we to judge them!—A. MOHR, WINNIPEG.

Peace by commission

Clement Attlee (Canada should get out of the Arctic, April 11) gives the real solution to peaceful coexistence and an



end to international strife in one sentence: "National defense is out-dated; what is required today is a world authority with power to enforce the keeping of the peace." The system commonly applied in Canada to important problems could easily be applied to this one on an international scale. I refer to royal commissions. Canada could well take the initiative.—GUNNAR H. GUNNARSON, ARBORG, MAN.

The living Bobbseys

Librarians do well to direct children away from the "series" reading rut (Backstage With Children's Books, April 11). Some youngsters plow in so deeply that they miss many worthwhile books. However, libraries are not the only source of children's reading. Here's what I found at an Ottawa bookstore.

The Bobbsey Twins? Yes, indeed! 50 titles available. The Hardy Boys? A very good seller—38 titles. Tom Swift? There is a series called Tom Swift, Jr. The famous inventor and his son are in business together. The Wizard of Oz? Still in good demand.—K. F. LLOYD, OTTAWA.

—And spoil the child?

It is not right that a child should never be struck or slapped (Common Sense Won't Work with Children, April 11). The less children get slapped, the more



they are prone to become holdup men. It would be very interesting to find out why there are so many holdup men on this continent, where the children are much less slapped than in other countries.—EMILIAN STRAUS, MONTREAL.

Dear McGill

Your College Prospectus (Preview, April 11) states that the most expensive undergraduate tuition in Canada is medicine at the University of Toronto — \$600 a year. The most expensive undergraduate tuition in Canada is at McGill University. Tuition fees for the faculty of medicine are now \$750 a year.—M. FRINGI, MONTREAL.

MacLennan's Mackenzie

The excellent article by Hugh MacLennan (The High and Mighty Mackenzie, April 11) is by far the truest account of the north I have ever read, but why have you spoiled this article by illustrating it with the paintings by Franklin Arbuckle instead of color photographs. As I remember, in 1954 there were quite a few trees between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith, not at all like the Arbuckle painting.—DONALD G. HOGG, TECUMSEH, ONT.

✓ LaSalle found nothing; La Vérendrye found nothing; Mackenzie found nothing; Fraser found nothing; and now MacLennan has found nothing — God help Canada.—A. STEWART CUMMINGS, WINNIPEG.

Yankee, run home!

Will Canada ever make the majors? (April 11). Why this ambition? Has not that Yankee import baseball (a version of rounders) been grossly overrated? Would it not be more accurate to refer to baseball as a running contest — a striker (batter) striving to reach a base versus a ball?—ALFRED J. BLAND, VANCOUVER.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 96

G-E ANNOUNCES

Once - a - month shopping

General Electric's ZERO-ZONE freezer is not like ordinary freezer compartments. It is separately insulated and refrigerated. Extra large, it holds 67 lbs of frozen food. This means you can quick-freeze a month's supply of food, and keep it *safely* in your ZERO-ZONE freezer for up to one year.



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Exclusive revolving shelves bring the food out to you — nothing gets hidden away. These adjustable shelves hold more food than conventional ones — and they are easier to clean, too.

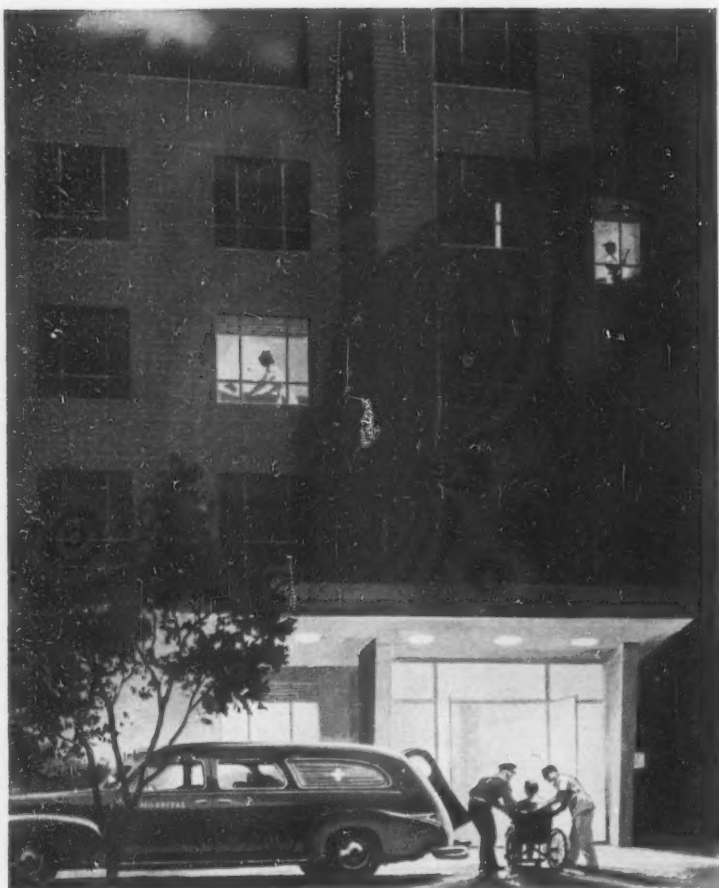
Twin vegetable crispers — two large capacity drawers keep family-size quantities of fruit and vegetables crisp and garden-fresh. They help maintain food's just-picked full flavour.

Here are just some of the features that show why more Canadians choose General Electric Appliances than any other make: greater capacity, adjustable, removable door-shelves, individual butter and cheese compartments, magnetic safety door, foot pedal door opening. The new G-E 13 cu. ft. automatic defrost Refrigerator-Freezer stores more food — takes up less floor space.



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Many people find satisfaction in giving some of their spare time to volunteer work in hospitals. Perhaps there are many things that you could do in your hospital to comfort patients . . . and ease the load on its busy professional staff, especially its doctors and nurses.

Most hospitals urgently need more volunteer workers.

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THE COVER

One fleur-de-lis might look a lot like any other, but not to our art director **Gene Aliman**. In designing this issue's special cover, he studied and discarded dozens of variations of this ancient French device before basing his choice on the lily appearing on the provincial coat-of-arms.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 9, 1959

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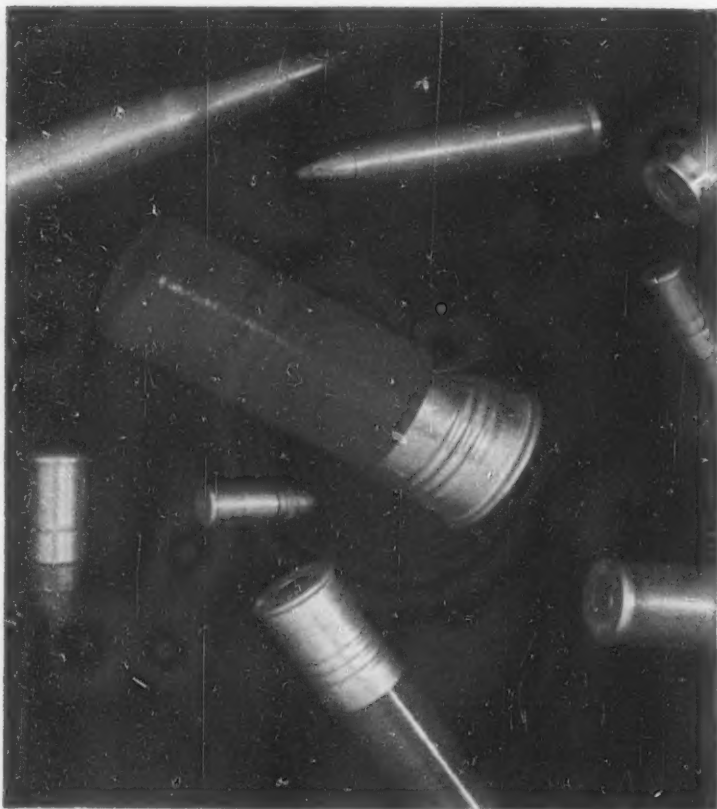
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For the sake of argument



ANDRE LAURENDEAU EXAMINES

The astonishing attitude of the English in Quebec

Three years ago, I spent a few months traveling west of Quebec, from Toronto to Vancouver. I met all kinds of people and heard a lot about many topics, one of which I was not investigating: my own province and Mr. Duplessis.

During this trip, I don't think I met *one* person really sympathetic to the Duplessis regime. Even Conservatives took pride in underlining that they were Conservatives of a very different brand.

Having been an adversary of the regime since its beginning, I was pleased with this reaction. And then I became less pleased. And at the end, not pleased at all. First, because it was clear that most of my interlocutors totally identified Mr. Duplessis with French Canada. Secondly, because the criticism itself was so much exaggerated that it missed the point. I had to become a defender of certain aspects of the regime. I had to say: "No, you go too far, it is not as bad as that: we certainly are allowed to attack the premier in Quebec. Duplessis is not a Fascist," and so forth.

"A subtle but evident complicity"

I came back home with the feeling that it was nearly impossible to speak English and have the slightest admiration for Quebec's premier. I began once again to read the Montreal dailies, including the Star and the Gazette. And I soon received a start.

It was, of course, a rediscovery, but you get accustomed to surprising things. Now the Gazette and the Star had become astonishing again. Astonishing because while the English-language press in the rest of Canada constantly exposes Mr. Duplessis' shortcomings, these two pillars of the English-language press in Mr. Duplessis' own province are among his strongest supporters. Sometimes the support they give him is open and sometimes it is only tacit. But it seldom

wavers and in this respect it is the same as the support Mr. Duplessis receives from the wealthier elements of the English-speaking community as a whole.

The contrast between this attitude and the attitude of the rest of English Canada brings to mind a question: "Have we in Quebec a special brand of English-speaking citizen? Have we somehow contaminated our English-speaking neighbors?"

As I continued my rediscovery of Quebec's English-language press I found no denunciations of Mr. Duplessis. No echoes of the attacks I had heard in Ontario and Western Canada. Gentle editorials. Scarce and supergentle critics. An instinct to discover Mr. Duplessis' enemies and hit them firmly or firmly ignore their existence.

Little by little I came to the conclusion that the attitude of Quebec's English press toward Mr. Duplessis could be summarized only by one word: complicity. A constant, generally subtle but, at all times, evident complicity. Reading regularly this otherwise excellent and expert press is like inhaling an anesthetic calculated to paralyze the natural distaste of English minds toward Mr. Duplessis.

The system allows, here and there, a backfire. But on the whole, it works smoothly and effectively. Here are, not proofs, but just samples of what I mean.

The citizen of British descent is, on the whole, more sensitive than others to violations of parliamentary freedoms. Take the pipeline affair, and the way it was handled in Parliament by the Liberals: everybody protested, and René Beaudoin, then Speaker of the House, thought that by his attitude at the time, he had ruined his political career.

Now, abuses of that kind are customary in the Quebec Legislature under Mr. Duplessis. They have been—

continued on page 97

ANDRE LAURENDEAU IS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF LE DEVOIR.

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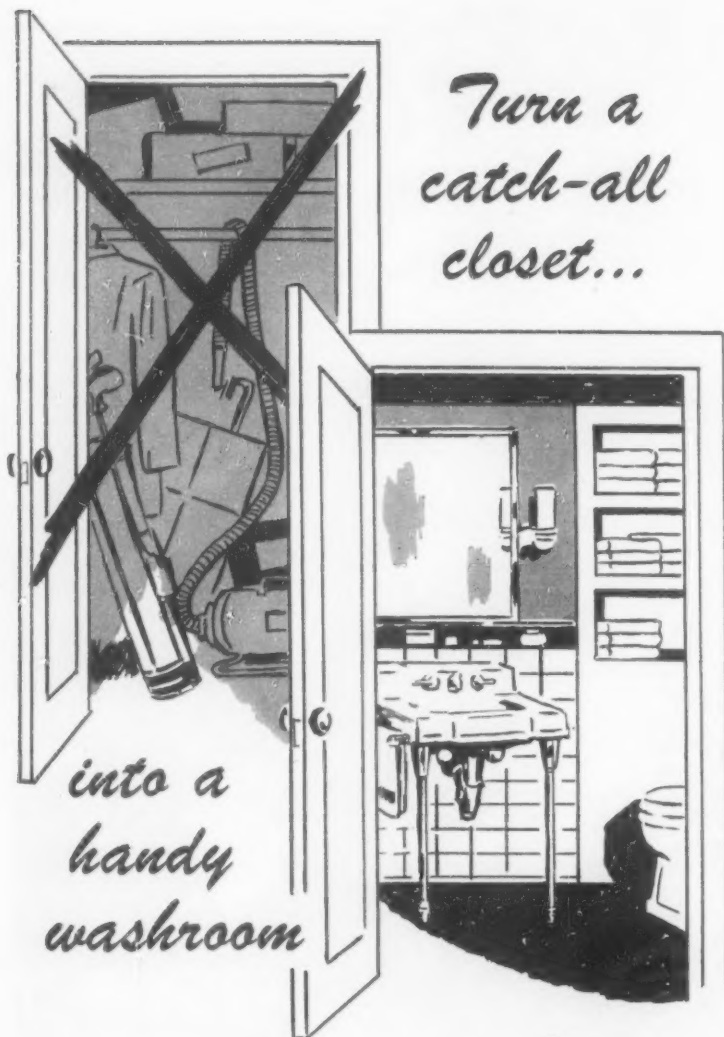
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

How I played soldier on the Plains of Abraham

Having flown to Canada to attend the marriage of my son in Montreal I flew back to England where in due course the London Letter was to resume its usual background. But hardly had we reached London and settled down to normal life when a wire arrived saying that Maclean's was doing a special Quebec issue. With a nice sense of encouragement the telegram stated that in my perambulations over the years I must have had some experiences in Quebec and they would expect the copy dead on time.

So be it. Having been born and bred in Toronto at a period in which the swiftest form of transport was the railway train, I considered Quebec to be as distant as the Sahara Desert or the Yangtze River. For some reason I felt that the French Canadians were a wicked lot, or at any rate they were Roman Catholics, which was the same thing. Did we not, on St. Patrick Street, Toronto, throw snowballs at the boys who went to a Catholic school nearby? In fact my grandfather, Alderman John Baxter, rode a white horse in the Orangemen's Parade on the twelfth of July until he grew too portly for the adventure.

But as the years went by, and adventure began to ogle with its seductive gleam, my friend Baptist Johnston urged me to join the Queen's Own Rifles. As an extra inducement the worthy Bap said that if I hurried up I could go with the regiment to Quebec where, on

the Plains of Abraham, we would celebrate the tercentenary of the founding of New France.

So, in due course I was supplied with a uniform and, in company with other rookies, was bawled at by terrifying sergeants major who periodically thanked God that we had a navy. Night after night we made our way to the Toronto armories, where we right wheeled, shouldered arms, changed arms, left turned and halted with a bang that nearly broke our insteps.

But Reg Pellatt, our company commander, never bawled us out and such was the friendliness of his disposition that we felt it was worth enduring the disapproval of the bellowing sergeant major.

Finally the great day arrived. We marched to the Union Station and boarded the train for Quebec where on the Plains of Abraham, we would march past the Prince of Wales (later to rule as King George V). Our commander-in-chief for the great occasion would be Field Marshal Lord Roberts—the immortal "Bobs" who had won fame and glory in South Africa in the war against the wicked "Boers."

The traditions of soldiering have never altered, even though weapons have changed beyond recognition, and therefore we were duly drawn up on the Plains of Abraham with regiments from all over Canada about three hours before the inspection was due to take place.

There we stood, admittedly at ease, but there was no sign of "Bobs" continued on page 94



Prince of Wales (saluting) and Roberts (right) on the Plains in 1908.



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Canada at home...



Frank McLean, "man with a plan", safeguards the things he loves



Coming along the quiet suburban street, you stop in front of Frank McLean's modern bungalow. You like its friendly, lived-in look—its trim lawn and bright flower beds.

"Nancy and I always wanted a home like this," Frank tells you as you chat. "New, lots of room, nice neighbourhood—a good place to raise a family."

Yes, you can see how much his home means to Frank. You respect his foresight, too, in building the kind of life he wants for his family. Back in his college days, Frank saved his earnings from summer construction jobs to pay for his engineering course. "We still use the same Canada Permanent savings account I opened 14 years ago," Frank says. "It helped put me through college, and now it

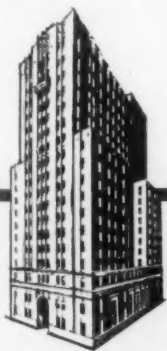
will help make sure our own youngsters get as good an education!"

Just as you'd expect, his family's future security stands high in Frank's planning. That's why he recently made his will and arranged to have the Canada Permanent people administer his estate. "The house, my savings, all the assets I leave will be handled just as I want them to be—to save Nancy worry, and give her and the children all the security I can."

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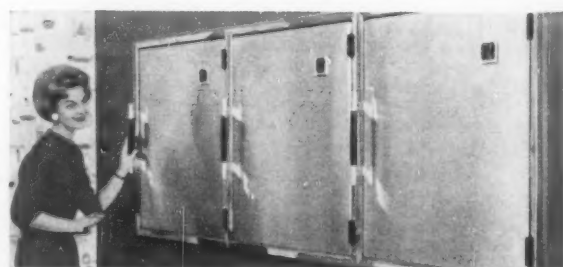
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THE UNCONQUERABLE FRENCH CANADIANS

*Visiting Quebec on the 200th anniversary
of the "conquest," an illustrious interpreter
of the national scene
reports on the "furious ferment" that is "the
most important fact in our country today"*

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

Two centuries ago, on September 13, 1759, Britain conquered the French-Canadian race on the Plains of Abraham. Such is our sovereign national myth. What is the reality?

As the English-speaking visitor soon finds, the reality is an unconquered and unconquerable race, a Quebec changing faster than any other part of the nation, thinking more deeply and questioning more urgently all the old fixed assumptions of its life. This furious ferment

continued on next page

THE UNCONQUERABLE FRENCH CANADIANS



"The real victor was a third party: the dual nation of the future"

represents, I think, the most important fact in our country today.

When I began my search for reality the old battlefield was deep in snow above the frozen river. Champlain's town, his wooden habitation long buried by stone towers and swarming streets, shivered under a north wind as in his first winter of starvation. Some school kids were throwing snowballs and shouting in French on the spot where Wolfe died with his illusion of conquest — the latest progeny of those sixty-five thousand who, in two centuries, have become a quarter of the nation. Spruce trees had been piled nearby in a little green mountain for a ceremonial bonfire. Quebec City, crowded with English-speaking tourists and gay with comic effigies, was celebrating its yearly carnival.

It has much more to celebrate, for nothing has turned out as Wolfe, or anyone else, expected after the mythical conquest. Nothing is turning out now as most Canadians suppose.

In this anniversary year it seemed to me, as I looked across the plains and the city beside them, that the victors of 1759 were not the British, as the vanquished certainly were not the French Canadians. The victor was a third party, then unborn and unimaginable. No one but the dual nation of the future had won the battle. And in its unconquerable but still imperfect duality the nation must now reassess, from top to bottom, the marriage of the two races.

What, in short, have our two hundred years of labor, friction, reconciliation and uneasy partnership actually produced? What have we to show for them besides myth and money? In Quebec the English-speaking visitor receives the French half, the most unlikely half, of the answer to those questions.

Before attempting to pursue them seriously I pursued an old love of mine, on foot. Through nearly forty years I had been paying regular court to the ageless queen of Canadian cities but I realized now that, if not aging, Quebec had changed.

To be sure, the familiar nostalgia still dripped, almost palpably, from the naked cliffs, the living stone and their crowded, man-made superstructure of dome, pinnacle, palace, house and walled garden. The smell of history poured out of crooked streets, narrow passageways and dark, mysterious doors. Three centuries of a unique life echoed in the original French tongue.

continued on page 82

"No antagonism toward the other provinces, but a culture of its own"

*"One used to find the women
dowdy. Now their costumes
are of the latest mode,
their faces made up
according to Hollywood's
regulations,
their legs sleekly nyloned"*

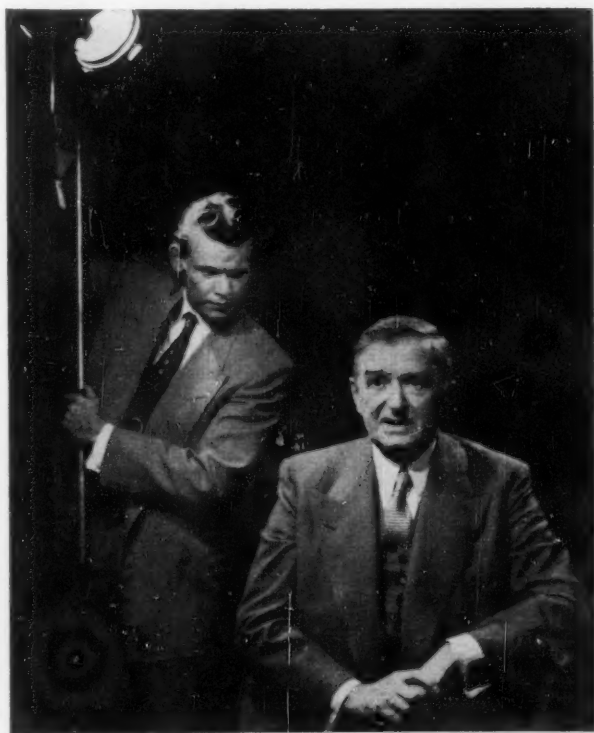
*"Today French Canadians drive
expensive cars and worship
at the continental
shrines of Coke,
coffee, juke box, television,
movies and speed.
Their quaintness is gone..."*



Patricia Nolin

YOUTH Her impatient spirit launched Patricia Nolin on an acting career last fall long before her drama-conservatory teachers thought she was ready. But the money she earns in the title role of the television series *Marie Didace* "will take me to Paris within two years." Then "with one, two, perhaps three years of study, I may be a real actress." She is just eighteen.

A new gallery of French Canadian PORTRAITS by French Canada's most famous photographer



Practically all of Quebec's celebrities have looked into Gaby's lens. Here he prepares to add a famous face to his gallery: Maurice Duplessis.

The distinctive portrait gallery on this and the following pages fleshes out, with the names and faces of a dozen varied and vital people, the French part of Canada's double personality described elsewhere in this issue. They were photographed especially for this issue of *Maclean's* by a cameraman almost as renowned as his subjects: Gabriel Desmarais, whose portraits of international celebrities have made the bold signature "Gaby" famous. Maclean's left him a free hand, but added a rider. His subjects were to be interesting people who have made, are making or are likely to make important contributions to Canada.

A roll call of all the French-speaking Canadians who fit this description would mount effortlessly into the hundreds. Whatever the reasons — the

servent Latin temperament is certainly one of them — a volatile strain of free-wheeling individualists has been flourishing in Quebec ever since the first generation of *Canadiens*. It's a strain that has produced saints — like Marguerite Bourgeoys; free-booting sinners like the epic adventurers Radisson and Groseilliers; nation-welding statesmen, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Henri Bourassa.

Happily for the flavor as well as the future of Canada, the same strain is flourishing right now. Although the dozen representatives in this portfolio include prominent personalities in church and government, business, education, the arts and sciences, the choice is arbitrary and personal. Even so, it shows clearly why the French, who have long been outnumbered in Canada, have never been outmanned.

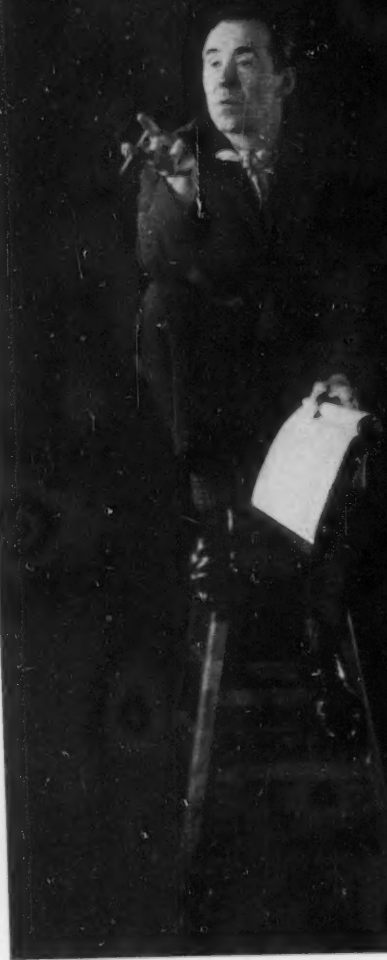
PORTRAITS CONTINUE NEXT 4 PAGES

PORTRAITS BY GABY *continued*



▲ Sister Marie de l'Enfant Jésus

CONVENTS While Quebec's surging enrollment in technical and secular schools captures headlines, most youngsters still spend the years between kindergarten and college in ecclesiastical classrooms like those of the Ursuline Nuns. In ten teaching convents across Quebec and New Brunswick, 350 Ursuline teachers preside over four thousand students, all of them under the warmly human guidance of Mother Provincial Marie de l'Enfant Jésus. The ancient order, she says, solved most of its problems long ago. One need, familiar to most educational institutions, still remains: "Money—for a new novitiate."



Gratien Gélinas

THEATRE With each increment of success that has accrued to Gratien Gélinas in the resurgent French-Canadian theatre of the 1950s, the one-time "Charlie Chaplin of Canada" has taken another step beyond his variety character of the Thirties, Fridolin, and his smash comedy of the Forties, Tit-Coq. This month he is to produce a "somewhat serious" drama that he wrote himself. Then even the theatre will be his: the Gélinas-organized Comédie Canadienne, which has been endowed by Gélinas admirers.



Alfred Pellán

PAINTING If the rebellious experimenters who are thrusting a Montreal school into the eye of the international art world own a master he is Alfred Pellán, who has the trunk of a stunted oak, the same restless mind he first took to Paris in 1926, and the distinction of being the only Canadian painter ever given a retrospective show by France's National Museum of Modern Art. Pellán's latest canvases, six of which recently brought at least a thousand dollars each are enormous, vivid, and three-dimensional. The secret: paint, canvas, and plaster applied with such exotic instruments as a kitchen icing-squeezer.

Wilfrid Gagnon

BUSINESS Running the multi-million-dollar Dow Brewery is barely the start of a day's work for board chairman Wilfrid Gagnon, a rare corporate blend of classical Jesuit schooling, Gallic affability and driving energy. He's board chairman of two other corporations, president of eight, a vice-president of four, and a director of twenty-nine more, including the CNR and National Drug. One example of a spare-time Gagnon project: persuading Dow to give \$350,000 to Montreal's Comédie Canadienne.



Germaine Guevremont

WRITING Germaine Guevremont draws the characters for her weekly television drama, Marie Didace, from her novel of the same name. Last year her TV characters came from an earlier book, *Le Survenant*. In a single English volume called *The Outlanders*, the two books won the Governor-General's award for literature in 1950. By the time Marie's TV run is over, Mme. Guevremont will have finished another — the last of a four-novel saga of Canadian life. Like the earlier books, it will be translated by a Londoner "because British English is closer to Quebec French than Canadian English is."





*His Eminence
Paul-Émile
Cardinal Léger*

THE CHURCH The sixth Canadian created a cardinal, Paul-Émile Léger, Archbishop of Montreal, governs his spiritual see with acute perception. He returned to Montreal from posts in Paris, Japan and the Vatican, to face the challenge of guiding the Church during Quebec's tumultuous transition into the age of technology. His forthright secular campaigns have included a ban on bingo — "The Church is not a gaming house" — and his present drive against pornographic publications. He's also been crusading for emergency action in the unemployment crisis.

Thérèse Casgrain

WOMEN'S RIGHTS By common consent volatile Thérèse Casgrain won the vote for Quebec women almost single-handedly in 1940. With her own celebrity magnified by her husband's (Pierre, late House speaker) and her father's (Sir Rodolphe Forget, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange), "It was news every time I changed my hat." But when she bolted Liberal party ranks for the CCF dismayed silence followed. Now a national vice-president of the socialist party, she rubs shoulders amiably with labor leaders and shocks almost nobody.



*Jacques
Beaudet*
MUSIC
Beaudet
tour o
of eigh
vitation
return
a care
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from o
Guater



Jacques Beaudry

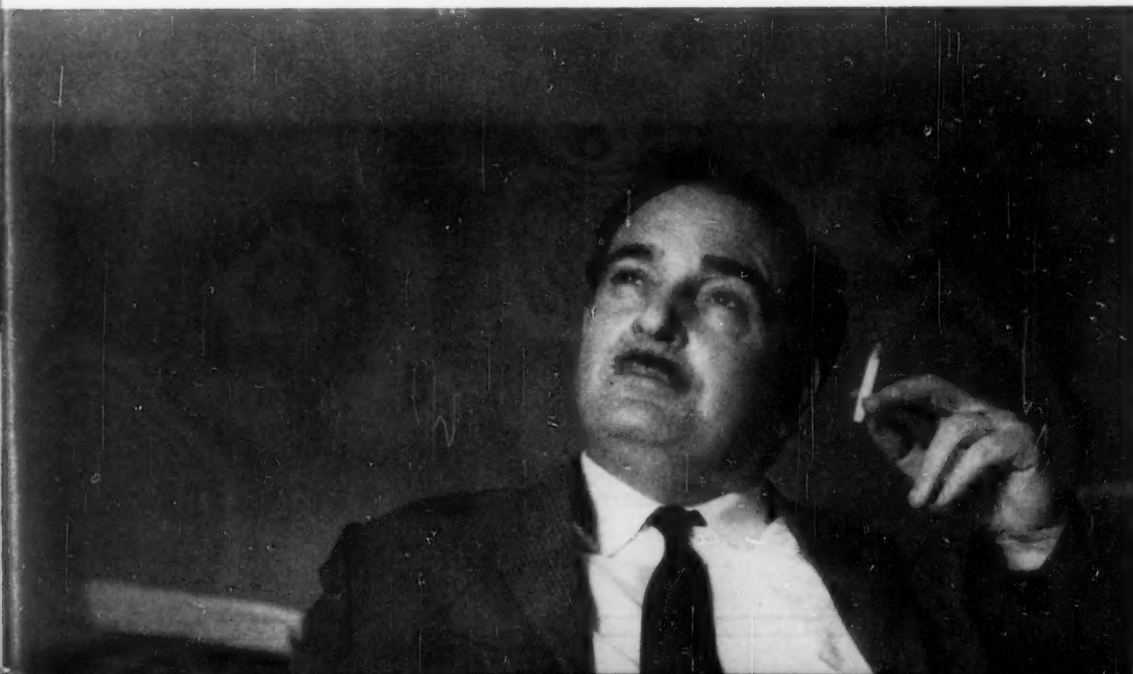
MUSIC Soon after this portrait was taken Jacques Beaudry accepted an invitation to repeat his 1957 tour of the U.S.S.R., this time as guest conductor of eight leading Russian symphonies. The first invitation was unusual; musicians regard the prompt return engagement this spring as a unique tribute to a career with overtones of the phenomenal. In his mid-thirties Beaudry has "done about all there is for me to do, musically," in Canada, and won acclaim from critics as far apart as Leningrad, Brussels and Guatemala. After Russia: a tour of South America.

Irénée Lussier

EDUCATION When Monseigneur Irénée Lussier was named rector of the University of Montreal in 1955, experts voiced private misgivings about choosing as leader of French Canada's biggest campus a priest whose career, although distinguished, had dealt mainly with high-school education. Lussier's courage, initiative, and "ability to drive ahead under almost impossible conditions," as a colleague describes the task of steering the university through growing pains, financial crises, and political uncertainties, "has amazed even the board that chose him."

Cyrias Ouellet

SCIENCE As dean of Laval University's mushrooming faculty of science (from zero to a thousand students in fifteen years), Cyrias Ouellet has been in the first rank of the specialists leading Quebec into the technological era. His own field of research, chemical reactions and photosynthesis, has been "temporarily shunted aside" by the attempt to "accelerate evolution" in scientific education in Quebec. "But then," observes Ouellet, who is as celebrated for his wry wit as for his educational leadership, "we scientists have been living in a state of critical emergency for years."



*Famous families
at home*



While June Callwood interviewed the Rocket, André, five, watched "P'peye" on television.

BY JUNE CALLWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABY

THE MAURICE RICHARDS

*Off the ice, French Canada's greatest modern hero—
hockey's explosive "Rocket"—
is a mild, indulgent family man who, with his wife Lucille,
lives in quiet dread
of the day when he must hang up his skates*

Maurice Richard and his wife Lucille live with their six children in a thirteen-room stone house on the northeast shore of the island on which Montreal is built. Their living-room windows overlook a strip of park, beyond which is the river where in summer the Richard boat is in constant use, towing the older children or their father on water skis.

In the winter Maurice is kept busy at his trade, which is hockey. The man known as Rocket holds sixteen individual scoring records, the greatest scorer the game has ever known. Only four players in the history of the National Hockey League have scored more than three hundred goals; at midwinter this year Richard had scored five hundred and twenty-five in season play and an extra eighty-one in playoff games. He has been named on all-star teams fourteen years in succession; only severe injuries, a broken leg one season and cut tendons the other, kept him from stretching that record to sixteen.

This winter, in his seventeenth season, the Montreal Canadiens' phenomenal right winger was injured again. He broke a bone in his ankle, an accident that reminded apprehensive fans that Richard at thirty-seven is the oldest active player in the league and cannot be expected to withstand much more battering. Richard himself needed no reminders; for the past few years he has been thinking of little else; he is heavy with dread.

In February, while Maurice was still limping around with his left foot in a cast, I visited the Richards for Maclean's to discuss with them such



Mrs. Richard missed all but the first interview because of the birth of their sixth child, Paul.



When Richard telephones home from his road trips, his first question is: "How are the kids?" Here they are: Maurice Jr., 14; Suzanne, 2; Hugette, 15; Normand, 9; André, 5.

topics as their marriage, which has a tenderness incongruous with Maurice's reputation for taciturnity and temper; their children, whom they frankly indulge; hockey and French Canadians, fame and the future. The interviews were conducted in pockets of time over a period of three days and were laced through with the ringing of the telephone as many as five times to the half hour, with tumbling French exhortations to the children, who speak no English, and with Popeye (pronounced P'peye by the small Richards) rescuing his shrill lady friend with such volume from the television that Maurice's soft, accented answers were difficult to hear. Lucille was at home only the first day, departing that night to give birth to their sixth child, an almost-ten-pound boy the Richards have named Paul.

Some of the appointments inside the Richard home could be transposed, just as they are, to a Maurice Richard wing on hockey's hall of fame. The wrought-iron frame of the mirror, in the front hall, for instance, is studded with four-hundredth-, five-hundredth- and six-hundredth-goal pucks. The living-room mantel holds nine trophies, awards or mountings of other pucks. Several other trophies, including a small version of the Stanley Cup, are scattered through the room.

Lucille has stored literally dozens of cups, statues and plaques in a glass-doored case in the recreation room, along with boxes of pucks—all identical in appearance—labeled to indicate that this one won a Stanley Cup playoff game and that one broke a scoring record. The scrapbook situation is almost out of hand and so is the num-

ber of paintings of Maurice that fans have made from photographs and sent to him. Several are hung in the living room, others in the recreation room. One, a real trial, is over six feet high and leans against a basement wall.

Many gifts have been of great value, among them a color television set, a freezer, a stove, a marble-statue floor lamp and four refrigerators. Lucille dispersed the abundance of refrigerators by putting the biggest one in the kitchen, another in the bar in the recreation room and two others in the back entrance vestibule. One of these is packed to the doors with beer, a reflection of an affiliation Maurice has with Dow Breweries, rather than of his drinking habits, which are only a notch above teetotaling.

Lucille Richard is a small, animated, pretty woman of thirty-five with mildly red hair and blue eyes. Guilelessly gay and friendly, she is also a severely clean housekeeper who keeps even the plastic flowers on the coffee table dust-free. She possesses a kind of scented femininity that seems faintly other world, having a cigarette or drink only rarely and wearing slacks not at all.

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Norchet, the former a butcher of comfortable means, Lucille was raised in a warm, hearty household that was a gathering place for her friends and any number of people her two older brothers might happen to bring home. She emerged with the nature of a happy, gregarious child, open and unaffected and not given to introspection or doubts.

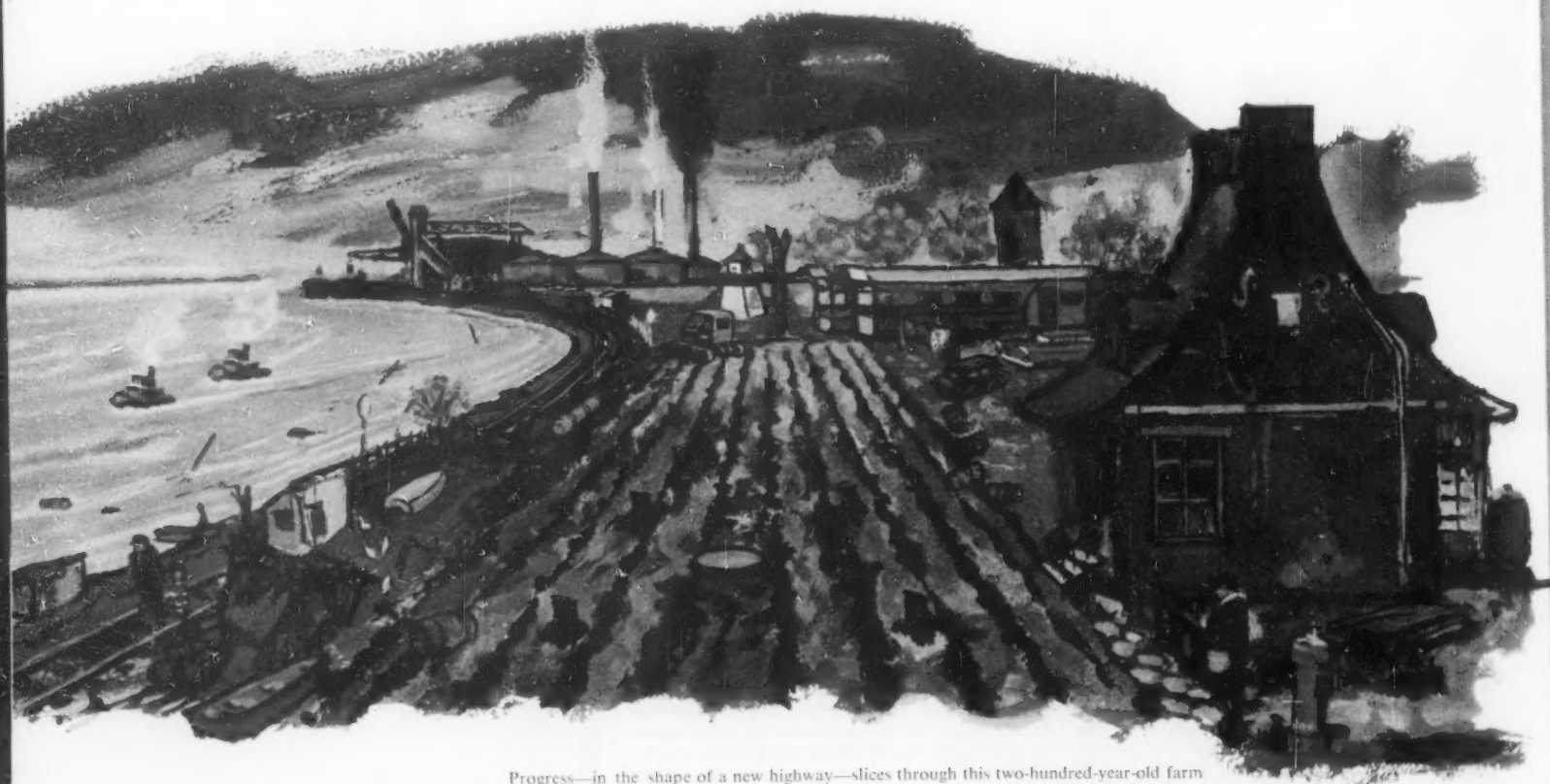
The afternoon of the first interview was viciously cold in Montreal, continued on page 48

THE RIVERS OF CANADA

The incomparable St. Lawrence

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

with paintings by Gabriel Bastien



Progress—in the shape of a new highway—slices through this two-hundred-year-old farm in the east end of Montreal. The scene looks rural, but only a block from here the city streets are thick with traffic



On the upper reaches of the tributary Saguenay system, Trappists make their famous Oka cheese.

Unruffled by centuries of violence
and now barely creased by the seaway diggers,
our broad avenue to the Atlantic
majestically declines to be changed by the peoples
whose destiny it has shaped



An important easterly link in the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Côte Ste. Catherine Lock, across the river from Montreal, bypasses the turbulent Lachine Rapids.

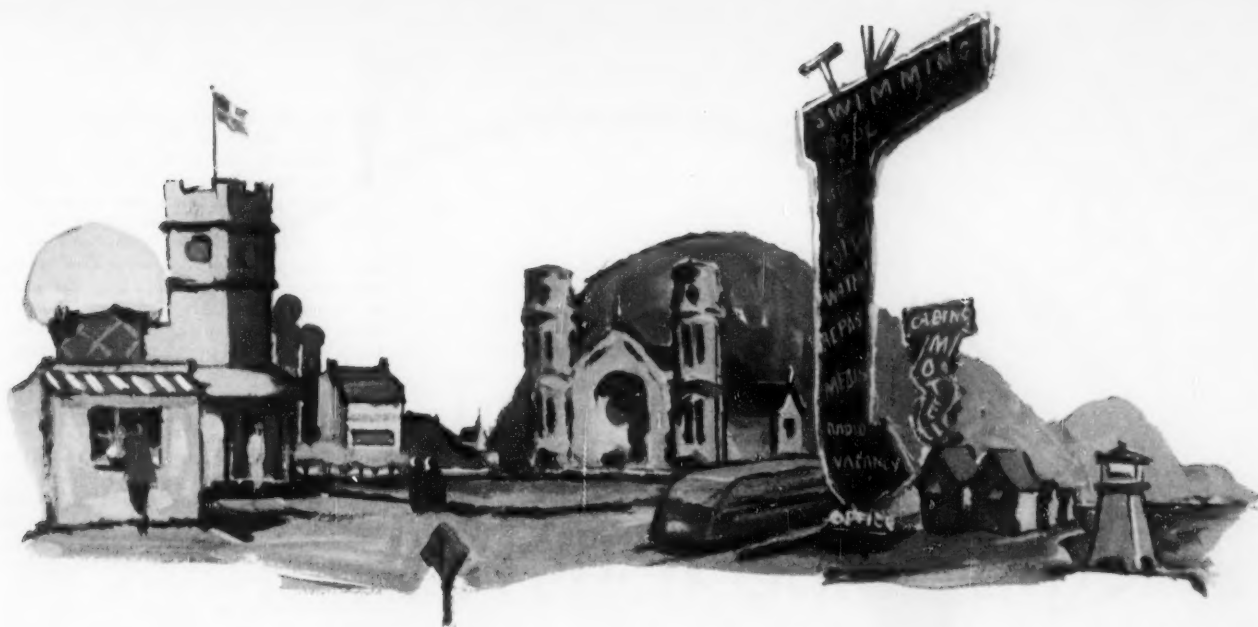


The St. Lawrence *continued*

many. When I arrived in Montreal in 1935 I needed a job and I wanted to become a writer. Canada gave me the job I could find neither at home nor in the United States, and in the course of learning how to become a writer, I discovered it was necessary to learn something about the Canadians.

Nova Scotians I could take for granted as a native does his own people. The English character had been revealed in thousands of books, and Americans paraded before the world in the pages of most of the magazines on our newsstands and on every movie screen in the country. But the Canadians had no public character whatever except the utterly false one of a frontier personality. I wanted to know them. Their lives, their manners, their point of view quite baffled me. What kind of people were these who lived with such remarkable self-confidence that their elite seemed disconcertingly mature, all the more so because it never occurred to them to explain themselves?

At first I saw them as a Scot or an Irishman coming to London sees the English, and soon I found them getting into my hair. I grudged the admission that the



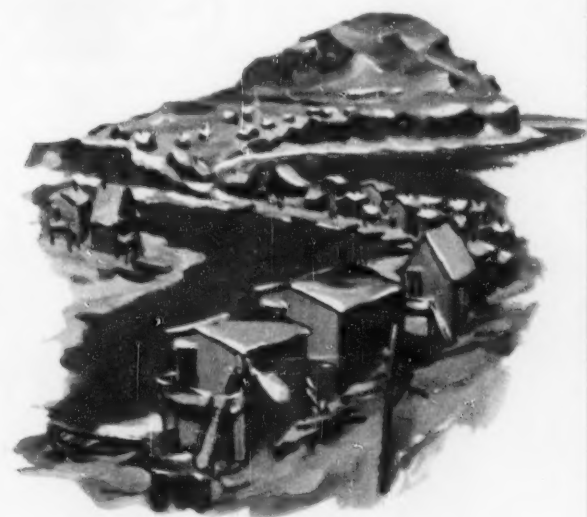
Flanked by the trappings of the tourist trade, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, 21 miles down river from Quebec City, attracts thousands of pilgrims each year.

Laurentian population was the core of the country to which my own province had belonged ever since 1867. I was angered, as a Scot is by the same behavior among the English toward his own country, by their total indifference to the Maritimes and their easy sense of superiority toward the west.

Then I found myself liking them, as most Scots like the English once they have lived for a while in London. Then I discovered myself saying that Montreal was my home, and that I did not wish to live anywhere else. And it was about this time, in search of my new-found self, that I began to hunt out the character of the so-called Canadian nation. Soon it appeared that the secret of this character was intimately, profoundly, connected with the St. Lawrence River.

It is a river, as everyone knows, like no other on earth, and its sources lie far from its cities. They are to be found more than 2,200 miles from the sea in the streams that feed Lake Superior. The St. Lawrence course includes nearly ninety-five thousand square miles of deep lakes, all five of them called "great," together with the little streams which connect Superior

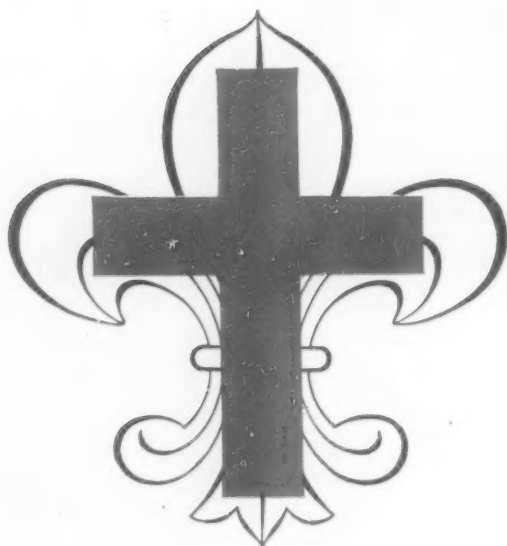
continued on page 38



Huddled huts on Iles de la Madeleine weave weird and forlorn patterns along the banks of the gulf.



The author calls Quebec City a place of "intense, rain-washed antiquity." The artist has caught this mood in his unusual study of The Rock in autumn.



The Church

HOW MUCH POLITICAL POWER DOES IT WIELD?

By Donald Creighton

**English-speaking Canadians,
puzzled by Quebec politics, often conclude
the clergy must be calling the tune.**

**A distinguished historian
examines the background and validity of
this venerable proposition**

The idea of the French Canadians as a priest-ridden people, constantly and minutely subject to priestly control, has had a long history. For our English-speaking grandfathers and great-grandfathers, this was a favorite charge to hurl at their French-Canadian fellow citizens. It was a charge which took some time to develop nevertheless; and for a long time after the conquest, English Canadians did not much indulge in the habit of wagging their heads sorrowfully or angrily over "clerical control" in Quebec.

With the coming of the industrial revolution in Great Britain and the political revolutions in France and North America, a slow but decided change became noticeable. The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries saw the beginnings of both a more evangelical protestantism and a more complacent belief in the wonders of material progress. These two forces, in their very different ways, could be profoundly hostile to the clergy of French Canada; and to them was added a third and perhaps still more powerful influence, the growth of democracy and nationalism, the spread of popular belief in the wisdom and desirability of the liberal national state.

In British North America, as the nineteenth century went on, French Canada was increasingly under pressure. Attacks were made upon what were called her antiquated customs and her abysmal lack of material progress. Responsible people either frankly or indirectly advocated that, in the general interests of national solidarity, her entire society should be submerged in a common, English-speaking community. The siege was pushed vigorously; and, as the pressure grew, the clergy, the keepers of the ultimate citadel of French Canada's mind and spirit, were often given a place of special prominence in the offensive. Lord Durham implied their importance. George Brown protested against it. D'Alton McCarthy deplored it. It became the theme of a good many editorials—the subject of a good many resolutions in Orange lodges, equal-rights associations, and Protestant protective associations.

All these people forgot a fundamental fact of great importance in French-Canadian affairs. French Canada is not a unity, a bloc. Its politics are divided, complicated, and contradictory. English Canadians have an inveterate tendency to forget this. They keep on complacently assuming that French Canadians act politically with one head and a single mind just as, in their turn, French Canadians keep on complacently assuming that English Canadians act politically with one heart and a single mind.

There are times when French Canadians appear to be imagining either that, on the Twelfth of July, every citizen in Ontario puts on an orange-and-true-blue costume and goes out and marches in the Orange parade or that the vast majority of Ontarians are Freemasons of a particularly dangerous anticlerical and revolutionary kind found mainly in France and not at all in the English-speaking world. There are even times when, utterly forgetting the non-Christian communions, to say nothing of the enormous number of English-speaking Roman Catholics, the French Canadians seem to be imagining that all other Canadian citizens but themselves are militant evangelical Protestants.

These are obvious delusions; but exactly corresponding delusions exist in the minds of English-speaking Canadians respecting politico-religious **continued on page 62**

Two stories from French Canada

Much of the liveliest and best fiction written in Canada today comes out of Quebec. Maclean's commissioned two of the province's most talented young authors, Marcel Dubé and Roger Lemelin, to write especially for this issue



DUBÉ

Still in his twenties, Marcel Dubé is Quebec's most prolific playwright. Since his first work—a 1951 flop—his seventeen stage and TV plays have won eleven drama awards. He writes with rare sensitivity of the people he grew up with in Montreal's east end.



LEMELIN

A novelist at 22, Roger Lemelin, now 38, created the Plouffes, French Canada's most famous family, eleven years ago. This new story about his favorite characters is another chapter in the family's struggle to understand the curious ideas of *les Anglais*.

Their stories appear on the next two pages

Two stories from French Canada



The Plouffes visit Toronto

There was Mama,
lost among all those English-speaking Protestants.
Then, suddenly, she was in command...



BY ROGER LEMELIN

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS PARKER

Short, stubby Madame Plouffe, better dressed than she was on her wedding day some forty years earlier, walked hesitantly to the back door, and her husband, the plumber, Théophile Plouffe, the 1919 cycling champion of Quebec City, followed right on her heels. He expected the worst. And the worst happened. Josephine turned around like a top running down.

"Oh, no! This is final. I'm not leaving. I'm just too old. You go instead, Ovide."

Argument exploded from all sides of Mme. Plouffe's spotless kitchen. What went on here? For two weeks now, she'd been getting ready for this magnificent trip to Toronto, on the familiar arm of her husband, Théophile; she was ready to embark on the first long trip of her life, fresh from the hairdresser's, decked out in gloves, suitcases sweeping along behind, her husband and children watching. And now she wanted to call it all off before it began.

"But, Mama," the gentle and retiring Théophile tried to protest, "you can't do this to me! Our second honeymoon?"

"You're going," insisted the looming Napoleon, punctuating his words by flapping the yellow cardboard suitcases dangling at the ends of his brawny arms.

The baby of the family, William — a six-foot-three-inch blond who looked a good deal like Tarzan — admitted to himself he was secretly relieved. In fact, though he'd never have admitted it, the thought of being separated from Mama unnerved him. **continued on page 57**

TRANSLATIONS BY

ROBERT



Nathalie was my first love

I kissed her hungrily. Then she said softly: "Never come back. It would be dangerous for you"

BY MARCEL DUBÉ
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

She was the most insignificant of creatures: a waitress in a restaurant on an obscure side street in the east end of Montreal. I began going there one night in the fall, when, at loose ends and frozen stiff, no longer with any idea where to wander or where to find a little friendliness, I decided to drop into the dingy little place where she worked. I often strolled around the poorer part of the city, but I knew nothing of this particular spot. I was simply called in out of the night by the sallow glimmer from its window.

The instant I saw her, I felt a queer uneasiness. The uneasiness you feel when it thunders; a whirlpool begins to turn deep inside you, the storm is upon you and the calm waters are lashed to fury.

I remember her eyes above all. I might forget her face but never her eyes. They were huge, sad, with the anguish of a dying season. Her pallor and her delicate features emphasized their lively sparkle. Only her mouth when she smiled betrayed a certain coarseness.

continued on page 70



Paul Berval convulses a Montreal night-club crowd with his parody of a politician's campaign speech.



What Quebec laughs at

With gags often as subtle as meat axes and as broad as the St. Lawrence, French Canadians chop away gleefully at their province's politics, religion and sex habits. And the deeper the wounds, the louder the guffaws

BY KEN LEFOLII

Until he went to Paris last summer, Jacques Normand was the funniest man in French Canada. In Quebec night clubs even the waiters listened when Normand cut loose on the three great themes of *Canadien* humor — politics, religion, and, *naturellement*, sex—in a crackling spate of off-the-cuff songs, jokes and topical jibes.

With a glass in his hand and a standing-room crowd breathing on his ice cubes, Normand tossed off barbed quips faster than a ragtime stripper shedding lingerie. There was Bip Bip Bip, the Sputnik song; Normand genially assured

his admirers that the lyrics would rise to greater heights than anything at Cape Canaveral. There was the premier of Quebec: "Duplessis is an honorable man. 'Answer all questions frankly,' he commands his ministers, 'but say nothing.'" Once, in mid-jibe during a televised monologue, Normand's mind went blank, his eyes glazed, and he blew a despairing, tuneless whistle. For the rest of that season any comedian who was stuck for a laugh puckered up and blew aimlessly, happily reflecting that for the moment the funniest thing in the *belle province* was a Normand-inspired dry whistle. **continued on page 77**

**A DREAM AT
THE WHITE VILLAGE**
Alfred Pellán

"Strictly speaking," says Pellán, one of Canada's pioneer abstract artists, "this painting represents a remote village in Quebec during the long winter-time, with a phenomenal woman flying in the sky." But it's not quite that strict nor that simple. "Through the apparent gayness of the settings as well as through the obvious happiness of the inhabitants, one could detect a nostalgia. Perhaps the people living there, reminding themselves of the stimulating effects they got as pioneers from the struggle for life, find this stillness monotonous, and long for a way more adequate to our modern times."



Eight artists paint their Quebec

The unique flavor and feel of French Canada add an extra dimension to these personal impressions of la belle province. They were commissioned by Maclean's

CONTINUED ON NEXT FOUR PAGES

Eight artists *continued*

To revolt is traditional

In 1945 Montreal's Ecole des Beaux Arts had an art riot. Students erupted because the principal, Charles Maillard, refused to hang paintings by two students of one of the teachers, Alfred Pellan.

"Vive Pellan! A bas Maillard!" they chanted in the streets. Things soon calmed down but Maillard eventually resigned. A "new" art style had successfully stormed the barricades thrown up by an "old."

"Pellan's painting was revolutionary, that is why it is traditional," another Quebec painter, Jacques de Tonnancour, later wrote. "Without revolt the artist is conventional, not traditional."

The revolutionary painters of Quebec have had an important influence on all Canadian painters. While the rest of Canada tends to think of Quebec as a stronghold of nationalism, its rich cultural life has always shown great curiosity and enthusiasm for the outside world. In the case of the painters it is most often Paris that attracts them, and influences them. The famous Canadian Group of Seven consciously "turned our backs on Europe," in the words of A. Y. Jackson, one of its members. But this has not happened to the best Quebec painters.

"It is no coincidence that a Quebec painter, James Wilson Morrice, one of our great artists, was the first Canadian painter to enter the mainstream of modern art," says Toronto critic Robert Fulford, "or that modern Quebec painters like Jean Paul Riopelle and Paul Emile Bourdus have substantial international reputations. The painters of Quebec have been less 'Canadian,' less provincial than the painters of the rest of Canada, and among the first to recognize the world outside our borders."

And is their vision of Quebec and Canada less real or less valid because of this? Not at all.

"The Laurentians," De Tonnancour says, talking about his painting in this Maclean's album, "are the backbone of Quebec. But I did not paint this landscape for such good objective reasons. The true reason is that they are part of my own backbone." The real artist paints what he is, not what he thinks he is.

Nothing could better illustrate this than the impression of Quebec on these pages. They are traditional, as is Robert W. Pilot's Quebec, realistic as is Ghitta Caiserman's Autumn, modern as is Pellan, wild and private as is Jean Dallaire. The traditional are easily accepted, while the work of the younger "moderns" is apt to bring charges it is hung upside down or could, conceivably, cause a riot. But the work is serious and dedicated.

"If the modern artist sways on his tightrope, and so often falls," De Tonnancour once wrote, "have mercy on him; for you are on the tightrope too."

ALL CAPTIONS BY JOHN GRAY



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

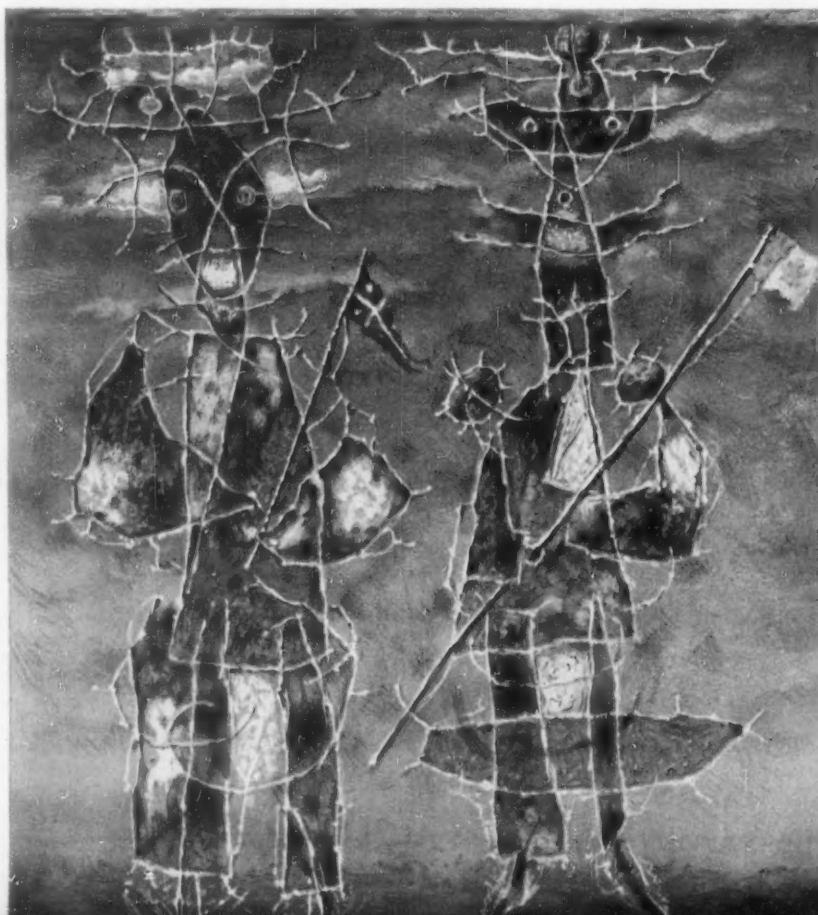
John Lyman

"I don't look for things to paint—but paint the things I meet in life," says John Lyman. And his subjects have most often been found close to Montreal, where he has lived since he was two months old. "I take my province and its people for granted and feel no need to rig up any interpretive thesis or any kind of romantic nonsense." This girl is from a Quebec farm and used to come to do the Lyman house cleaning. Strong looking, deeply tanned, carefree, she seems to Lyman typical of the young people of Quebec. "Nothing seems to bother them so very much," he says.

TWO MARTIANS IN QUEBEC

Jean Dallaire

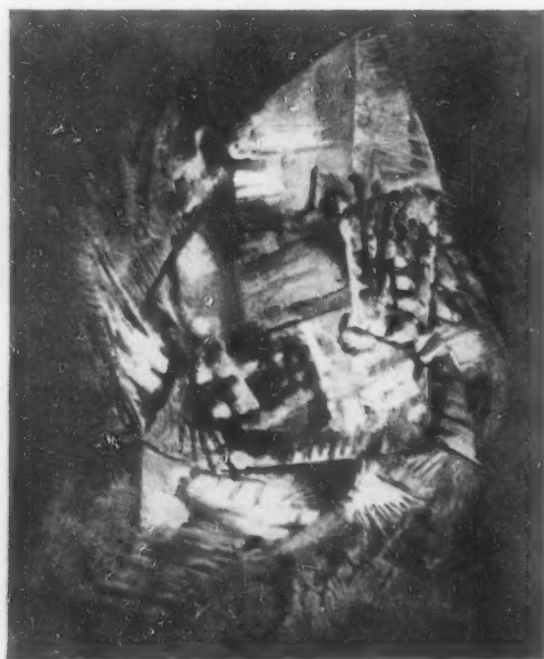
The fire that leveled the old Madame Burger's, the famous restaurant in Hull, Quebec, in 1943, also destroyed the youthful work of a local artist, Jean Dallaire, whose murals covered the walls. Even then Dallaire was painting a world of his own, delightful and unpredictable fantasies whose comedy is sharpened by a dash of pathos. Both his Martians have landed "somewhere in Quebec," he says. They seem friendly enough, and bear visible symbols of their goodwill in the small flags they carry, one holding the Vatican City flag (right) and the other the official flag of Quebec.





LAURENTIAN HEAVEN
Jacques de Tonnancour

In 1950 Montreal's De Tonnancour, then one of Quebec's most promising abstract artists, stopped painting because he thought his work had become "very cold and intellectual." When he started painting again, five years later, he began to produce a series of remarkable landscapes, mainly of the Quebec north. "The magnetic and engulfing charm and power of the north," he says, "can in no time dissolve a man and lose him in a sea of silence and desolation. In many parts of Canada that is what we are up against, that enormous silence. This is the shape of it in Quebec."



BOURRASQUE

Leon Bellefleur

In 1954, after twenty-five years as a full-time public-school teacher and part-time painter, Leon Bellefleur retired on pension and became a full-time painter. His subject, he says, is "the inner world of man—a world we are just beginning to explore." He painted *Bourrasque* (Squall) in Paris in January, inspired, he says, "by memories of first snow whirling on the ground in a Laurentian mountain forest." Bellefleur, who dislikes labels, says he might be called a post-surrealist. "A surrealist paints the world we see, with transpositions. I paint another world."

RUE DES JARDINS

Robert W. Pilot

Pilot's love affair with Quebec City goes back many years, and his gentle paintings of Canada's ancient capital are known from coast to coast. *Rue des Jardins*, he says, "is wrapped in history and has an old-world charm unique on this continent. Due to the complicated surveying of the city there remained one tiny lot, almost crowded out by the buildings I've painted and on this property the owner erected the smallest house in the city, consisting of two rooms." Slated for demolition in 1956, the house was rescued by the province, which bought it to turn into a museum.

"The man of a retro Montreal ed the ing. things, and a violent fact th fall m at Mo where plied rushes, grasses paintin based dream

Eight artists *continued*

AUTUMN

Ghitta Caiserman

"The best art," Ghitta Caiserman once noted, "cannot be a retreat from real life." This Montreal housewife has distilled the principle in her painting. *Autumn* reflects many things, she says. "The glories and absurdities of Quebec's violently changing seasons; the fact that during the summer and fall months I do my shopping at Montreal's Atwater market, where a farmer keeps me supplied with bundles of bull-rushes, wheat, thistle, and dried grasses; and the fact that this painting is part of a group based on children's feelings, dreams, secrets and discoveries."

MARIE-GEMMA

Jean Paul Lemieux

Three of our painters used the classic theme of the young girl to capture their impressions of Quebec. Jean Paul Lemieux, who teaches at Quebec City's Ecole des Beaux Arts, saw this "typical French-Canadian girl" one midwinter day while traveling on the train from Montreal to Quebec. "At a lonely station where the train stopped for a few minutes, I saw this lovely figure against the white plain. I was struck by its dramatic appeal and when I arrived home I painted the canvas. I called her *Marie-Gemma*, because that is quite a common name for a girl in rural Quebec."



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

ROOM AT THE TOP: An honest, tough and poignant British drama in which the central characters are a slum-raised young Yorkshireman (Laurence Harvey), gnawed by ambition, and an unhappily married Frenchwoman (Simone Signoret) who is living in the same English industrial town. Harvey's performance is weakened by occasional stacy contrivances but Miss Signoret is utterly convincing. The film marks the arrival of Jack Clayton as a major talent among British screen directors. With Donald Wolfelt, Hermione Gingold, Heather Sears, Donald Houston.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS: Gorgeous widescreen views of London and Paris and a typically charming portrayal by Maurice Chevalier are the prime assets of this overlong, over-coy romantic comedy. Rossano Brazzi appears as an aristocratic French airman (Chevalier's nephew) whose Gallic breeziness about marital fidelity infuriates his lovely English wife (Deborah Kerr).

A CRY FROM THE STREETS: There are several pleasant moments in this British story about some orphans and the adults who are trying to help them. The story, however, veers off into incongruous melodrama near the finish. With Max Bygraves, Barbara Murray. Rating: fair.

THE SHAGGY DOG: Accidentally victimized by an ancient Borgia curse, a teen-aged boy (Tommy Kirk) finds himself unpredictably changing into the form of a big friendly pooch and then back into his normal state. Although played very broadly for what the industry calls bellylafts, it adds up to an enjoyable family show.

SOME LIKE IT HOT: Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis become female impersonators and join an all-girl jazz orchestra while fleeing from vengeful hoodlums in 1929. A well-curved singer named Sugar Kane (Marilyn Monroe) stimulates the non-female in both of them. Genuine hilarity is gradually replaced by boredom and distaste as the one basic gag is stretched out thinner and thinner, although I'm sure some of the customers will adore every minute.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

At Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good.
Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.
Bachelor of Hearts: Comedy. Fair.
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
Blitzkrieg: German war documentary. Fair.
The Buccaneers: Historical drama. Fair.
The Captain's Table: Comedy. Fair.
Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by GBS. Fair.
First Man Into Space: Horror. Fair.
Floods of Fear: Drama. Fair.
Foxiest Girl in Paris: Comedy. Fair.
Gideon of Scotland Yard: Detective comedy-drama. Poor.
Gidget: Teen comedy-drama. Fair.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
He Who Must Die: French drama. Good.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
House on Haunted Hill: Ghost story. Fair.
Ice-Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.
Imitation of Life: Drama. Good.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.

It Happened in Rome: Anglo-Italian romantic comedy. Fair.
I Want to Live: Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.
The Journey: Cold War drama. Good.
Lonelyhearts: Newspaper drama. Fair.
The Mating Game: Comedy. Good.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
Night of the Quarter Moon: Race-bias drama. Fair.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Excellent.
9 Lives: True action drama. Good.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
The Spy on Wilhelmstrasse: British espionage drama. Good.
The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair.
Stranger in My Arms: Drama. Fair.
Tempest: Historical drama. Good.
These Thousand Hills: Western. Good.
Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.



The incomparable St. Lawrence

Continued from page 27

to Huron. Huron to Erie and Erie to Ontario. Below Quebec the St. Lawrence becomes so immensely wide that it can hardly be called a river at all, but is what in Scotland is called a firth of the sea. The water is brackish around the Ile d'Orléans; it is salt and teeming with ocean fish many hours' steaming above Father Point where the vessels drop their pilots. The St. Lawrence does not so much empty into the sea as merge with it, and the ocean tide, pressing up against its current, makes its throb felt as far inland as Trois Rivières. The nearest of North America's great rivers to Europe, the easiest of access to explorers and navies, the St. Lawrence has been for those reasons by far the most important stream in the Western world. But it is not a farmer's river, not really. It is utterly unlike the Hwang-Ho or the Mississippi. It was, and is, an avenue to settlement and empire.

Years ago, trying to describe the lower St. Lawrence in my novel *Two Solitudes*, I wrote a kind of bravura passage which still seems to me valid as far as it goes:

"Nowhere has nature wasted herself as she has done here. There is enough water in the St. Lawrence alone to irrigate half of Europe, but the river pours right out of the continent into the sea. No amount of water can irrigate stones, and most of Quebec is solid rock. It is as though millions of years back in geologic time a sword had been plunged through the rock from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes and savagely wrenched out again, and the pure water of the continental reservoir, unmuddied and almost useless to farmers, drains untouchably away. In summer the clouds pass over it in soft, cumulus, pacific towers, endlessly forming and dissolving to make a welter of movement about the sun. In winter when there is no storm the sky is generally empty, blue and glittering over the ice and snow, and the sun stares out of it like a cyclopean eye."

An exaggeration, of course, for in the narrow bottoms where the river had flooded throughout the centuries the land was fabulously rich when the first French settlers came. I went on to speak of the old Quebec farms hugging the shores between the rocklands and the stream; of the roads on either side of the river like a pair of village main streets, each close to a thousand miles long if you count some of the mileage in Ontario; of the manner in which the land was divided in early days between seigneurs and their sons, then between tenants and their sons, with the result that the fences of Quebec along the lower river remind you of the course of a gigantic steeplechase, running in long rectangles inland because a river frontage was so important in the time when the river was the sole means of communication.

And finally I spoke of Montreal where the Canadian races and religions meet without really mingling, the pulse of their encounter throbbing from east to west across the whole land.

As *Two Solitudes* was a novel of Que-

bec I did not speak of the upper river at all. There, of course, the whole lie of the land is different. The river itself is bluer in summer, more gay and shining, younger looking somehow, and there it has been wonderfully kind to farmers, and kinder still in the parts of the waterway between Lakes Erie and Ontario.

But I was talking about the life the river has imposed on the Canadian people, and the character it has formed.

The St. Lawrence, as everyone knows, has been the most fought-over stream in the North American continent, and its present population has grown out of the very sediment of history. The original French who came over from Normandy and Brittany are French certainly; but it is anyone's guess how much Indian and Scottish Highland blood is mingled with the basic Breton and Norman strains. Heaven knows how many of the Scottish soldiers who stormed Quebec in 1759 stayed in Canada and disappeared into the French-Canadian race. They spoke a primitive language; in their own country their national dress and traditional way of life had been proscribed by the conquering English; they were even more desperate and solitary than the *habitants* after both had been abandoned by their native lands. It would be interesting to know, though impossible to discover, what percentage of Highland blood still runs in the veins of French-speaking Canadians answering to the names of Polycarpe Fraser, Onésime Ferguson, or just plain Jean-Baptiste Tremblay. Is the famous fire of the French-speaking hockey players of *les Canadiens* all derived from Normandy? To me, a Highland Scot from the tough mining town of Glace Bay, there is something very familiar in the expression I have seen on the faces of the Rocket and Jean-Guy Talbot when somebody hits them over the head with a stick.

But the St. Lawrence had woven together more racial strands than these, and with them the politics and habits to which the racial groups were committed. The upper river received thousands of Loyalists. Quebec, Montreal and Kingston for years harbored English garrisons. Scots, English and Irish business and professional men, now joined by thousands of New Canadians from Europe, have lived side by side with the French in Montreal—the flotsam and jetsam of history, the ruins and the recoveries of racial and religious hopes. The miracle is that the nation built around the St. Lawrence has turned out to be one of the most stable in the world.

For this fact we can thank the character of the Laurentian peoples, whether of French, English, Scottish or Irish origin, whether of the upper or the lower river. "Intricate" is the word which fits best the collective pattern. As I have come to know this region over the years, I find myself running out of adjectives in an attempt to describe its people. Does it make any sense to say that the Canadian—not the Maritimer or the Westerner but the central Canadian who lives beside the St. Lawrence—is so subtle that beside him the average Eng-



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fishman is an open book? Does it make any sense to say this while at the same time admitting that he is not intellectual at all, that he is so indifferent to learning (in comparison, say, to the native Frenchman) that he is incapable of taking intellectuals seriously? Yet subtle he most certainly is. In England I have often felt provincial but never naïve. In Montreal, listening to Laurentian men talking about business and civic affairs, I feel naïve about once a week. They know so much more than they will ever say. They carry their guards high. They assume—they

take a quiet pride in it—that nobody will ever understand them as they understand themselves.

Think of some of the politicians the Laurentian region has produced: think of the member for Kingston, where Fort Henry looks out across the river with cautious self-confidence toward the United States. There were times while I read Donald Creighton's life of Sir John A. Macdonald when I laughed aloud. The first Canadian prime minister was dismissed as a colonial by elementary types like the English envoys and Ameri-

CANADIANECDOTE



When voyageurs sailed the Nile

One hundred and twenty-five years after the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, almost to the very day, the Ocean King sailed from Montreal for Alexandria. Its departure was the first occasion on which French Canadians voluntarily left home to take part in an overseas war. Soon the ancient Nile was to resound with stirring river songs of Canada.

Of the three hundred and eighty-six men of all ranks who sailed for Egypt that sunny morning of Sept. 14, 1884, the majority were of Anglo-Saxon origin; but there were about one hundred French Canadians, from Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, the Ottawa Valley and Manitoba, and fifty Caughnawaga Indians.

Under the command of Lt.-Col. F. C. Denison, of Toronto, the Canadians formed part of the Imperial expedition assigned to rescue General "Chinese" Gordon and the tiny British garrison besieged by fanatical Sudanese warriors at Khartoum.

General Lord Wolseley, in command of the entire relief expedition, planned to reach Khartoum

by ascending the Nile. Expert rivermen were needed to ferry British troops and supplies upstream because of four stretches of formidable rapids.

Having seen voyageurs display skill and daring on the Red River in 1870, Wolseley had got the Canadian government's permission to recruit some for the Nile expedition.

Manning four hundred British-made whalers, the Canadians soon won the praise and respect of seasoned soldiers who had been prepared to scoff at the raw recruits from the backwoods. The rivermen guided thousands of troops and their equipment through the treacherous waters without loss of British lives and with only negligible loss of material.

The only casualties on the trip were Canadians. Six drowned and ten others died from various diseases. But even though the Canadians got the troops through safely, Wolseley lost the race against time. The British in Khartoum were overwhelmed, and General Gordon was among those killed.

—DON THOMSON

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can senators with whom he had to deal at the Washington Conference of 1871. Yet he, and not they, all his life had been dealing in a kind of calculus of politics.

The Americans and the English at that conference, nominal opponents, liked each other better than they liked him because they could understand each other. But Sir John, understanding both and lying back, caring nothing for the calculated insults to his pride, came home with the knowledge that his country was going to be secure. He came home with no important part of Canada surrendered to the United States to satisfy the Alabama claims, and with the promise that the Canadian and American forts which glared at each other across the St. Lawrence would be demilitarized.

Can anyone believe that Sir John would have succeeded in Canada, much less in international affairs, if he had been as blunt as Nova Scotia's Joseph Howe, as arrogant as England's Palmerston or as self-righteously simple as America's Senator Sumner?

For this type of lying-in-wait character, for this type which always has been content to let the credit go so long as it takes the cash, the St. Lawrence River is largely responsible. It is responsible, I should say, for these reasons.

Until the railways were built, the St. Lawrence virtually was Canada. It was the thread of communication which held together the scattered racial fragments in the area. This meant that the rejects of history which coalesced to form the Canadian nation had to share the river if they were to live at all. Catholic French, Protestant Loyalists, Scots of both religions learned here to damp the fires of their passions, to curb their tongues in public, to acquire the art of looking at all public issues with a double and even a triple vision. The fact that the St. Lawrence on its upper reaches formed the boundary with the United States was one more influence which complicated the public character of the Canadian people. The Nova Scotian, protected in the growing years of his province by the Royal Navy, never had any need to learn the great Canadian art of compromise.

The freighter felt the tug of the current flowing through the gorge between Quebec and Lévis (the city's name is supposed to have been the Algonquin word for "strait") and looking around I felt the excitement this famous scene always gives me. The sky over the purple-grey city was turbulent as it so often is, and the distant mountains were streaked with patches of bright light as the setting sun struck through gaps in the clouds. Here, as everywhere on the central and lower St. Lawrence, you could see the eternal Canadian frontier, the rocky hills of the Shield.

Traveling along the St. Lawrence on a working freighter is still the best way to know this river. On the upper reaches it can be very intimate. Once, years ago, stealing at night past the little Ontario hamlet of Cardinal, I seemed to be looking into everyone's living room. We stole along in the dark virtually between Canada and the United States, and I'll never forget the startling beauty of a lighted window behind which a girl, smiling secretly to herself, was brushing her hair. Nor again that night in 1940, the month when France fell, the feeling of hope and security it gave to look across this river-frontier at the lights shining in the United States, and to know that if all else failed, Canada's participation in the war was sure to guarantee an allied victory, because the United States could

never permit Canada to fall into Hitler's power.

Standing now on the ship below the pile of Quebec City, I recalled so many scenes along the stream which fed the waters of this ocean port: the pulsing blue of the river pouring out of Lake Ontario, the lovely canals now being changed for the Seaway, the motorboats chugging in the dark into Gananogue, the wild flowers blowing in the breeze on all the islands, the parish lights along the shores. Then, staring up to Quebec City, I wondered how anyone could believe that a country containing a city like this is really young at heart.

For Quebec, to me at least, has the air of a city which was never young. No community in America, few in Europe, give out such a feeling of intense, rain-washed antiquity. Those stern grey walls with their Norman and Mediterranean roofs two centuries ago sheltered an embattled people who lived as long and as hard in a decade as most communities live in a century, and to this day the city's habits, customs and appearance reflect every aspect of the tangled story.

What a miracle that old town is! What an anachronism to find in the so-called New World! Above all, what a city to observe located within plain sight of the empty wilderness of the Canadian Shield!

I looked up at the palisade of the Citadel polished smoothly grey by wind, rain, snow and ice with the river sheer below it, and I remembered the evening when I stood on the grass of the King's Bastion beside a famous English statesman and we stopped playing croquet when a corporal's guard suddenly marched around the corner of the blockhouse to the flagstaff. Wind tossed the clouds and across the river we could see rain falling on Lévis. The soldiers were guardsmen in red coats and bearskins, and as the flag came down one of them blew the last post across the river whence, two centuries earlier, British cannon balls had whirled into the streets of the city. I saw tears in the eyes of the English statesman and heard him murmur:

"If Winston could only see this he'd talk about it for hours."

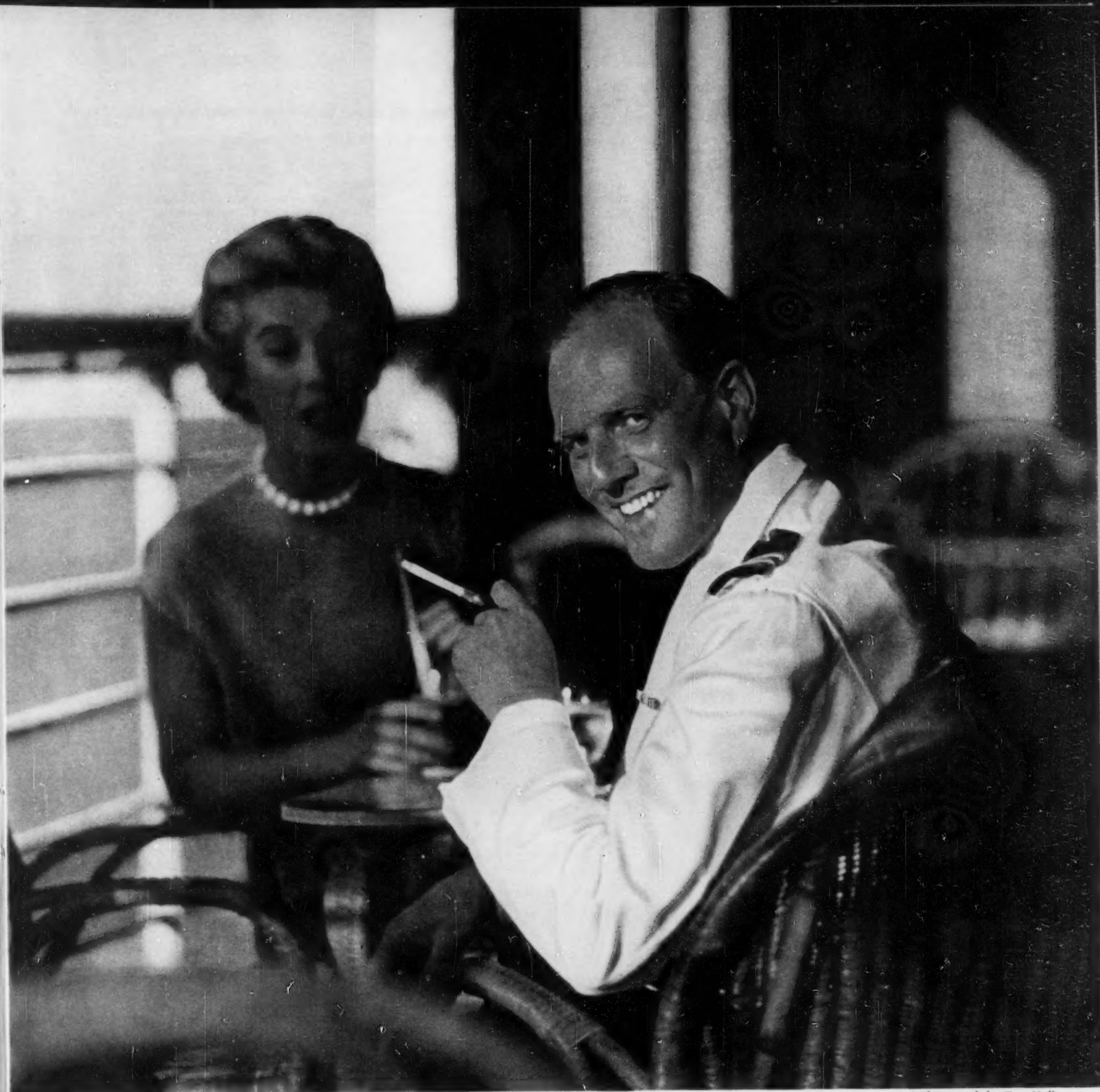
Our host said with a quiet smile: "If he knew those guardsmen spoke French, I fancy he might talk about it all night."

But Quebec, as everyone knows who has ever lived in it as long as a week, is no monument. The noble convent of the Ursulines looks as it always did; the belfry bells ring incessantly; the black soutanes of the priests flap in the wind around every corner. But the Plouffe Family also lives here along with their furiously energetic creator, Maurice Duplessis rules here. Here also the statesmen, generals, admirals and airmen met to set their seals to the masterplan which won World War II. And here, in this monument of the past, Albert Guay conceived and executed the most modern murder in the history of crime.

The ship turned into the channel leading around the southern tip of the Ile d'Orléans, and as the sun set behind us I found myself recalling Conrad's chapter at the opening of his Heart of Darkness. Conrad's scene was a river even more famous, the Thames, but the thoughts it evoked in the novelist seem-

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"The cleverest man in France remarked that two empires were fighting for a few acres of snow"

ed to fit the St. Lawrence better than any of my own:

"The old river rested in its broad reach unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service to the race that people its banks, spread out in tranquil dignity to a waterway leading to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Ages of good service! At least three centuries of varied service the St. Lawrence has given, and not the least of its gifts has been the knowledge its problems have taught the people involved in its story. The chief lesson of all is that history is invariably ironical, and that great men of action seldom understand the true meaning of what they do or the results which flow from their lives. Irony has been connected with the St. Lawrence from the very beginning.

Jacques Cartier seems to have been as practical-minded a mariner as ever sailed from a Brittany port, but when he entered that colossal estuary in 1534, what else could he assume save that the St. Lawrence was the Northwest Passage to China? What singular importance he attached to the wild grapes he found growing on the Ile d'Orléans, and what thoughts were his when he stood on Mount Royal, his ship halted by the rapids, and looked into that immense, empty land into which the river disappeared! And why did his own people, when he returned with the news of his discovery, do nothing about it for nearly a century? Had France moved then and not waited, the whole of North America might have been hers.

Irony haunted nearly all the great lives connected with this river. LaSalle, seeing the water boiling past his seignury on the southern end of Montreal Island, inevitably thought of the Yangtze and Marco Polo, and in a sublime effort to prove right a geographer's guess he paddled and portaged all the way from Montreal to the Mississippi Delta. The meaning of the river's future was obviously closed to Jean Talon when he established beside it a virtual European feudal system. It quite baffled Laval's intelligent hope that it could lead to a Catholic Empire in America with a cross on every hill from the Gaspé to the Gulf of Mexico; the same highway which led French canoes into the con-

tinental also invited the Royal Navy to New France's Citadel.

Irony also haunted the Europeans who tried to deal with the St. Lawrence, or even to think about it. The cleverest man in eighteenth-century France is remembered in Canada chiefly for one epigram which turned out to be the most wildly inaccurate he ever made, that along the St. Lawrence two empires were fighting only for a few acres of snow.

Most ironical of all was what the river did to the dream of England's greatest statesman before Churchill. When Lord Chatham studied his maps in London in the 1750s, it seemed certain to him that if he mastered the St. Lawrence the whole of North America would be his. He mounted and dispatched the greatest armada England had ever sent overseas up to that time. He put in charge of it a young general who was to become immortal not for taking Quebec but for being reputed to say (as he probably did not) that he would rather have written a minor poem than capture the greatest fortress in the world. But when the St. Lawrence finally did fall into English hands, what did it mean to England? Not the winning of America but the loss of it, for the moment the English colonists forgot their fear of the strategically located French, they revolted.

Final irony of all was the situation at the end of the war. The forts along the river of New France flew the Union Jack, their former British enemies to the south a new flag entirely, and a century later a Canadian statesman of the French tongue would say that the last shot fired in defense of the British flag in North America would be fired by a French Canadian.

An intricate people these, made so by the vast historical and economic importance of the river beside which they lived. Almost the only great man connected with the St. Lawrence who seems to have understood its essential meaning was the first Frenchman to build a fort beside it. Champlaine made his mistakes, including the almost fatal one of using his musket in an Indian war, but he never made the error of thinking about the river in terms inherited from his European past. Always he seems to have seen it as it was destined to become: neither a northwest passage nor a prize



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of power, but as an avenue leading into a continent unlike any dreamed of in Europe, where new civilizations, in the course of the centuries, were sure to arise. In this expectation, Champlain was as accurate as any prophet could ever hope to be.

The St. Lawrence, even before its military role ended, was well on its way to becoming the chief commercial and economic factor in the development of Canada. From the beginning it predestined economic empires of various sorts, and it still does. The very nature of the terrain, offering no scope to a large agricultural community, made it impossible even for the conservative French Canadians to remain static. As the good lands were taken up by farms, those without farms had to move. Move they did, and the movements of the Laurentian peoples have already produced at least four economic empires and now foreshadow a fifth.

The first Empire of the St. Lawrence — to use Donald Creighton's famous title — depended on furs. Following the Champlain Road into the interior, the voyageurs of the fur trade — first the great Frenchmen like Radisson, Groseilliers, Brulé and La Vérendrye, later the great Scots and English like Peter Pond, Mackenzie, Thompson, Fraser, Finlay and McGillivray — penetrated from the St. Lawrence all the way to the Pacific coast and the Beaufort Sea, and in so doing staked out Laurentian claims to the future granaries of the plains.

Shortly after the fur empire faded, the railway empire took its place, and soon the prairies and mountains discovered by the voyageurs became the virtual provinces of the Laurentian cities, their tribute manifest in the Victorian castles which still survive on the southern slopes of Mount Royal.

There was also the empire of timber, which has now been translated into the empire of wood pulp, and seventy years ago sailors hauling on braces and hal-yards in ports as remote as Manila and Rio de Janeiro sang the chanter I heard as a boy in Halifax:

*Have you ever been in Quebec,
Piling timber on the deck?*

With the coming of hydro-electricity, the empire moved from the railway barons to the manufacturers, and within the last three decades power bred out of Laurentian tributaries has changed the entire nature of traditional French Canada, turning an erstwhile race of farmers into one of the most highly industrialized communities in North America, with results to their character still unpredictable.

Now, this month, the dream of centuries comes true and a Seaway is open for ocean-going ships as large as twenty-five thousand tons, all the way from any port in the world to any port on the Great Lakes. Together with the Seaway, and in the long run more important, is the power project which is sure to create still another Laurentian empire along the former agricultural reaches of the upper river. What course it will take is anyone's guess, but that it will bind even closer together the Laurentian communities, the French of Quebec and the English of Ontario, seems certain.

The St. Lawrence, fed constantly with a super-abundance of clean cold water from its reservoir, has constantly changed the life patterns of those who live along its banks. Yet here is another paradox: the river itself has changed in appearance least of all the history-making

streams, and this you can see by flying over it.

The lower Thames is overwhelmed by London, the lower Hudson is utterly dominated by the towers of Manhattan, the Elbe disappears into Hamburg. But when you fly out of Dorval on the London or Halifax plane, the river below you is so enormous that the Seaway excavations look no more than a trivial scar along the south bend of Laprairie Basin, and even the size of Montreal shrinks in your mind. The St. Lawrence is still too big to be dominated in the landscape by anything human beings do to it. Below Quebec there are long reaches of the river which look today exactly as they did to Cartier. Even along the upper river, even along the section of the old International Rapids, where the engineering work of the Seaway and power project has been most spectacular, the changes wrought in the landscape are relatively small compared to the landscape's vastness.

My freighter turned into the channel around the Ile d'Orléans and an incoming Empress broke out her lights. We passed and went down into the gathering darkness of the immense stream. After dinner I came out on deck and began counting the ships we passed, but as I could recognize them only by their lights I could only guess at their nationalities. For hours I walked around the decks looking at the lights of the parishes slipping by in the dark, and leaning over the side I could hear the hiss of brine along the plates of the vessel. The water was almost entirely salt now, but we were many hours from dropping the pilot at Father Point. I went to bed and slept eight hours, and in the morning we still were in what the maps call the river. A school of white porpoises flashed about us and a deckhand told me they were unique to this region of the sea. Slowly, slowly we went on toward Labrador, where yet another empire to be connected with this stream is abuilding. The river had utterly lost itself now and we were well on our way to England.

Ten days later, after coming down from Manchester in an English June, I found myself in London again. Alone and caught by the bus strike, I spent many hours of every day walking the famous streets I had not seen for years. As a young man in Nova Scotia I had not looked west but east, and London had been the first great city I had ever seen.

Now I found myself looking at London with fresh eyes and, because I have moved around a great deal in my life, I began asking myself if there was any city I knew remotely like it. There is only one London, of course, and it still is the greatest city in the world, and in time will probably become as eternal as Rome. But I noticed one thing about myself in connection with London I had never felt before. I felt at home here now. I felt myself prepared for its scope and its attitude. One evening, walking down the Haymarket toward Trafalgar Square, I remembered an essay about London by V. S. Pritchett, the one in which he said that the word evoked in his mind by the idea of Rome was "murder," the word by the idea of Paris was "woman" and the word by the idea of London was "experience."

I had it then. "Experience," above all other words, is the one which seems to me to fit the city where I live now, which is Montreal. It is still, and always will be, the commercial capital of the St. Lawrence, and its character, beyond a doubt, has been formed by the river which made its existence possible and its importance inevitable. ★



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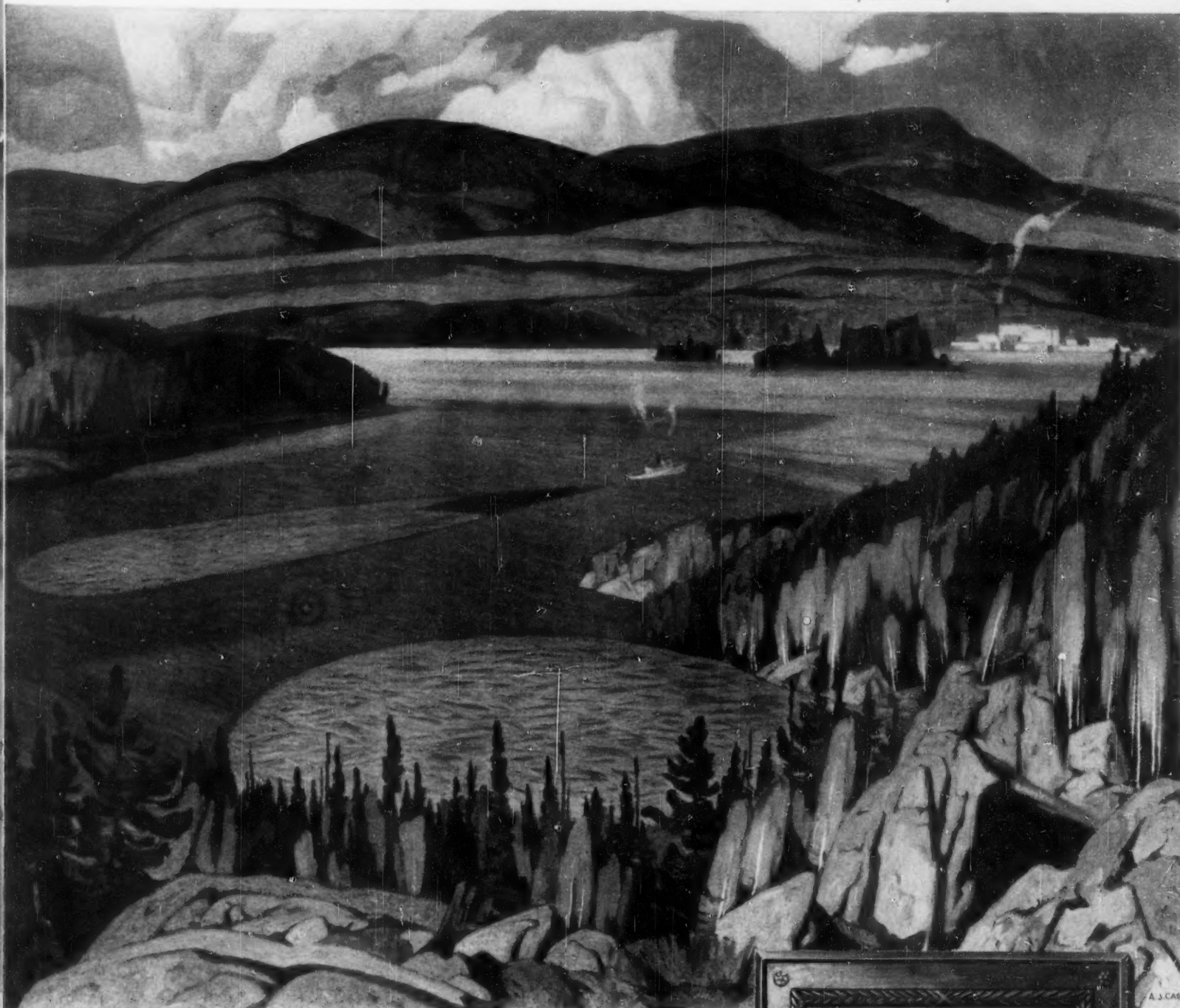
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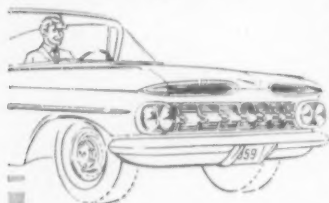
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Safe EYE-GENE

The Maurice Richards continued from page 23

"Wretchedly lonely, he developed a protective veneer of cold hostility"

twenty below zero with a wild wind. The Richard home was warm, sparkling clean and bright with sunlight. Lucille, greatly pregnant but untired-looking, explained that Maurice was away on an errand to the Forum, taking five-year-old André with him.

"He often does that, when he must make a few calls," she added, leading the way into the living room. "He is so fond of the children that he hates to be away from them. When he telephones home while the team is away on a road trip he starts by saying, 'How are the kids?' I say, 'What about me?' He tells people that he loves his children and hockey, sometimes he remembers to put me in there. I come before hockey, but after the kids."

She settled in a chair that caught the thin winter sunshine. As we talked, two-year-old Suzanne wandered in and out of the room, greatly amused at the unaccustomed English. Lucille's parents arrived and were introduced, her father shyly removing himself to the recreation room and her mother joining us with the same air of uncritical interest that marks her daughter's attitudes. The maid, a timid, awed young girl, was working silently in the kitchen; Lucille, on return trips from the insistent telephone, spoke gently to her in French.

"I met Maurice when I was thirteen," Lucille said, in answer to my question. "My older brother was playing hockey and he used to rave about Maurice Richard. Maurice was scoring four or five goals every game. Then he brought him home to meet us. Maurice was seventeen then, so shy, so quiet. Remember, m'ma?"

Mrs. Norchet chuckled. "I remember. His clothes were so, I shouldn't say, but not right. Not poor, but just . . . you know. My heart went out to him. He used to comb his hair straight back, very long. One day I took a comb and parted it on the side and combed it for him. 'There,' I told him. 'That's better.' He still parts it that way."

"Maurice had no girl," continued Lucille, "but he always came to our house after the hockey games with all the rest. We would roll up the rugs and dance and eat peanuts and potato chips and drink soft drinks. Teen-agers don't have a good time like that any more, do they? I wonder why. I was very young, but I taught Maurice to dance. After a while, he was very good at the rumba. He liked it."

"Was Maurice popular?" Lucille was asked.

"Oh sure," she responded, "he was such a wonderful hockey player, everyone was talking about him and wanting to meet him."

"I mean, except for hockey."

Lucille looked questioningly at her mother. The word popular was outside Mrs. Norchet's command of English. Lucille explained in French and the women considered it.

"No, I guess not," Lucille decided slowly. "Except for hockey, he didn't have friends. He was so shy, so quiet. He just watched people."

Mrs. Norchet agreed, her expressive face sad.

Despite the image most people have of all French-Canadian families being close and jolly—like the Norchets—this is no more true than most generaliza-

tions. The Richard family, for instance, is a cool one and its members, with the exception of Maurice and his hockey-playing brother Henri, rarely see one another. Lucille says, "Maurice had it tough when he was young, really tough."

His father was a CPR machinist, out of work for a two-year period during the depression. Maurice was the oldest of eight children.

When Lucille first met Maurice he was attending technical school, taking training as a machinist. Hockey was a hobby; he never considered it as a career. When she was seventeen and he was well into his twentieth year, Maurice proposed and Lucille accepted. Neither had ever dated anyone else. The Norchets approved of young Richard but were appalled at the couple's youth. Despite the objections, Lucille and Maurice were married the following year.

"You should have seen her leave for the church," Mrs. Norchet recalled, grinning wryly. "Most brides are nervous

home. He's so gentle and kind, so good to the kids. Too good, I tell him."

"Remember Hugette's ski pants?" supplied Mrs. Norchet.

Lucille laughed. "She wanted the stretchy kind, they cost forty dollars. Maurice got mad and said it was crazy for a girl to have ski pants that cost forty dollars. The next day, he went and bought them himself."

"And when they're sick he almost drives Lucille crazy. He keeps asking her if they have had their medicine, if it is the right kind, does the doctor know about it. Same when she isn't well. If she forgets to take her medicine, he is wild!"

"We used to fight a lot when we were first married," smiled Lucille comfortably, "but not any more. He is much happier now, much more contented. He is living a good life and it makes him feel, well, proud. He is wonderful to me. Last Christmas he gave me this diamond ring . . ."

"And a mink coat," prompted Mrs. Norchet.

"No, it was a stole. Christmas before it was a lamb coat. And in the spring he will get me a Pontiac convertible. Nice, eh?"

It's not all diamonds and cars. Lucille's nails are bitten to the quick from the nervousness she suffers before and during every hockey game. "The worst is when he is playing on the road and I am listening on the radio and the announcer says, 'Richard is hurt, he's leaving the ice.' I almost die. He phones as soon as he can to tell me how bad it is, but it's awful waiting."

"It's not so bad when you can see it at the Forum. When they fight with their fists, I know he's all right because he can handle himself. But when the sticks go up, I get so frightened. That Howe is a dirty player, like Lach used to be."

Lucille Richard and young Rocket sit directly behind the visiting team's bench in the Forum. Since league president Clarence Campbell often sits nearby, it's a position that strangles her natural exuberance. "I can't say what I think about the referees, everyone knows me." She's become a connoisseur of managers. "Pilous is nice, that's why the team plays better, and I like Schmidt. Phil Watson always speaks to me before the game but afterwards, if the Rangers lose, he doesn't look up. He's terrible to his players, swears at them right in front of everyone. I don't think much of that Imlach either."

The day of a game, Lucille tries to keep the children in the recreation room so the house will be quieter. Maurice goes to a players' meeting in the morning, returns and at three o'clock has a filet mignon, medium, one potato, a vegetable, some tomato juice, maybe fruit or ice cream. "For sixteen years, I have been fixing the same food, sixteen years," Lucille murmured in gathering astonishment. "Sixteen years! Then Maurice lies down to sleep, but he doesn't sleep—just lies there. He comes out of the room around five or six. I say, 'Did you sleep?' and he says, 'No.' We don't talk much, just get ready and drive down to the Forum. All the wives go with their husbands and we drink coffee until the game starts and talk."

Continued on page 52

They know each other

The way a sister treats a sister Reminds me of a tropic twister. It's clear as brother deals with brother That children don't like one another. I ponder, while the blows are landing, The risks of mutual understanding.

P. J. BLACKWELL

but she was as gay as a bird, turned and waved like she was going to a movie. Me, I was crying."

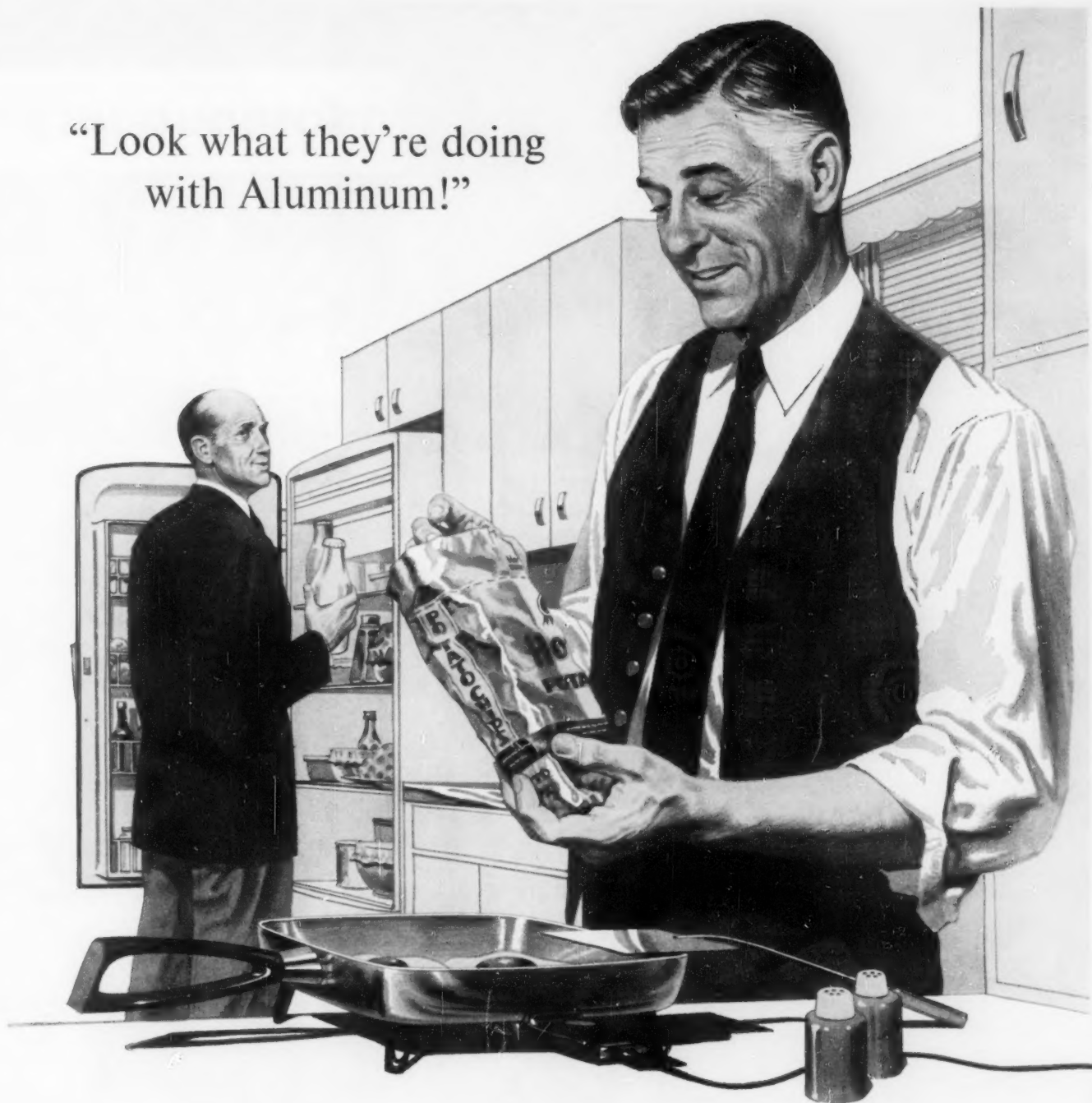
It was 1942 and Maurice was earning forty dollars a week as a machinist in the CPR shops, making extra money in the winter playing for the Canadian Seniors. Neither spoke a word of English and when Maurice began to play for the NHL Canadiens the following winter, Lucille drank coffee with the players' wives before the games and was taught English. "I was the youngest wife and Mrs. Toe Blake and Mrs. Kenny Mosdell were so kind to me." Maurice was learning from the players and from watching movies in the strange cities where the team traveled to play. He was wretched with loneliness, developing the protective veneer of cold hostility that he outgrew only recently.

The astonishing rookie broke his leg after sixteen games that first season. The following year he was named to an all-star team and was the idol of Montreal fans. The Richards' eldest daughter, Hugette, now fifteen, had been born shortly after their first anniversary and a son, Maurice, Jr., followed. "Here is another Rocket," the nurse told Lucille, displaying the new baby. Young Maurice has never known any other name since then but Rocket; in the Richard house, that name is his alone.

"Maurice waits at the hospital when Lucille is having a baby," observed Mrs. Norchet. "It doesn't matter how long it takes, he won't leave. Would you believe it, he cries. My sons never shed a tear when their wives are having babies, but Maurice weeps every time."

"He's supposed to be so hard," added Lucille, "but wait till you see him at

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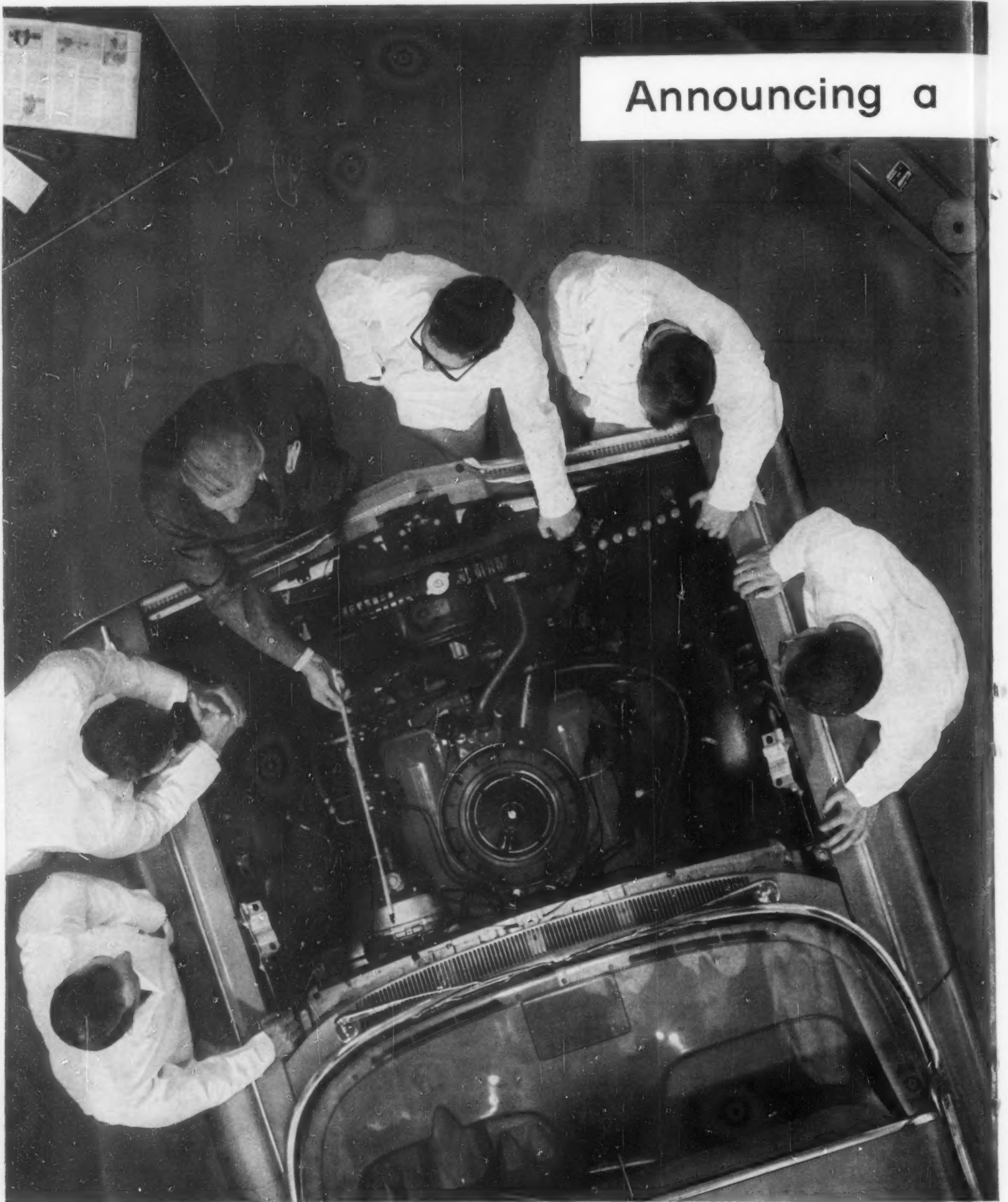
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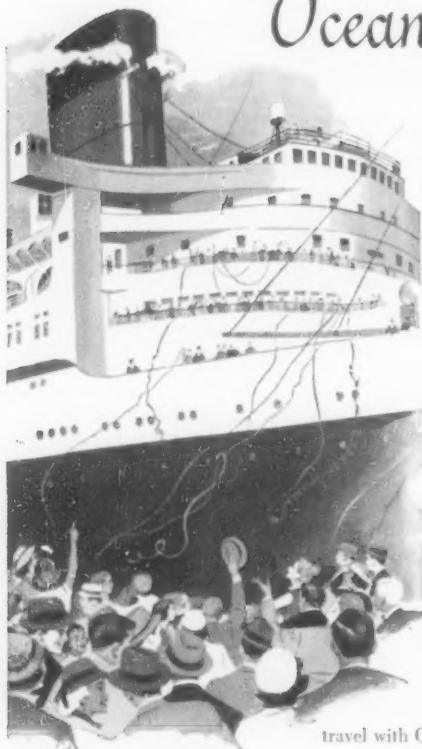
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MACLEAN'S

"Well folks, I'll give you just one guess as to who won the pie-eating contest."

She was reflective. "I don't know what we will do when there is no more hockey. The first year is going to be terrible, just terrible for him."

Then she was gayer again. "I have a feeling this is going to be another boy," she grinned, adding fervently, "I hope it's soon."

The next day, Mrs. Norchet opened the door beaming. "You've heard the news? Lucille had a son last night, ten pounds! It's been on the radio all day. Maurice is still at the hospital, he stayed all night with her. Come in, come in."

The telephone rang; although the number is unlisted, it was to ring all day almost as soon as the receiver was replaced. In the living room, merry-eyed André was sprawled on his stomach staring at the French-network television offerings for the day and Suzanne, a glossy teddy bear under her arm, strolled around. Occasionally she stood on her brother to capture his attention, but he ignored her.

After a time, Maurice arrived. A thick-bodied, not tall, man, Richard normally has an expression of remote sadness and his black eyes are fathomless. His face softened as André and Suzanne jumped around him and the tiredness of a sleepless night showed suddenly. He spoke a few words to Mrs. Norchet in French, greeted me in English, admired Suzanne's toy in French and limped away in answer to the telephone's summons.

"Lucille says you are too good to your children," I commented, when he had settled on the chesterfield and Suzanne was comfortable on my lap.

"They can have anything they want, anything at all," he agreed.

"Your childhood was very different."

A closed look came over his face. "I don't want to think about the differences. If I do, it will be hard for me."

"What kind of rules do you have, raising your family?"

"Rules? I don't know. I want them home or else I want to know where they are and who they are with. That's the only rule. Rocket was going to a school where he hung around afterwards with the rest of the boys. I took him out and put him in another school. Now he comes home. And Hugette, she goes skiing on the weekends and the priest is always with them. If the children are at home, or with good people, they are not getting into trouble, that's for sure."

Suzanne wriggled free, Maurice limped to answer the telephone. When he came back, Mrs. Norchet discussed with him dressing Suzanne in her best for the photographer who was expected. Maurice agreed.

"Why are the Canadiens so good?"

Lucille, in answer to this question, had said promptly that it was because everyone on the team liked everyone else and there was a spirit of family. She cited the annual Christmas party in the Forum for all the hockey players and their wives and children. "You should have seen the babies this year! It was really funny how many babies."

Maurice had the same answer. "We get along good," he said. "On road trips we all eat together, go to movies together. There's never an argument among our players. Some other teams have players who argue with one another even during a game. Not us; we are friends."

He paused. "It's been tougher for me to keep going the last two or three years. The younger guys on the Canadiens help me." His accent thickened. "It will be very hard on me when I quit hockey."

"Why do you love it?"

He gave himself time to consider. "It's because of the big thrill, before and



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Nap's
stance!

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"Henri: once again your confounded braces have let me down. All through the engagement at Moiry Bois I had to hold up my pants. When next I am in Paris I will take pleasure in personally choking you with the attached." Signed, Bonaparte.

The owner of the letter and the suspenders told the press that these relics were beyond price. He would not part with them for anything less than a bottle of Golden Velvet Canadian Whisky.



after every game. Before, you keep wanting the game to start, but you're afraid, too. You're afraid of a bad injury, or not playing a good game. That's what I think about all day of a game. Then, when you start to play and begin to sweat, it all goes away and you feel good."

"Have you ever been satisfied with yourself?"

"Never," replied Richard immediately. "I've never played well enough to be pleased with myself. If I get three, four goals, I know some of them have been lucky ones. You can't be proud of yourself for that. It's impossible to be perfect. You try, maybe come close, but the next day it's over. It was just another game."

Gaby, the photographer who was to take the pictures for this article, arrived with his six-year-old son Ronnie. Maurice noticed the boy hanging back and crossed the room to shake hands with him. "I wanted to take his picture with Richard," Gaby confided. "It won't mean so much to him now, but afterwards it will be so wonderful for him to have."

Huette arrived home from school, wrapped in a fur coat, and changed into a skating costume. She is a figure skater of some skill. Rocket, a lanky fourteen-year-old with his father's gloomy cast of face, entered the room and took Suzanne, now dainty in pink, and hugged her. Rocket had scored five goals in a hockey game a few days before but his father doesn't regard his hockey skill with much approval. Normand, almost nine, came into the living room in his overshoes, furious at being asked to pose. He and his father argued hotly; Maurice suspects that Normand's temperament is closer to his ideal for a hockey player. Finally Normand stretched out next to André, who was still watching television. They began to wrestle, an occupation apparently innate in their relationship. Maurice paid little attention.

Lucille had commented, "I tell him, 'Maurice, make the children be quiet!' but he won't speak to them." Maurice had observed, while explaining that he was still nervous of meeting strangers, that what he liked best to do was stay home and play with his children.

Gaby took a picture, the telephone rang and Maurice excused himself. He returned, Gaby took another picture, the telephone rang again.

The next morning, Maurice had a half hour to spare before attending the funeral of a former Canadiens trainer. We began by discussing the consequences of

being famous. Lucille had mourned, "We can't go anywhere, can't eat in a restaurant, can't walk down the street but somebody comes over to talk to Maurice. And he must smile and be pleasant, while his dinner gets cold." She too is recognized everywhere in Montreal. She had sighed, "I am looking over a table of bargains when I notice heads begin to turn and people whisper. I have to drop the bargain and buy something more expensive. I don't want people to say that the wife of Maurice Richard is cheap."

Maurice was embarrassed by my question about fame. "Sometimes I get fed up, but I can't let it show," he said uncomfortably. "It's not nice for kids to hear about me being sore at people. I really get mad when reporters ask crazy questions, like the one in New York who didn't know a thing about hockey and kept asking me how I score goals. How do I answer that one?"

"What's the angriest you've ever been?"

"The time in Toronto, three or four years ago, when I was fighting with Bob Bailey and he put his fingers in my eyes. When I first felt my eyes, I thought they were gone. I was yelling at the referee, so I got a match penalty. . . . Funny thing about Toronto, I used to hate playing there. The rink was like a morgue. Now, you know what—the fans cheer me, cheer all the visiting teams. It's a good place to play now."

"They say you get very depressed when you aren't scoring too well."

"That's true, I feel terrible. I keep away from people and when the Forum is empty I go there by myself and skate. I practice shooting at the net, shooting, shooting, trying to loosen up."

"You make the sign of the Cross just before every game. Does that help you, d'you think?"

Maurice was startled. "I always do that, ever since I started to play hockey. It's a habit."

"Do you think much about religion?"

"I'm a Catholic, that's all. I'm a fair Catholic, not a real good one."

"And French Canadians?"

"They are no different than anyone else. I don't think that they are separate, as people, from other Canadians."

"Then why do your children speak only French? And why do you live in a French neighborhood?"

Maurice's expression was earnest. "It's the truth, I wanted to live in an English-speaking district. We happened to buy this house because it is near the water and it would be good in the summer, but



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I want all the children to speak English."

Time was running out. We discussed the Richard marriage and its obvious closeness. For the first time, Maurice had trouble finding English words. "A husband and wife should not have . . ." he faltered.

"They must have different . . . characters." He wasn't happy with the word, but it would have to do. "Also," he added, "the woman should not be the boss. That's the worst thing."

We came back to his surpassing fame again and here the words he chose

were simple and strong.

"I don't believe it when people make a fuss over me. When it is all over, I'll be a guy like anyone else."

"They say you are the greatest in the world."

"I'm not," Richard said quietly. "Howe is better than me, Schmidt was better, Elmer Lach, lots of guys are better than me, Beliveau, Geoffrion, lots of guys on the Canadiens today are better hockey players than me."

"What is it then that you have got, if it isn't ability?"

Said Richard, "Desire."

The last meeting with Maurice Richard took place in an odd setting a few hours later. He agreed to meet at the Montreal Forum for a last question or two and suggested, when we met in the lobby, that we go into the rink. "There's no one there," he explained.

The rink was dark, with only a single light hanging over centre ice. Workmen had started to set up the ring at centre ice for the night's wrestling bouts; they had departed for their lunch. The empty tiers of seats stretched into darkness and

our voices were hollow in the vast emptiness. We sat in box seats and Richard stared at the cluttered ice, where his hunched figure, skating raggedly with wounded-animal fury, has scored hundreds of goals and brought the entire arena-full of people to their feet, screaming his name in ecstasy. A sense of old ghosts made Richard speak heavily, slowly and sadly.

"I worry about my kids, because we give them so much. I'd like to change, but I don't know how."

"I've thought about nothing but hockey, all my life. There's a lot I've missed. I don't read books, only magazines on the train. Lots of times I am ashamed because people are talking about things I never heard about."

"Every year I think I ought to get interested in another business, start a restaurant or something. But when the hockey starts, I forget about everything else. Maybe if I had other interests, I wouldn't have lasted so long in hockey."

"Are you afraid of anything?"

Richard was quiet a long time. "Yes, I am afraid of the future. I am afraid to grow older. I never used to think of it, now it's on my mind every day. I will be so lonely when hockey is over for me."

"Can you coach, maybe?"

"No, I can't change the way a man plays hockey. Either he can play it or he can't. I can't help him."

He looked at the ice, his eyes moving up and down its length. "I give myself another day, that's all. I just count one day ahead to be able to play. For the last four or five years, I've been the oldest in the league. That's terrible for a man to think about."

We were both quiet again. "Your nerves give you a lot of trouble, I hear."

He nodded. "My stomach nerves were very bad for a while. I still don't sleep, maybe four or five hours a night. The rest of the time I lie awake. I don't know why."

The workmen returned and the lights came on with splintering brightness. They looked at the man in the dark overcoat, looked away, looked again. Richard didn't see them.

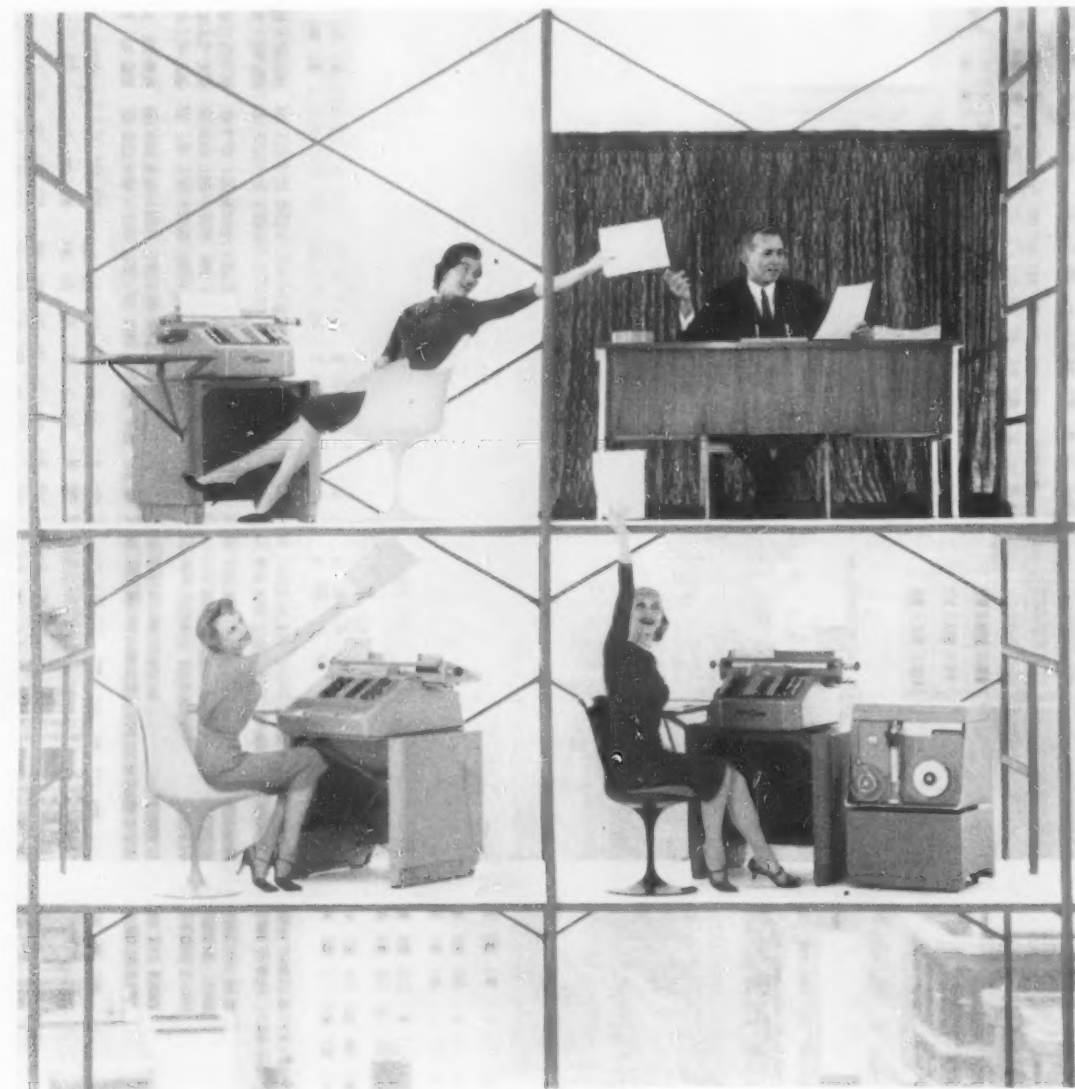
"I've heard other hockey players say that this is their last season, that they think they will retire at the end of the year. I don't know how they can say it. I couldn't make myself say that. I love hockey so much. I couldn't say such a thing."

"Are you still playing as hard as you used to?"

"I pace myself. When I was young, I used to skate for nothing. Now I save it for a burst when I think I can score. I have to do it that way."

The brightness of the rink and the curiosity of the workmen suddenly embarrassed him. He rose and we left. In the lobby again, people lined up before ticket windows saw him and nudged one another in excitement.

"I've got a little put by," Richard was saying, "but not enough to live on for the rest of my life. I'll have to work. But what can I do? I don't know anything but hockey." He shrugged, turned and limped away. ★



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The Plouffes visit Toronto continued from page 30

"The astonishing thing, Mama Plouffe discovered, was that these English didn't look evil"

"What did I tell you?" he muttered with a nearly victorious smile. Josephine had been waiting for the happy smile from her little darling.

"You're right, William. I'm not going. You go, Ovide. You'll get more out of the trip than I would."

And the old woman began stripping off her gloves. Toronto, then, was to be deprived of seeing Mme. Plouffe? All eyes turned to Ovide, the intellectual son, the real head of the family. Hadn't he memorized whole operas in Italian? His features flickered not a whit, and he was silent. Ought he to take advantage of his mother's faint-heartedness, and take her place? Every week for ten years now he'd been gently making fun of her when he saw her, with her thick tongue, licking the flap of the envelope she sent to the radio station, for a soap company's quiz show. Finally, on the five hundred and twenty-first envelope, she'd triumphed. She'd won this week in Toronto for herself and her husband, all expenses paid, including a suite at the King Edward Hotel.

"Well, say something, Ovide," blurted Napoleon.

Ovide barely glanced at his hulking athlete of a brother, whose intellectual activity was confined to knowing the performance statistics of Maurice Richard and sundry less important performers.

"Mama," Ovide said softly, "I'd be delighted to go instead of you, but it's too late. Now I want you to leave."

"But I don't speak a word of English," she went on weakly.

His head jerked up. She lowered her eyes. How could Mama Plouffe stand up against this odd authority before which she always felt powerless? Thin and unassuming as he was, Ovide was master in this house, no matter how she might run the others, the big strong ones. Ovide smiled:

"No more stalling, Mama," he said calmly, helping her back into her gloves. "What would the Holy Family Society say? And you the president. What about all the neighbors who are so jealous of this opportunity? Do you want to give them something to grow about, and disappoint all of us, by not going?"

"Ah. You think so?" she frowned, all at once pugnacious.

"The honor of the family is at stake," Ovide replied solemnly. Then, more gently, he added: "Anyway, it's a good idea to see Toronto and the English Canadians. You'll see how they're different from us, and when you get back you'll appreciate Bourassa and the greatness of the French Canadians."

"Now don't get her all nervous about politics," Napoleon put in anxiously. Mama Plouffe left for Toronto.

Her bags lying flat on the floor, crushing the bed down as though it were a hammock — she weighed 225 pounds — Mme. Plouffe, her feet dancing in the air, felt rather dizzy. She'd never been to a hospital — all her children had been born at home — but a hospital must have been something like this hotel room. She remembered little of the journey that had brought her here, except for the rocking of the train, the uproar of the railway station, the taxi, the vast lobby of the King Edward, the sweat on Théophile's forehead as he tried to make

the room clerk understand him, and the buzz of guttural, incomprehensible words that blanketed this enormous city. It was English. She'd known there were many English in Canada, but not *this* many. And they were said to be mostly Protes-

tants. Her heart fluttered at being surrounded by so many Protestants. For the first time in her life, she recognized a place where the Church of Rome, which she had always thought all-powerful in all places, was not really so. The aston-

ishing thing was that the English didn't look evil. They looked more sad and solemn, even though they sang and laughed so much on their television programs. (She never watched their drama programs!) In any case, none of



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this weighed on her too much, because she was worried above all about the children she'd left for the first time. How could they get along without her? William wouldn't eat and would surely be starved. If only Ovide weren't bringing girls around to the house. Ovide had these modern ideas, and they worried Mama Plouffe.

"Josephine!"

Théophile, his voice filling the room, his thumbs hooked in his suspenders, called her to order.

"Millionaires. We are just like millionaires! See, Mama! Toronto is at our feet and we're in the suite where Prince Edward himself lived. They just told me downstairs."

"You're so lucky to speak English."

"How many years have I been telling you, Mama? Learn English. You're lost without it these days. (Théophile knew a few words of the language, mostly terms used in plumbing like "fitting" and "nozzle.")

But in this lovely room, far from the irritations of his shop, Théophile was feeling so expansive he was quite certain he spoke English. Josephine, overwhelmed by all these strictly English surroundings that shattered her peace of mind, sought consolation. She felt the bedclothes with her pudgy fingers. She smiled: "They are not as white as mine." Théophile's mind was elsewhere. He'd become as impatient to see the world as he'd been on their wedding trip.

"All right, Mama. let's see some life. Let's get going; let's take a walk and see Toronto the magnificent. It'll shake out the kinks. Come on!"

She wanted to bring her purse. He stopped her:

"I told you we were going out like young lovers. Did you ever see a young lover with a big, black purse?"

She laughed happily, gave him her arm, and followed him out. They set out on a main street lined with shop windows. It was five o'clock, and the sidewalks were getting crowded. Since Josephine was fat, and Théophile talked with his hands, they required a right-of-way at least five feet wide. Now the people of Toronto are most accommodating, but their courtesy doesn't extend to stepping into the gutters or scraping along walls just to leave room for an elderly couple of French-Canadian lovers, especially at five in the afternoon. Josephine was jostled so often, she took her arm from her husband's, but Théophile didn't notice; he was busy trying to think of the English word for *humide*, because he

found Toronto awfully damp. All at once, Mama Plouffe saw a wonderful pair of rompers in a store window, just the thing for her grandson, Pierre. Cecile's little boy. She examined every stitch, weighed the price, and decided it was a real bargain.

"Théophile," she said. "Look here!"

But where was Théophile? The crowd streamed by in both directions, and no Théophile. Anguish stung her heart like the crack of a whip. Her eyes darted everywhere, and her breath came quickly. Which way had he gone? In her confusion, she couldn't remember whether she'd been coming south or west. It was a long, straight street and the buildings on both sides all looked alike. Naturally, she got turned around, and walked quickly in the direction from which she'd come. Théophile had also noticed suddenly that his Josephine was no longer with him. He turned back, got excited, and couldn't summon a single word in English to ask one of the hurrying passers-by if he'd seen a fat lady. In any case, it's hard to say, in English, when you're frantic: "Have you seen a short, fat lady?" You can't think of any words, except words you don't need: "fitting — nozzle." If only Ovide had been there!

Josephine had been walking a long time not daring to call a taxi because she didn't have her purse. What do you do without money and without a word of English? She'd spoken to several people, but they just babbled something she couldn't understand and kept going, shrugging their shoulders. Worn out, tears in her eyes, shivering with the cold, she finally decided to go into a snack bar. At the sight of all the men at the round tables, she had a moment of hesitation. But suddenly, standing behind the counter in front of a bank of stainless-steel kitchen appliances, she saw a young blond girl who looked so kind and understanding. She looked like Cecile. Josephine hurried toward her.

"Do you speak French, miss?" she asked, in French.

The waitress threw her one icy glance, concluding Mama Plouffe was a poor immigrant, and asked in a voice that had the ring of stainless steel:

"Tea? Coffee?"

Coffee! Café! It was French! She spoke French! With the broad smile of an old woman now safely out of peril, Josephine added:

"That's right, French, *café*, you speak French, eh?"

"Coffee?"

"Oui, *café*. C'est ça, *café*," said Josephine.

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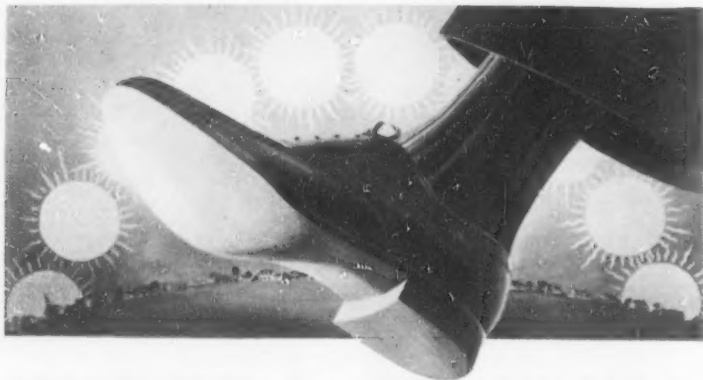
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ine, meaning, "That's right—coffee."

The waitress grabbed a cup, filled it with hot coffee, and added cream and sugar.

"Ten cents!"

Now, terror overcame Mama Plouffe. The waitress had not understood. "Ten cents," she repeated, holding out her hand. Josephine felt cold sweat standing out on her face. She explained with her hands: "I left my purse at the hotel. I don't want any coffee." She pushed the hot coffee back across the counter, blushing in the stares of all these Torontonians. And after she'd come to give French Canada a good name, as Ovide had told her to do! The girl hesitated, then pushed the coffee back at her with a gesture of pity, muttering:

"Another of those DPs."

The owner sidled languidly over to Josephine, jerked his thumb at the coffee, and said:

"Drink it fast and get out."

Josephine may not have understood English, but she understood sign language. She started to cry. All at once, the waitress, the owner and all the customers in the snack bar were paying her no more attention. A cab driver had just burst into the room. He had a groaning young woman in his arms.

What he was saying must have been highly disturbing because all the customers were on their feet flapping their arms excitedly. The cab driver made a move to pass the sick woman to the owner, who recoiled in alarm. The waitress started shouting: "A doctor! Get a doctor!" Josephine moved closer and suddenly exclaimed: "Good heavens. The poor woman! A baby! She's going to have a baby!"

She was no longer thinking of Toronto, nor of the English, nor of Théophile, nor of her children. Nor of her plight of a few minutes ago. Next to the good Lord, she was the best qualified person in the snack bar to act. By her gestures, she got the driver to put the young woman on the counter. Again, by sign language, she got all the men, the owner included, outside. They all understood. Josephine took off her coat, and asked for water, a basin and towels. The waitress now understood French. And, while all the customers, augmented by hundreds of passers-by waited at the door, Mama Plouffe brought a fine, nine-pound Toronto boy into the world and wrapped him in her coat.

Then a doctor got there, and everyone pushed back inside. Among them was a newspaperman. He spoke no French either. But he wanted to interview Mama Plouffe. He took her to the French consulate, where they found an interpreter. At last, Josephine was able to explain that she wanted to get back to the King Edward. As she came into the lobby, triumphant and happy, she saw Théophile, drawn with anxiety, trying to explain to a couple of policemen who understood nothing that Josephine was missing. All at once he saw his wife, gave each policeman a cigar, threw them a military salute, and hurried to his old darling.

When they got back to Quebec, the first question Ovide asked his mother was:

"Well, Mama, Toronto is very different, eh?"

Josephine looked up with a rather superior smile:

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"If conquest is a dreadful fate, French Canada has shared that fate with some very great nations"

affairs in Quebec. Faced with the puzzle of politics in French Canada, they have a sad habit of taking refuge in the oversimplified explanation that French Canadians vote at the nod of the priest. They forget that, if this large assumption were true, the hierarchy would have to agree, the parish priests would have to be acquiescent, the whole body of the laity would have to follow obediently, and that, if any debate or dispute arose, the papacy would have to pronounce strongly on the side of uniformity and submission.

All this, on the face of it, is highly improbable. Yet English Canadians had some ground for their over-confident assumptions. The Roman Catholic clergy had always played, and continued to play, a part of very great importance in the life of French Canada. This was an obviously natural state of affairs in a community so deeply and devoutly Catholic; but in addition, there were certain special historical reasons for the continuing prominence and influence of the clergy.

New France began its existence as a missionary station and a fur-trading outpost; and while other social groups — *seigneurs*, merchants, professional men, soldiers, and civil servants — found their growth frustrated by historical circumstances of one kind or another, everything seemed to enhance the importance of the priesthood and the religious orders. Historians still argue the problem of how far a true and vital bourgeoisie may be said to have had a real existence in New France in the decades immediately before the conquest. There can be little doubt that the *seigneurs*, those unhappy landlords in a colony which never developed a profitable staple crop for export, had failed to achieve the position of leadership in the community which Colbert and Talon and the other French imperial planners had confidently expected them to occupy nearly a century before. It may be that, even before the conquest, the clergy of New France had shown that they could keep and maintain the position of weight and influence which their heroism, devotion, and sufferings had won them at the beginning of the French effort in North America.

Then came the conquest. And the conquest changed much. Sometimes it almost seems to be assumed that it changed everything. Some French-Canadian historians have accused other French-Canadian historians of regarding the conquest as an uniquely horrible event which has solely and irrevocably determined the entire destiny of French Canada. It perhaps might be remembered that, if conquest is the most dreadful and shattering fate that can befall a people, French Canada has shared the experience with some very great and very creative nations. England was repeatedly invaded and conquered in historical times. So was Scotland; so was Ireland. The quarter part of the United States which was once comprehended by the Confederacy of 1861-1865 is today inhabited by the descendants of a conquered people. France was completely defeated and occupied in both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries; and in medieval times the rule of the alien English kings extended for generations over great areas of the present republic.

Years ago, an acquaintance of mine, holidaying near Bordeaux, met a French gentleman who talked learnedly of the "*vieux temps de notre roi Edouard III*"; and it was not until the British visitor got back to his hotel that he realized,

somewhat belatedly for a student of history, that the French gentleman must obviously have been referring to Edward III, king of England.

Conquests, like other calamities, do not spare even the best political families.

And yet, as a result of special circumstances of time and place, it is possible that conquest for French Canada was a more poignant experience than it was for those greater peoples who had gone through, or were to go through, the



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same catastrophe. France's cession of her North American dominions to Great Britain occurred at a time when Western civilization was no longer in an unformed and primitive state, but had reached a highly mature level. It permanently detached New France from the benefit of French political guidance, the stimulus of French capital, the enrichment of French immigration. A relatively small French-speaking community was left alone, abandoned on a continent which was destined to be completely dominated by an English-speaking population.

Without question these overwhelming facts helped emphatically to shape the life and thought of the small society of the St. Lawrence valley. If this little people hoped to survive and preserve its collective soul — and the impulse to survive was strong and irrepressible — then it would have to face a prolonged and terrible struggle. The mass of the French Canadians would prove willing volunteers. But they needed leaders. Who was to lead them?

In part, at least, it would have to be the clergy. Without their help, in some form

and measure, the cause was virtually lost. The great events of 1759-1763 had, if anything, enhanced the importance of their position. The conquest did not "decapitate" French-Canadian society; but it probably reduced still further the power and influence of middle-class groups, who, even during the French regime, had not proved strong enough to give real leadership to their fellow citizens. The soldiers were sent back as prisoners of war; the civil servants returned to Europe. Most of the *seigneurs* remained in Canada; but if they stayed on the land,

their position was an embarrassed one; and although the bulk of the French-speaking merchants continued to busy themselves with the fur trade as in the past, they soon found themselves acting as the partners, and not infrequently subordinate partners, of a new and aggressive company of English-speaking fur traders. The clergy stuck by their flocks. For a while there was some difficulty of recruitment of their ranks; but on the whole the conquest probably affected the priesthood less than it did any other social group in New France.

As, gradually, the conquest became a distant memory and the nineteenth century went on, the French-Canadian clergy began to realize that subjection to an English-speaking and officially Protestant power was by no means entirely disadvantageous to the religious functions to which they were dedicated. Catholic emancipation did not come in England until 1829; but the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774 proved that the liberal Great Britain of the late eighteenth century was prepared to extend its growing tolerance to a newly acquired Roman Catholic dependency.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church in both England and the Netherlands was organized as a mission church, suitable for countries officially non-Catholic; but, whilst the establishment of English territorial titles — such as the Archbishopric of Westminster — for Catholic sees created a positive furor of opposition in England in 1850, such titles had been tacitly accepted for generations in British North America. The Protestant kings or queens of England and the Protestant governors of British North America showed no intention of demanding those controls over the church and its activities which the "Most Christian" kings and emperors of France and the "Most Catholic" kings of Spain had been accustomed to claim as a right in the past.

The Catholic church was not an official or established church; but at the same time it was not hemmed in by such limitations and restrictions as had been carefully set out in the Gallican Liberties of the old French kings or in the Concordat of Napoleon. It had acquired a large measure of control over marriage, the family, and education, the fields over which, in addition to faith and morals, it had traditionally claimed jurisdiction; and, with the coming of the religious orders, including the return of the Jesuits, the body of the clergy had increased still further in numbers and activities. It was steadily growing in confidence.

It was at this point, when the first half of the nineteenth century was well past, that the church first began to be charged with exerting an "undue influence" upon the life and thought of the community. The federal union of the provinces had just been established in Confederation; and, to the clergy of French Canada, the future, both at home and abroad, must have looked doubtful, hazardous, and frightening. Abroad, Pope Pius IX was in the heat of his struggle to assert the centralized authority of the church against the forces of nationalism and liberalism with which it had been contending ever since the days of the French Revolution. At home, the achievement of Confederation had for the first time put the fate of French Canada into the hands of a new national parliament in which French Canadians were, and would likely remain, a definite minority.

Things had been bad enough in the days of the united Province of Canada, when George Brown, a new Lord Durham, had clamored for representa-



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tion by population with the obvious intention of swamping the distinctive culture of Canada East. But now a new Dominion of Canada, in which a large part of British North America was already comprehended, had come into being. A new national legislature, in which representation by population was a fact, had been established. And did not all this mean a greater peril to the collective soul of French Canada than it had ever faced before?

There was danger at home. There was perhaps even greater danger abroad. But

at Rome the good Pope Pius IX was making head heroically against the pernicious forces of liberalism and nationalism which, ever since the French Revolution, had been staining Europe with impiety, violence, and destruction. Pius IX was a great pope; and more than ever the clergy of French Canada were looking up to him for inspiration and guidance in the peculiarly difficult circumstances in which they found themselves. Their connection with the papacy had, in fact, become the chief link which bound French Canada to Europe.

The political connection with France had, of course, been broken more than a century before; the commercial relationship with France had since then remained trifling in importance; and the cultural association with French society and civilization, though it was growing more intimate again, was limited by inhibitions of thought and feeling, as well as by prohibitions of distance and inaccessibility. The French nation, even during the conservative Second Empire, was founded on the revolution; and toward the French Revolution, which she

had never experienced, French Canada maintained an attitude of detachment, doubt, and even suspicion.

No such feelings weakened or troubled the connection between the clergy of Quebec and the papacy in Rome. Just as the French-Canadian priesthood had maintained its position of prominence in the local community, so the link which bound it to Rome had become the lifeline between French Canada and western Europe. Both by temper and conviction, the clergy were ultramontanist — that is, they were ready and eager to defend the centralizing authority of the papacy against the particular conventions and liberties of the local national churches. In Europe, ultramontanists had inevitably opposed the kings and emperors who ruled the national states and who regarded themselves, and were popularly regarded, as the natural champions of the liberties of the various national churches.

In French Canada, however, and for very obvious reasons, this was not so. The simple internationalism or anti-nationalism which characterized the ultramontanists of Europe was no necessary corollary of the French-Canadian clergy's attachment and devotion to the papacy. Their attitude to nationalism, which was a highly complex one, was largely and very naturally a product of their own peculiar local situation. In Canada, the federal and provincial governments, far from attempting to direct and control the church for their own purposes, continued to observe a neutrality that was more or less benevolent. There was therefore no particular reason why the French-Canadian clergy should feel a strong animosity to Canadian nationalism on religious grounds.

Besides, in Quebec itself, there was another and a different kind of nationality, a semi-official nationality, a *nationalité* at once Catholic and French, in which they were deeply interested and of which they instinctively felt themselves to be the guardians.

No major contradiction existed in the mind of the French-Canadian priesthood. Its two prime purposes, one purely religious and one politico-religious, could be reconciled without serious difficulty. The clergy could follow the leadership of the papacy with enthusiasm and conviction; and, over in Europe, the papacy was beginning a struggle of which they heartily approved. After the revolutions of 1848, it seemed as if Pius IX were deliberately taking a stand against the forces of liberalism and revolution which had been unloosed during the protracted troubles of 1789-1815. For some years, a group of liberal Catholic apologists, of whom Lamennais, Lacordaire and Montalembert were perhaps the best known, had argued forcefully and persuasively that the best way in which the church could meet the defiance of the revolution was by breaking its traditional alliance with conservative political authority and by supporting the liberal democratic movement wherever it showed itself.

To this general program of the Catholic liberals, Pius IX launched, in 1864, a comprehensive and devastating reply in the apparently sweeping generalizations of the Syllabus of Errors. The Syllabus, as its name suggests, was a list of brief general propositions, each one of which was an index reference to some previously published, much lengthier encyclical or brief, and explicable, to a considerable extent, by the circumstances in which the previous encyclical had been issued. Pius IX had, in fact, undertaken what was essentially the negative task of rebuking the popular dogmas of the liberal and confident nineteenth century.

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In the notorious proposition 80, he ended his refutation by declaring that it was an error to say that "the Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile himself, and accommodate himself to progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." Naturally enough, the Syllabus dismayed the Catholic liberals. It puzzled many other Catholics. It profoundly shocked the rest of the world. The apparently uncompromising nature of the document impressed even its author, Pius IX. He called it "raw meat needing to be cooked."

The ultramontanists, however, were delighted with it in its raw state. They were immensely heartened. In Quebec, as in France and elsewhere, they instantly began to apply the resounding generalizations of the Syllabus to the evil manifestations of the modern spirit in their own locality. To Bishop Bourget of Montreal and Bishop Laflèche of Three Rivers, and their followers, both clerical and lay, there was no doubt that an essential and serious campaign must be undertaken at once in Quebec.

For over ten years a group of highly objectionable young men—A. A. Dorion, J. B. E. Dorion, L. A. Dessaulles, Joseph Dautre, R. Laflamme—had been making themselves conspicuous by editing radical newspapers, getting themselves elected to the legislature, and speaking and debating in a doubtless pernicious organization called the Institut Canadien. These young men—they were known as *rouges* in politics—were apparently both anti-clericals and republicans. They seemed to profess erroneous views about the proper relation of church and state, and of religion and education. Their first newspaper, *L'Avenir*, edited by the *enfant terrible*, J. B. E. Dorion, recalled, by its very title, the journal in which Lamennais had expressed his dangerous propositions.

The papers of the rouges

Surely these deluded young men, by their own open acknowledgement, were the dreaded Catholic liberals whom the Syllabus and the previous briefs and encyclicals had proscribed. Surely it was the plain duty of pious Catholics to silence them and to arrest the spread of their infamous doctrines. Bishop Bourget, in whose diocese was the parent society of the Institut Canadien, and Bishop Laflèche began the pursuit with resolute militancy. The various newspapers of the *rouge* group—*L'Avenir*, *Le Pays*, and *Le Défricheur*—failed in fairly short order, no doubt largely because of clerical censure and proscription. The library of the Institut was attacked: its *Annuaire*, in which a notorious lecture on "toleration" had been printed, was also attacked. One member of the Institut, Joseph Guibord, was even pursued as far as the grave. His body was refused Christian burial on the ground that he had died without renouncing his membership in the Institut; and the resultant court case, brought by Guibord's friends to establish his right to burial in consecrated ground, traveled as far as the judicial committee of the Privy Council before it was finally settled in their favor.

Journals and libraries were a part of education and therefore involved faith and morals. The ultramontanists could argue that their intervention in this sphere had been quite legitimate; but the crushing of the Institut and the silencing of the *rouge* newspapers failed to content them. They moved openly into politics. In 1871, a group of ultras in the Quebec Conservative party published a document called the *Catholic Programme*, an authoritarian and reactionary guide for electors. In the next decade,

the *Programmistes* came to be called *Castors* (Beavers), from the pseudonym which the author of one of their cleverest and most vigorous pamphlets had taken; and from the beginning these *Castors*, the extreme right wing of the Conservative party in Quebec, enjoyed a good deal of important support. Bishops Bourget and Laflèche endorsed the *Programme*. "It is a great happiness for me," Bishop Bourget declared, "to see the formation of a school which identifies itself heartily with the teachings of the Holy See, which approves all that the Pope

approves and condemns all that the Pope condemns; which consequently rejects liberalism, false philosophy, rationalism, indifferentism and all the monstrous errors which like venomous serpents creep into the ranks of society."

Encouraged by these pronouncements of their superiors, the ultramontanist *curés* began to spread the principles of the *Programme*, in an often simplified but very telling fashion, through the parishes at election time. Not a few of them discreetly reminded their congregations that while heaven was *bleu* (bleus

were the conservatives in Quebec), hell was *rouge*. One *curé* in the Berthier election went even further. "If you want to go to hell," he was alleged to have said quite frankly, "you have a fine chance. Go and vote Liberal."

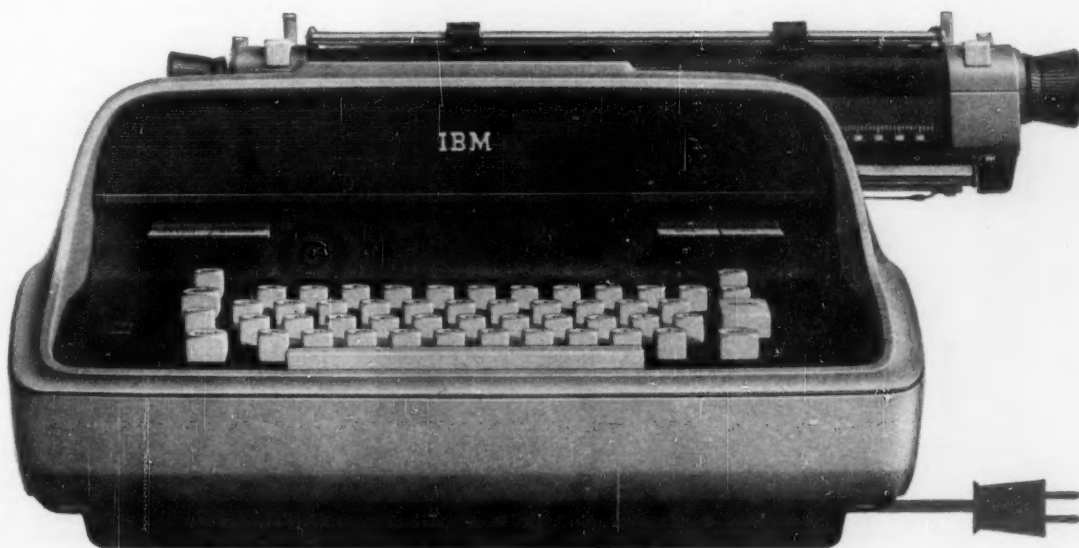
At this point, the vigorous diversity of French-Canadian politics, which English Canadians have an incurable tendency to forget, became manifest once again. Quebec was by no means united in submissive acceptance of the *Programme* and the views of Bishops Bourget and

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"The Castors," said Chapleau, "are like true beavers: useful only when their hides are sold"

Lafleche; and soon, from all sides, were heard the sounds of criticism and dissent. In the first place—and it was a fact of fundamental importance—the hierarchy was not united on ultramontanist grounds. Bishop Bourget and Lafleche wielded a potent influence; but they could not get the unanimous approval of the other bishops. In particular, that important official, Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec, declined to associate himself closely with their punitive campaign. He refused to act upon the principle that political liberalism in Canada was necessarily identified with Catholic liberalism in Europe and hence must be vigorously suppressed. The body of the clergy accordingly divided on the issue; and the laity were very definitely not of one mind. In the first two general elections of the 1870s, the first of which was a Conservative victory and the second a Conservative defeat, the Liberals managed to hold between forty and fifty percent of the seats in the Province of Quebec. In the general election of 1878, which triumphantly returned Sir John Macdonald and in which the *Castors' Programme* was pushed with great vigor, the Liberal holdings were drastically reduced; but even so, the *rouges* managed to retain twenty seats out of the total of sixty-five. Moreover, the Liberals courageously attacked in the courts some of the most vaunted and notorious of the Conservative victories on the ground that they had been won by the "undue influence" of the clergy. One of the early decisions of the newly established Supreme Court was a judgment quashing a disputed election in Quebec.

"No absolute rights"

The federal Liberals in Quebec, of whom Wilfrid Laurier had become the most eloquent spokesman, thus continued to resist the *Castors*; but the Quebec Liberals were not the only defendants of moderation against the ultramontanist onslaught. The moderate Conservatives, pupils of the school of the departed Sir George Cartier, were just as eager to oppose domination by the ultra Tories as were the Liberals to resist extinction. J. A. Chapleau, the provincial Conservative leader who joined Sir John Macdonald's federal cabinet in 1882, was a speaker as eloquent as Laurier, and more fiery and impassioned; and he and his great opponent in their different ways united to defend the middle grounds from the attacks of extremists.

In his great speech in 1877 on political liberalism Laurier sought to prove that Canadian political liberalism did not derive from anticlerical and revolutionary European liberalism, but from the English liberalism, "slowly broadening down" of Burke, Fox, Grey, Cobden and Gladstone. "Each one," he declared in an important passage defining the liberties of the individual, "has the right not only to express his opinion, but to influence, if he can . . . the opinion of his fellow citizens. This right exists for all and there can be no reason why the priest should be deprived of it . . . This right, however, is not unlimited. We have no absolute rights amongst us . . . The right of interference in politics finishes at the spot where it encroaches on the elector's independence. The constitution of the country rests on the freely expressed wish of each elector. It intends that each elector shall cast his vote freely and willing-

ly as he deems best." Laurier defended political liberalism and the liberties of the modern liberal state.





Chapleau, in one of the greatest speeches of his career, fell upon the *Castors* openly and overwhelmed them in a torrent of biting invective and moral castigation. "For the rest," he cried, "they (the *Castors*) resemble true beavers in only one trait. They do their work with mud; they destroy the dams of good mills to make their lodges; and they are useful only when their hides are sold . . . There is no worse exploitation than religious exploitation. No one has the right to employ for his personal ends the great and powerful sentiment which dominates all others in this fine country of Canada."


Even this was far from being all. The French-Canadian clergy and laity themselves stoutly resisted the ultramontanist; but, at the same time, their fine defense was powerfully aided from Rome. The ultramontanist bishops, checked and discountenanced at home, hoped to strike down their enemies with thunderbolts from abroad. Appeals were sent to Rome; pilgrimages were made to Rome; arguments were copiously and endlessly rehearsed at Rome. The papacy, in its turn, dispatched calming pronouncements; and, on several occasions, it sent out apostolic delegates to investigate the situation, report and act. The final results of all this protracted argumentation and investigation were extremely unsatisfactory to the *Castors* and their friends. Both during the last years of the pontificate of Pius IX and the first years of that of his successor, Leo XIII, the papal decisions, however temperate and qualified, seemed to go uniformly against the ultramontanists. Clergy and laity were reminded that liberal political parties, in Canada as elsewhere, need not necessarily be confounded with Catholic liberalism, and that the individual citizen must vote, in the end, as his conscience dictated.




This prolonged struggle for the soul of French Canada, this "Holy War" as it was called, had profound consequences. It had been a veritable "Thirty Years' War," for it had lasted more than three decades; and it ended, in 1896, on favorable ground on which a victory might have been expected in a crushing defeat for the Catholic hierarchy. The occasion was the federal general election of 1896, in which the Conservatives were finally defeated and Laurier triumphed. The issue was the famous Schools Act of 1890 in which the province of Manitoba had established a provincial system of non-sectarian public schools to which everyone, irrespective of religion, was obliged to contribute.

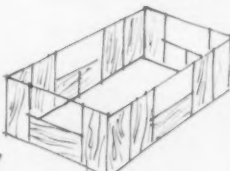


Since Manitoba refused to amend this controversial statute in the interest of the Roman Catholic minority, the Conservative government proposed, as it had a perfect constitutional right to do, to introduce remedial federal legislation in parliament. Laurier and the Liberals opposed these coercive methods on Ottawa's part; but the French-Canadian bishops supported them with conviction and enthusiasm. They flung the full, united weight of their influence behind the Conservatives. "I fully expect," Laurier wrote to a friend, "that the active hostility of the church may crush us just now; it will very soon make us stronger. At all events it must have this effect, if there is any manhood left in Canada. I do not

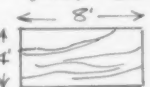
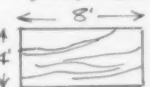
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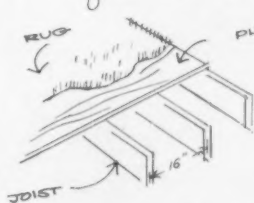
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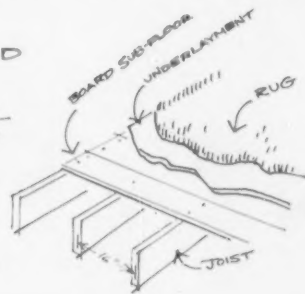
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"Something moves as it has never moved before in this land, moves dumbly in the deepest runnels of a collective mind, yet by sure direction toward a known goal. Sometimes by thought, more often by intuition, the Canadian people make the final discovery. They are discovering themselves.

"That passion of discovery which once sent birchbark canoes down

unmapped waters, pushed railways across the Rockies, and dragged men to the frozen sea turns inward to explore a darker terrain. The nation labors in the travail of self-discovery and, by this labor, proves that it is in truth a nation, the home of a people . . .

"What is this force? As usual, the Canadian cannot define it or his place in it. He can say only that he is everywhere building something of his own, no better than other men's work, possibly not as good, but still his own. He follows a homemade dream. He has followed it long enough now, against more obstacles than any stranger can guess, to be nothing but a Canadian. That definition serves him well enough."

(from "CANADA, TOMORROW'S GIANT"
by Bruce Hutchison
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see opposite page

disguise from you, however, that I am passing through a very severe ordeal."

There was "manhood left in Canada," more than Laurier perhaps suspected in that dark hour of doubt. Canadian manhood gave Laurier victory in the general election of 1896, not merely in Canada as a whole, but in Quebec itself. The bishops could claim that they had espoused an educational cause which was a legitimate non-political concern of the church; but the issue had to be fought out to a finish in terms of secular, party politics. The divided and distracted Conservatives had lost ground in the nation as a whole. In the province of Quebec, they mistakenly relied upon the dwindling power of the ultramontanist *Castors*. Chapleau, then lieutenant-governor of Quebec, was pressed to re-enter the federal cabinet; but he remained pointedly aloof from the conflict. Laurier gathered up the moderate men and the moderate votes which might, in other circumstances, have gone to the Conservatives. The "Thirty Years' War" had been lost and won.

The election of 1896 forms a height of land which, at this distance, appears clearly against the horizon. It was not so easily discernible at the time; and indeed certain important features of the historical landscape are much the same on both sides of the great divide.

The clergy obviously continued to hold an important place and to exert an important influence in Quebec; and for some time after the beginning of the century, politico-religious issues, in which the priesthood and the religious orders were profoundly concerned, kept arising to trouble the calm of the community. The papal decree *Ne Temere*, which declared that a marriage between two Roman Catholics or a "mixed marriage" between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant should be performed only by a Catholic priest, came up for vehement debate in 1911; and the question of whether the decree had any force in Canadian law greatly exercised the citizens of Ontario for some time.

Much more prolonged and violent was the agitation over the notorious regulation 17, limiting French as a language

of instruction and as a subject of study in the schools of Ontario, which was issued by the provincial government in 1912. In the resulting controversy, which lasted with increasing intensity for the next eight years, the clergy, both English- and French-speaking, certainly played a prominent part. On the one hand were some Irish Roman Catholics, headed by Bishop Fallon, who had declared that the bilingual school system "teaches neither English nor French, encourages incompetency, gives a prize to hypocrisy, and breeds ignorance." On the other hand, many of the French-speaking lower clergy, and some of the bishops, gave moral support to Henri Bourassa and his nationalists in their defense of the French language.

In his encyclical in the autumn of 1916, Pope Benedict XV attempted to pacify these angry controversialists who were more English (or Irish) and more French than they were Catholic. "Nevertheless," he proclaimed, "let the Catholics of the Dominion remember that the one thing of supreme importance above all others is to have Catholic schools and not to imperil their existence . . ."

Some of the ardent French-Canadian nationalists took this implied admonition a little impatiently. Earlier, Bourassa had quoted with approval Daniel O'Connell's saying, "I take my theology at Rome, but I take my politics at home"; and now there were no doubt a number who silently echoed this sentiment. The solidarity of Quebec in the general election of 1917 may be attributed, not only to the general opposition to conscription, but also to the fact that the battle over conscription happened to coincide with the struggle over education in the French-speaking districts of Ontario. Laurier himself seems to have been privately convinced that the priests were one of the strongest elements of opposition to conscription in World War I.

And yet, despite all this, the clerical intervention of 1896 remains a peak from which the ground has gradually sloped away in modern times. The world has passed from the nineteenth to beyond the middle of the twentieth century. Religiously, if not politically, we now seem a very long way away from those

two oddly contrasted pronouncements which characterized the year 1864 in Canada, the Syllabus of Errors and the Seventy-Two Resolutions of the Quebec Conference on British North American union. Even for the most spirited ultramontanist, the idea of an official established church, informing and controlling all aspects of organized society, has become a dream which must be abandoned. It is impossible of realization in the face of the advance of the modern democratic and secular state which has special privileges for no communion but observes a benevolent neutrality toward them all.

The alternative, but not contradictory idea, of a free church as a free state, which was perhaps realized first and most completely in the United States, has gradually become the fundamental basis of the religious settlement in most countries of the Western world. Under this liberal regime, which the ultramontanists dreaded in the nineteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church had made remarkable progress, progress which might be favorably compared with that of the old days when the monarchies of western Europe gave the church powerful but extremely jealous support. In Canada, where in addition the church has enjoyed certain special privileges, growth had certainly been as steady and flourishing as elsewhere. In Canada, by a series of characteristically Canadian compromises made even in the province of Manitoba, the church, through the separate school system, possessed a large measure of influence over education; and these benefits were lacking in more rigidly neutral countries such as the United States.

The vast change in the conception of the proper relation between church and state was perhaps the most important element in the new situation; but it was not the only way in which the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century could be expressed.

The church had accepted, not ungratefully, its new position in the modern world; but, in the meantime, French Canada was also passing through a gradual alteration in its own character and in its relations with the rest of Canada. Industrialism and urbanism have undeniably modified the traditional rural way of life, so beloved earlier by French-Canadian speakers and writers, in which the family, the home and the parish formed an invincible trinity. Urbanism, industrialism and modern education have brought forward new social groups and classes to share with the clergy the leadership which the latter were obliged to exercise alone so long. And the clergy, as well as the intellectuals, professional men, and industrial workers with whom they are now associated, have taken a more practically realistic attitude to their needs as French Canadians in the modern world.

If provincialism in Quebec is still vigorous, the old separatism, at which Mercier and Bourassa hinted in moments of nationalist impatience, has at least declined; and the grandiose messianic dream, to which the clergy seemed occasionally to subscribe, of Quebec as a civilizing and Catholicizing force, not merely for Canada but also for the whole of North America, has been tacitly abandoned.

Along with the intellectuals, the civil servants, the other new social groups, the clergy of French Canada have co-operated in a number of cultural and educational enterprises for the benefit of all Canada. They have kept the deep respect of the nineteenth century; they have won a new prestige in the twentieth-century world. ★



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"I couldn't muster a word. My heart was hammering too hard and my lips were like blubber . . ."

I sat in the largest booth and waited for her to come and take my order. I was sure she'd seen me come in but she ignored me completely for more than five minutes. It wasn't that she had to serve anyone else, or wash dishes or wipe the

counter; she was simply interested in the young men who were playing the slot machine, pushing, shoving and trading insults.

That's how they like to get rid of their time and money. And she treated them

with an assurance that was tempered now and again by a sort of servility that annoyed me. She wasn't embarrassed by their language. Their suggestive remarks left her unmoved. A puzzling mask of indifference would snap down before the

steely expression that, in turn, hid an underlying little-girl's shyness. She had a provocative way of seeming to withhold her real self that disconcerted the stranger.

One of the young men threw a rude remark in my direction and they all turned to laugh at me. It was a large mob and I couldn't bring myself to face up to them. I lowered my eyes slowly and when I raised them again she was standing in front of me, relaxed and faintly amused, arms akimbo. She looked at me silently. She was waiting for me to order. For a moment I was flustered, no longer knowing what I wanted to drink, my eyes frozen on her immature breasts, which seemed to tremble under the white blouse of her uniform.

"A coffee, please."

My voice had cracked frightfully. She turned away without a word. Her hips were rounded without being pronounced, her legs were good, and she had slim ankles.

THE coffee she brought me was boiling and vile. She banged the cup in front of me and without saying anything walked over to the juke box. She took a nickel from a pocket in her apron and dropped it in the slot.

A blues for saxophone filled the room. One of the young men came up and seized her for a dance. She let the young thug hold her in his arms for a couple of steps, then pushed him away and went back behind her counter to start washing glasses.

While the record was playing she was in another world and didn't glance at me once. I didn't move. I couldn't drink my coffee but neither could I bring myself to leave. It had become impossible for me to walk out. I hadn't the faintest notion how I'd go about it, but I had to talk to her, to know her.

An hour later, all the regulars had gone and no one remained but she and I. And the silence. And the sadness of this restaurant, with its yellowing walls and its grimy tables. At the end of the counter, an alarm clock with a luminous dial gave the time. The later it got the more embarrassing seemed my situation. If only she'd at least come over to me, I could have found some excuse to talk to her. But she kept her distance, unapproachable, almost hostile. There I was, ridiculous, alone, ineffectual in front of a cup of coffee long since empty.

"Have you finished? I'm closing up."

She had said this from the counter, peremptorily, without warning, and it was as though she'd shaken me awake. Her voice, I remember, was faintly disappointing, a little discordant. The first words were firm; the rest tended to fall away.

I got up, went to the counter, and paid. She took the money and made change without looking at me. I left her a small tip which she took automatically without thanks.

"Have I held you up?"

"Not too much."

"If I have, I'm sorry."

She shrugged and smiled straight at me. Overcome with shyness, I glanced downward. Those looks of hers were so unexpected and rare! I couldn't muster a word. My heart was hammering too hard, and my lips were like blubber because the coffee had burned my mouth.



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Her smile was gone as quickly as it came and already she was busy with something else, as though I no longer existed. I had lost my first chance to get to know her.

"Goodnight, miss."

She still didn't turn around. Busy putting glasses on a shelf, she mumbled rather wearily:

"Night."

And I left.

ONCE out on the sidewalk, I couldn't go away. Practically walking backwards, I went as far as the corner of the street and stopped. It was cold. The night was dark; dark as the depths of her glance, deep as the shadows in the pupils of those eyes, stripped, as mysterious yet as naked as her face.

I had racked my brain, but I couldn't think of anything to say to her. My heart beat too loudly, so that I was afraid the blood would burst from my breast.

Five minutes went by. The lights of the restaurant went out, the yellow glow of the windows disappearing and leaving the street empty and quiet. Then she came out of the place, closing the door carefully behind her. For a moment, her slight outline paused on the sidewalk. Finally, she turned up the collar of her raincoat and came toward me. Her footsteps made no sound; she had a compact little figure and her hair streamed in the wind. I felt like running away. I felt like disappearing utterly, like melting into the night or into the brick wall against which I was leaning. It was too late to get away.

As she passed me, the wan light of a street lamp fell on her face and I made a fresh discovery. Her features betrayed an indefinable anxiety that made her more beautiful and more intriguing. Once again my eyes met hers. The cold had made them brighter, and I could see something—the birth of a tear or a star—at one corner. She kept going into the night as though she hadn't seen me, as though thinking of another time and place, without stopping or even slowing down. I closed my eyes and listened to the beating of my heart for an eternity. When I opened them she was gone.

Wildly infatuated, thinking I'd lost her forever, I ran like a madman in the direction she'd gone, trying to follow the ineffable trail she'd left behind. I caught up to her again at a corner where she'd stopped to light a cigarette. Finding her there was so unexpected I nearly bowled her over. She was frightened but didn't cry out. Her cigarette fell from her lips and I saw the flare of anger in the depths of her eyes.

"I beg your pardon. I . . ."

"Did you follow me?"

"I wanted to talk to you . . . to know you."

"What for?"

She had spoken the last words coldly, as though no answer were possible. Then she turned and walked on. I had come too far to turn back. I caught up with her as fast as I could.

"I may never see you again. I only . . ."

She wasn't listening to me. I was walking beside her, beginning to plead; nothing was more vital than that she understand me, but she remained unresponsive and silent.

She lived at the foot of the darkest street in the neighborhood, in a red brick house with a roof that tilted insanely. Judging by the outside, it must have been terribly ancient, unhealthy and uncomfortable.

I fully expected her to go in quickly and leave me on the sidewalk like a poor idiot, but she did no such thing. She stopped and turned to me as though she

were going to say something. But she didn't speak right away. She waited for me to justify myself or else vanish.

"You live here?"

"Yes. On the second floor. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Maybe. One reason I followed you, I wanted to know your name."

"What good is it going to do you to know my name?"

"I don't know. At least I could say I knew that much about you."

"Not tonight. I'll tell you some other time if I see you."

"I'd like to see you again."

"You know where I work!"

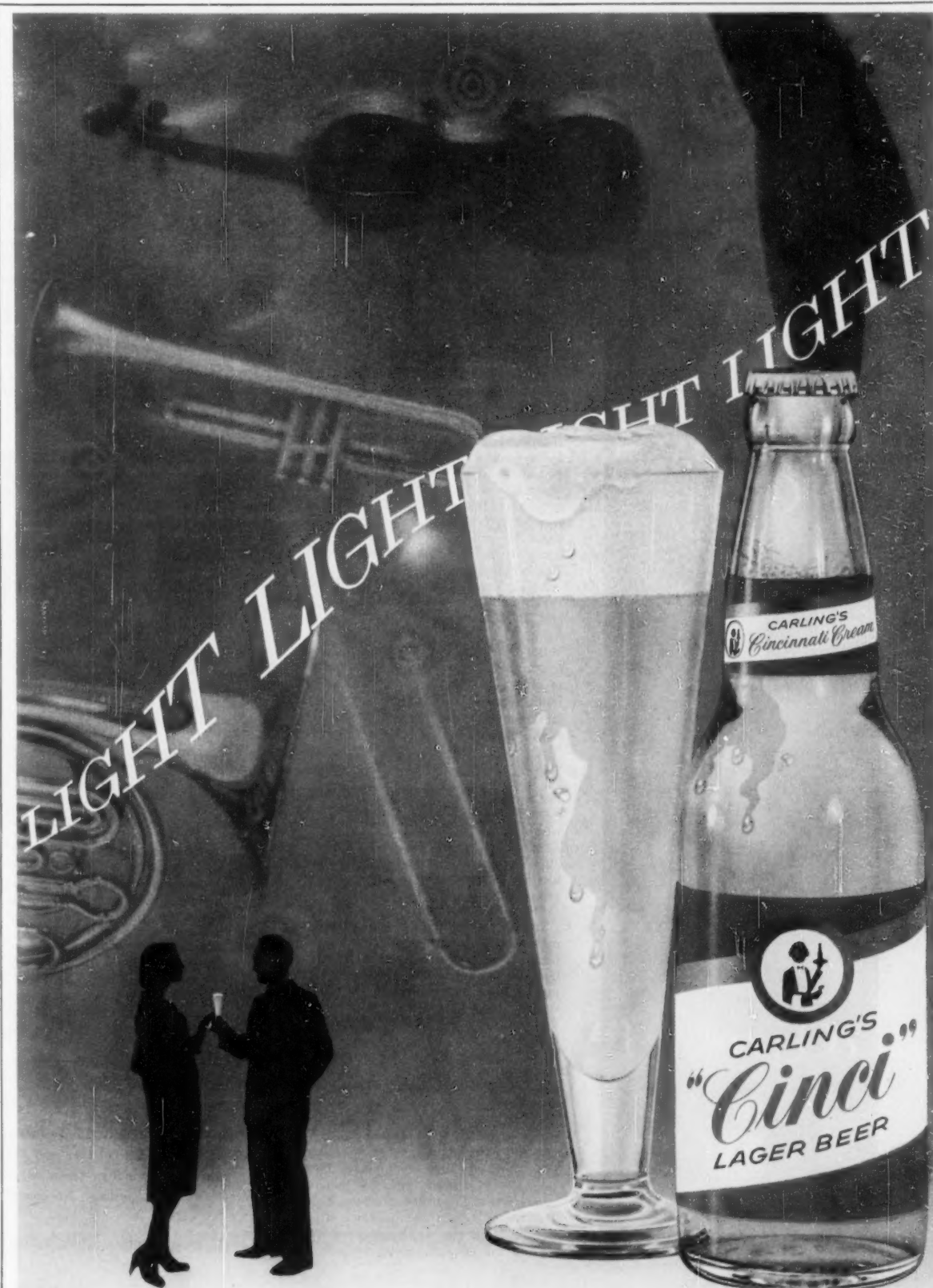
And with the agility of a lithe animal she slipped up the outside staircase leading to the second floor, and just as she was going into her rickety mansion she turned and called to me:

"My name is Nathalie!"

Nathalie. Her name had made me the prince of the night, even in the gloom of her neighborhood. I could think of nothing but her. Not that her memory had made me a trembling, expectant lover. But I thought of her as some won-

derful being, straight out of a richly romantic novel. She was, all at the same time, mysterious, brutal, and strangely frustrating. What she had said, her curt way of saying it, clashed with her grace and beauty. But words are nothing but a reflection of the spirit; they rarely give even a hint of riches yet to be glimpsed. How many women use words to mislead us, to create the illusion they're something they're not?

The day after my first meeting with her, I had one fixed idea: to see her again. Oh, I'd given myself the third



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degree. I'd asked myself if this trip was really necessary, if my story-telling bent might be running away with me, if I were the plaything of my imagination, dazzled by her physical beauty, if I'd trapped myself by magnifying a chance encounter out of all proportion. Only one fact emerged: I had to see her again.

Nevertheless, the idea of sitting in that little restaurant for hours on end didn't attract me. Later, I determined to wait for her after she'd closed up. I estimated the time badly. When I got near the restaurant I could see—my heart sinking—that the restaurant was already closed. I'd assumed the place would close every night at the same time. Business must have been slow, and she'd closed early.

I felt as though I'd been cut off without a nickel, betrayed by my own imaginings. The idea of waiting until the following night to see her was unthinkable. I wanted to break something, to beat my fists against the brick wall. What a dolt I was, how utterly ridiculous! Five minutes earlier and I'd have seen her, met that look again, spoken with her. Thus pondering my stupidity I trudged slowly away, unutterably lost and lonely in the district's foggy night. Several times I tried unsuccessfully to find the little street where she lived, where I'd left her the previous evening. But the more I looked, the more I felt I was getting farther away from the right spot. Everything eluded me that night. Even her face, which I found I couldn't picture from memory.

How long did I ramble like that, in this dark, unfriendly neighborhood that sharpened one's pain and sense of loss? I don't know. I recall only that I was just about to start for home when, once again, I saw Nathalie.

It was like a sudden vision seen through a break in the fog. I first recognized her laugh, then her walk, then the outline of her head, and finally her eyes. Those same bottomless eyes, where yearning coals seemed to glow. Those eyes that had gripped me in an instant, and lived within me since the night before.

But Nathalie was not alone. Cozily, trustingly, her arm was linked to that of another man. The realization was as jolting as it was unforeseen. I could do one of two things: brazen it out and walk right past them, or turn and run from them. I decided to keep walking, hoping Nathalie wouldn't recognize me. My chief concern was to save face.

She did recognize me. Casually, with a touch of arrogance, she greeted me with a single trite word:

"Hi."

In a strangled croak, several seconds too late to sound natural, I replied to her greeting:

"Hello . . . Nathalie."

I heard the footsteps of her companion moving away behind me. As on the night before, Nathalie's made no sound. I had the sensation they were both looking back at me as they walked on. I couldn't have turned and looked for all the tea in China. Nathalie's laughter broke upon the night, mingled with the man's laughter. It was like a knife in the throat.

I went home consumed with shame and anger.

I swore to myself I'd never again try to see her. The following two days, Friday and Saturday, I resisted the clamorous temptation and my infantile obsession. I was ashamed of my ludicrous manoeuvres of the two previous nights. The shame helped me convince myself that Nathalie was nothing more nor less than a bit of fluff, pretty enough, all

right, but hardly bright enough to waste time with.

THE next day was Sunday. And I'd overestimated my sanity. I was flooded with a depression that overwhelmed common sense. Suddenly, there was no more question of being ashamed, nor of keeping in check my desire and curiosity. I had to find her again, to learn a way to reach her, to know what went on deep inside her. It had become my

only interest in life, the only way to relieve my depression.

I left my place about three in the afternoon. A cold downpour was falling; a church bell was ringing for vespers. No one was on the streets, except for a few old women here and there, all in black, huddled under their umbrellas. They stuck close to the brick walls of Des Forges Street, stepping carefully to avoid slipping on the glistening sidewalk. They were about the only ones going to

CANADIANECDOTE



When Teddy Roosevelt met the moose

moose shook its antlers, pawed the earth and rushed into the water at them. As they retreated to deeper water, the animal turned to face Roosevelt and ran its tongue deservingly over its muzzle.

For an hour the moose continued to cut off the canoe whenever the hunters approached shore. Then suddenly it galloped into the woods.

Roosevelt's party waited for several minutes, then started up the trail to camp. They had hiked for ten minutes when the moose suddenly rushed at them out of the bushes, its ears back, its hair bristled.

One of the guides shouted for Roosevelt to shoot, but he decided just to fire a shot over its head.

The moose rushed on.

"Tirez, monsieur, vite, vite!" the guides pleaded.

The moose was twenty feet from him when Roosevelt fired a shot into its chest. The moose stopped. Roosevelt fired twice more and the animal fell. But as the hunters approached, it rose and started toward them. A fourth shot killed it.

"I had done everything in my power to scare him away," Roosevelt said in his sworn statement, "and I solemnly declare that I killed him only when it was imperatively necessary, to prevent the loss of one or more of our lives."

The case was dismissed.

—W. I. SMITH

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vespers. They were members of that curious segment of humanity that never stops praying. Their faith is all that rescues them from their loneliness, their unhappiness and their boredom.

I was soaked through by the time I got into the restaurant. Without glancing at the counter, I went immediately to the back of the room and sat down at the farthest booth in the darkest corner. A sick shyness kept me from looking up. At all costs I didn't want to be conspicuous. I wanted to pass unnoticed, to give Nathalie the impression I'd just happen-

ed in because I was soaked and wanted to warm up. I was trying to be her most run-of-the-mill customer, the last person she'd single out for attention.

This stratagem, of course, was dictated by my pride and nothing else. I didn't want Nathalie to get the idea I'd come to see her. I was the only customer. That, I thought, was a good thing. Someone—Nathalie, I was sure—was walking toward me. Before looking up at her, I wanted to appear as casual as I could. I stretched my legs under the table, unclenched my fists, and waited for the

last moment, when I sensed someone was standing over me, before looking up. But it wasn't Nathalie. It was a middle-aged woman, gross, ugly, waiting sullenly and impatiently for me to order. I was completely stunned. She saw this but, not knowing why I was surprised, became more impatient. I managed somehow to ask for a cup of coffee, and she dragged her feet back toward the counter, unquestionably of the opinion that a cup of coffee hardly justified the effort.

I decided Nathalie didn't work Sunday afternoon, and was both relieved

and disappointed. Happy to put off the constraint of our next meeting, disappointed at being alone and far away from her, far from her eyes, far from her young face and her lovely body.

I was savoring my resurrected depression when the door of the restaurant opened. A stocky young man, with a pugnacious expression and a total lack of charm, stood in the doorway. He nodded briefly at the waitress and went over to the juke box. The woman said to him laconically:

"She hasn't come in."

He snapped back:

"I know."

Then, after glancing at me, he dropped a coin in the slot. A saxophone started moaning. He was playing the record Nathalie had played that first night. At that instant I recognized him. I couldn't have told you his name, but I could have placed his laugh.

He looked at me for a long, long time, with hostile persistence. I am not the world's bravest man; I got up and left before the record was over.

OUTSIDE, it was nearly dark and it was still raining. I didn't look for a streetcar or bus to get home; I preferred to walk. The freezing rain battered my face and now and then I had trouble breathing.

Just as I was turning a corner, I came face to face with Nathalie. The rain on her face made her more beautiful than ever. You'd have thought the droplets on her forehead, her lashes and her lips had washed away every remnant of bitterness, anxiety and unfriendliness. Her hair was hanging straight down to her shoulders. She smiled and was the first to utter a greeting. Then, coquettishly, to get out of the rain, she drew me by the arm into the doorway of an empty store. I was astonished by it all. Why was she being so nice to me all at once? I couldn't get an answer out. I'd never, I knew then, been honest with myself about her.

"I don't work Sunday afternoons."

"I know . . . there's someone waiting for you at the restaurant."

"Fred?"

"Is that his name?"

"Yes."

"My name is François."

She burst out laughing. I guess she didn't think the name suited me.

"I shan't try to see you any more. I understand now."

"You're afraid?"

"No. I've never been afraid."

Demonstrably, I was lying. But the words restored my aplomb. I added: "If you didn't mind, I'd come to see you any time."

"Tomorrow's my night off."

"Do you like movies?"

"Now and again."

I wanted a date with her as soon as possible.

"Eight o'clock tomorrow night in front of the Bellevue theatre."

She didn't say yes and she didn't say no. She smiled:

"You might see me there."

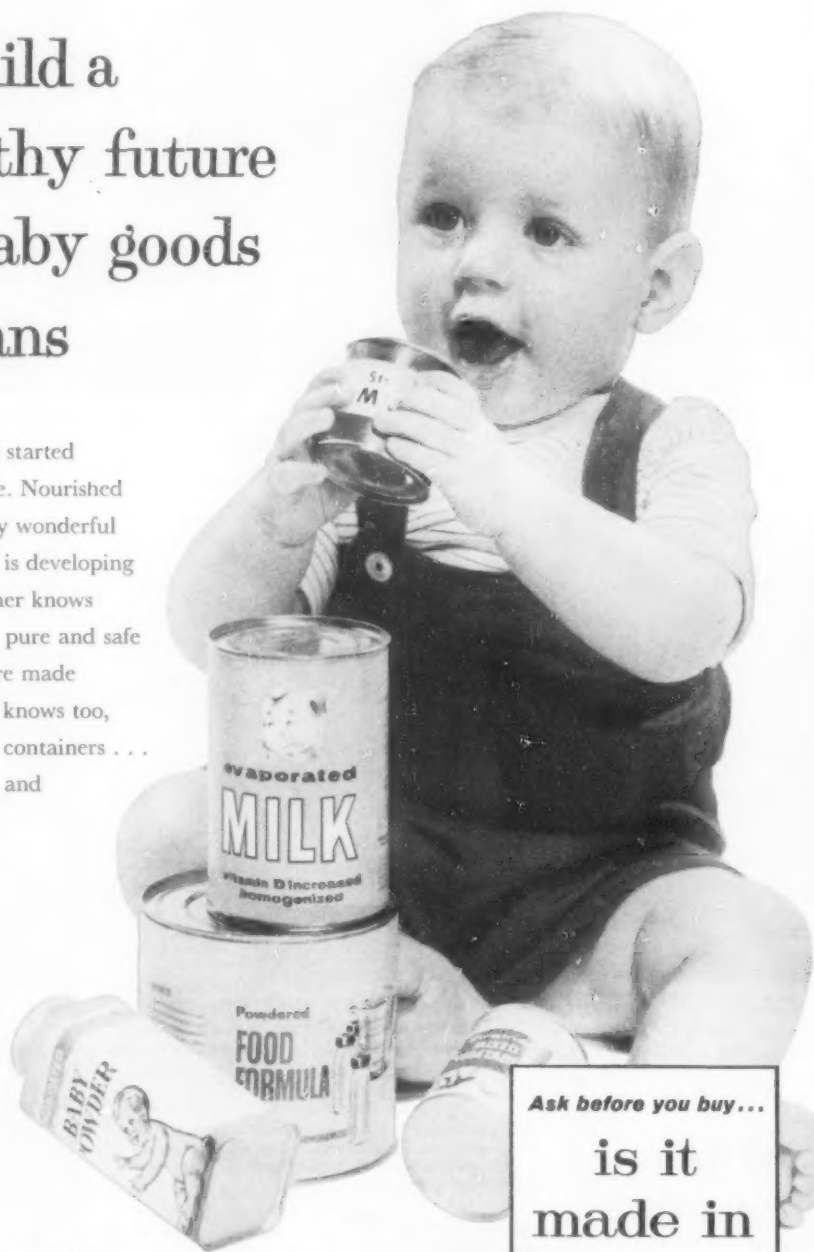
Then she suddenly put her hands on my shoulders and kissed me hard on the mouth. Before I could move, she'd let me go.

"Why did you do that, Nathalie?"

"Because it's raining so hard today."

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"The city was sad but I was quite drunk on this adolescent happiness"

And she went laughing into the November storm, leaving me alone and in tumult in the doorway of a dark, empty store.

I no longer wanted to go home. I wanted to preserve the vague depression with which the day had begun. The rain had thinned out to a drizzle. To me, it was gentle and soothing. I massaged my face luxuriously. The sadness of the city was making me so happy. I was quite drunk on this unhealthy, adolescent happiness. I was perfectly in tune with this wet, stripped late November, with its emptiness and darkness. On my lips was the ephemeral lingering of Nathalie's lips—a kiss for no good reason during a chance meeting on the street and in the doorway of an empty store.

A recollection to quicken desire, the way my lips remembered the freshness of hers.

Of all the questions I asked myself about her, one was repeated like the theme of a symphony. Does Nathalie love Fred? What is there between them? Love? Pity? Friendship? If she loves him, why did she kiss me? I had no answers.

I walked. It rained. My steps took me from one place to another, from street to street, from district to district. St. Catherine Street, with its garish neon signs in the drizzle, struck me as a good place for a lonely walk. I walked west, stopping in front of all the theatres to look at the still photographs, and before all the shop windows with enough magic in the colors and clutter of merchandise to feed my imagination.

The sidewalks were lined with the crowd that never stops moving along them in any big city. The lights winking at each other in counterpoint across the night looked like an unscheduled fireworks display. Along these endless main streets, time prods us all in the back. More than one passer-by loses track of himself in this mob given over to the several snares of the big, brassy streets.

It was about ten at night by the time I went into a little bar on Drummond Street to keep alive my dream and my morbid happiness with a few drinks. Nathalie followed, ghostlike, through the shabby fortifications of my ego.


The rain turned to snow in the middle of the night. When I woke up in the morning, I heard the wind howling at my window and snow pattering on the glass. Des Forges Street was shrouded in white. The early risers had their heads down and shoulders hunched as they leaned into the wind. Winter had come gliding in over the streets and houses to take the city without a struggle. I felt I'd been asleep at the battlements, that I'd let myself be taken by surprise like everyone else. With one breath, the snow had enchanted the streets and the trees, the scrap iron and grime of the back alleys, making everything naked and newborn. I was like a wounded animal who hadn't seen death coming. Standing sleepily at the window, I cursed the sleep that had robbed me of that awareness. What I'd have given to have been the only man alive to see the first flakes fall! I imagined the almost sensual pleasure of anyone who'd come out early that morning and seen the street before him without a blemish. He'd have made the first footprint, left the first traces in the dawn of a new winter. I was too late. The city's old people had been to church and the early-morning workers had gone to their factories. Cars had left their exactly parallel tracks in the streets;

and the sidewalks, no longer smooth, were scored and rumpled. How long, I wondered, had that imagined pause in eternity lasted. How many hours between the time when the street was perfectly smooth and nude and the time when men first traced upon it their odd signatures? Not a person in the city could say, for the whole city slept while winter took over our homes, offices and lives.

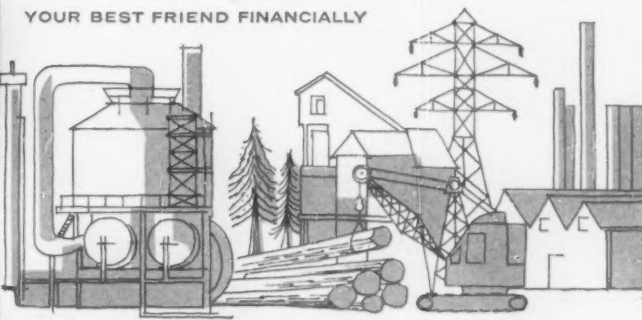
It was a slow day at the newspaper where I worked. Several reporters were late and had a hard time getting their copy in ahead of deadline. The city editor stewed and fussed for a few hours, then settled down. Like the storm that kept blowing outside, then stopped completely about noon. The afternoon was, if anything, more dismal. I was in a sort of intangible cocoon, and very rarely

did a noise from outside interrupt my daydreaming.

Evening fell quickly. After dinner, it began to snow again, but softly; as gently as it falls in those little stories about the winter. Walking in it was so wonderful! My neighborhood was like a village cut off from the rest of the world. Peace, oh peace, such as I'd never known. Yet this gentleness was so great and so intangible it rather unsettled me. Under the bright halo around the streetlights, it seemed to be snowing in a crystal globe. And back there somewhere, in the unquiet



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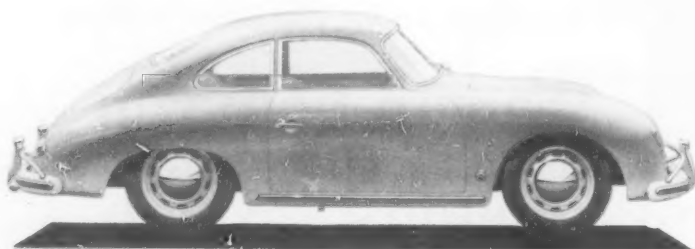
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night, was Nathalie's face. It was blank, devoid of expression, infinitely relaxed. Yet, what darkness hid behind her alabaster forehead? How many shattered dreams and fruitless longings? An innocence like that destroyed, lost! Who was she? I no longer knew, but she followed me; her face followed me on my chilly voyage across the snowy streets.

At eight o'clock I'd been waiting fifteen minutes under the marquee of the Bellevue theatre. "You might see me," she had said. And the "might" gave rise to a tormenting uncertainty.

The snow was still falling, but neither as gently nor as slowly. The wind was kicking and twisting it. It made me catch my breath once in a while. Cars streamed past the theatre and a crowd ambled along the sidewalk in spite of the weather.

I was wearing only a thin fall topcoat. My mother was mending my winter overcoat. I was shivering but I insisted on staying outside. The longer I waited the more certain I was that Nathalie wasn't coming, but I couldn't bring myself to go inside and sit down nor to leave.

All at once, between two cars, I saw her angling across the road and coming toward me. She also was wearing too light a coat for the weather, and it seemed as I saw her that her frail body must be shivering under the well-worn gabardine. She'd tied a red bandanna over her hair the way the little immigrant girls do when they first encounter the Canadian winter.

"I didn't think you were coming."

"Why? Because it's after eight?"

"Yes."

"I was sure you'd wait for me."

She took my arm and we went into the theatre. Two pictures were playing: a detective story with dubbed French dialogue, and a typical American musical comedy. I found them long and dull. Nathalie was absorbed and seemed to have a good time. Since I had a little money left when it was over, I could suggest something to eat in a west-end restaurant.

I thought she'd be pleased but I could see instantly that she disliked chic restaurants, that they either bored or frightened her. A number of men shot her suggestive looks, which she answered either with indifference or a frown. She wouldn't eat anything. She would take nothing but a hot drink and, as soon as she'd finished, made it plain she wanted to be gone. I asked her questions, tried to get her talking about several subjects, but it was useless. She withdrew from me. Withdrew more and more, and looked at me from eyes in which tears were starting.

More than once I tried to take her coat. She flatly refused, as though she were ashamed of the dress she was wearing. I was getting desperate. The more I tried to get through to her, the faster I was losing her, the more she was becoming a distant stranger. I had to resign myself to taking her home. It was obvious I couldn't get her to stay with me for any length of time. She kept her guard up too carefully, distrusting my curiosity.

I don't think we exchanged a single word between the restaurant and her house. She was sad and uncommunicative all the way. Eventually, we were once again at the end of the little dead-end street, now buried in snow. For the second time, I saw the house where she lived. Winter had helped the look of it, making it less shabby. Nathalie looked up at her place on the second floor, and no light was showing. She lowered her head. As the silence became insupportably heavy, I put out my hand to say goodnight to her. She didn't take it. She

came close to me and took the lapels of my coat in her two tiny fists. Her eyes showed a desire to cry.

"Kiss me," she said.

I hesitated. I nearly asked her why. Then I did as she had done the evening before; I kissed her hungrily on the mouth, like a child afraid of losing its mother.

"Now never come back."

I looked at her, thunderstruck. She moved away, went up two steps on the outside stairway, and turned. Softly, without histrionics, without any fumbling for expressions, in no especially dramatic tone of voice, she let me know she was going to have Fred's baby.

"Some day," she added, "he'll be coming for me and taking me far away from here. That's all there is."

She was just about to leave when she noticed my pitiful expression.

"You can go now. I didn't tell you all this to get your sympathy. I've never needed anyone's sympathy. That first night, at the restaurant, when you saw me putting my hands in the dishwasher, there was pity in the way you looked at me. I saw it right away. That's why I didn't take to you."

"What you say may be true. Forgive me. When I thought of you in the wrong way, I didn't really know I was feeling sorry for you."

"Now you know. Don't come back."

"Nathalie, wait!"

She was at the top of the stairs. She turned one last time, holding her red scarf in her hand. She looked quite composed. It was snowing a little and her hair was blowing in the wind. The night got a little brighter. The moon was struggling to rise. Softly, as though she were going to blow out a candle, she said:

"Never come back. It would be dangerous for you."

And she disappeared into the house. I hadn't taken a hundred steps away from there when a gang of thugs jumped me at the corner of a street. It took me a couple of weeks to fully recover from the cuts and bruises I acquired in the encounter.

I never went back to see her but I often recall her eyes, her face, her whole body. And the night came when she appeared in my dreams. Insane, tortured dreams. She was all alone in the middle of a desert, surrounded by snakes and gargoyles. At the other end of the desert, I tried to warn her of the danger, but no words would come. She was walking silently along the bank of a river and suddenly slipped. She tumbled into the water and was swept along. From the bank I held out my hand but she hurtled over a waterfall into the abyss. I screamed in terror and woke up drenched in freezing sweat.

One day I learned the end of Nathalie's story. I was at the office, riffling impatiently through the paper that had just come off the press. Her picture was on one of the general news pages. It was a snapshot that must have been taken when she was about sixteen. There was a short news story with it. The headline was: "Young girl found dead in snow." She apparently felt sick on her way home one night, and may have called for help, but no one heard her. She fainted and was found frozen to death.

When I think of Nathalie, it brings back a whole chapter of my life. It's a chapter with the perfumes of autumn dying and winter coming in. ★

This is an excerpt from a novel to be published soon by L'Institut littéraire du Québec.



What Quebec laughs at

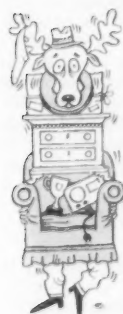
Continued from page 32

Even, so, away from the responsive crowds in the clubs, with his material emasculated by broadcasting taboos, Normand "never touched the high points" on television that he reached with live audiences. This opinion belongs to Roger Rolland, production chief of the CBC's French division, who observes that few of Quebec's other favorite comedians are at their best on the screen either. "Not even Gratien Gélinas, in his great comic role as Fridolin, really came to life on television."

Still, in the clubs Normand could do no wrong — not, at least, to anybody but the seared victims of his mordant tongue — and finally he left to conquer Paris. This triumph has yet to take place. His first appearance in a Montmartre club was greeted with polite Parisian smiles, a pallid chaser for Montreal's bonhomous belly-laughs. Since then Normand has been on the road, touring small-town cafés in provincial France and discovering, with mounting success, just what it takes to translate *Canadien* humor into continental laughter. Now scouts for the Ed Sullivan television circus, who found Wayne and Shuster to show Americans what makes English Canadians laugh, are out to belt the international funny bone again by signing Normand to show them what a French Canadian has to do to make *Frenchmen* laugh.

Normand's life and temporary lean times throw a fairly bright light on what French-Canadian humor *isn't*. First of all, it isn't French; a Montrealer who delights in both describes the difference as the distance between a meat axe and a stiletto, and his reasons will become increasingly clear as you read on. In the second place, it isn't, by and large, the slick, censored patter that distinguishes English-Canadian and American radio and television comedians. On the other hand, deciding just what it is that makes French Canadians laugh is a little like deciding if the water's warm enough — you've got to get your feet wet. Take Miville Couture's comedy:

"My dear chap, the thing that impresses me above all in the Quebec landscape is the Plains of Abraham." Couture is speaking in the voice of Lord Hi Fidelity, one of the dozen-odd characters from



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around the globe that he impersonates on his daily radio show, *Chez Miville*. "My admiration for the Plains, if you follow me, is a matter of tradition. After all, this is the traditional landing place for us British in the New World; it's where Wolfe got off, don't you know. To my mind, General Wolfe must have been a splendid chap, splendid, but if this beloved general had known that in 1959 at least ninety-six percent of the population of Quebec would be speaking French, would he have uttered his immortal dying words? Never! He wouldn't have said 'I will die in peace' but 'I've been wasting my time!'"

One of Hi Fidelity's stable mates is a big shot named Harry S. McCarty. This is McCarty speaking: "I'm a real American businessman, buster. Just mention my name in Quebec — everybody knows me; the Ungava deal made sure of that." Not everyone in Quebec, it should be mentioned, regards the U.S. iron-ore development at Ungava as an unmixed benefaction. "But I've got a new deal cooking now. Just last week I had a Russian engineer around to see me at my cigar factory in Providence, Rhode Island. He wanted to give me an order for some cigars — when a Russian has finished a People's Cigarette, two inches of filter and half an inch of tobacco, he needs a smoke. Well, at lunchtime the whistle blew and everybody headed for the door. The Russian panicked. 'Stop them! They're breaking out!' he shouted. The poor sap thought he was back home. Naturally, an hour and a half later, when the whistle blew again, the whole mob trooped back in to work. The Russian couldn't believe his eyes. 'Let's quit stalling around,' I told him. 'How many tons of cigars can I sell you?' 'Forget the cigars,' he said. 'How much do you want for your whistle?'"

Couture, moving into what caricaturist Robert La Palme calls "the vacuum Jacques Normand left behind," is billed as "French Canada's funniest man (believe it or not)," and his rollicking hour-long breakfast show claims an audience not far short of a million a day on four stations across Quebec. He's convinced that "as far as comedy goes, we French Canadians follow two leads. There's the American in which the gag conquers all; you might call it high-pressure buffoonry. Then there's the French, which relies on the play of words, double meanings, understatement, and *la mise en boîte* (the technique of flattening a victim with a rapid-fire sequence of jibes). What we get in the end belongs only to us."

By following this formula and spiking it with a jigger of cosmopolitan *savoir faire*, Couture, who speaks six languages fluently and imitates the rest, has brought his show into its third season as the only all-comedy program on the French radio network. In television, which is just as free of competition, a weekly variety hour called *Au Petit Café* was the only straight comedy show on the air in last winter's (truncated) season. The star here was Normand Hudon, a versatile performer who looks more like a Latin matinee idol than a comedian and is, in fact, one of Quebec's three outstanding caricaturists (with La Palme and Bertiot). On television Hudon compresses all his talents into an act that Steve Allen, for one, has invited him to reproduce on a U.S. TV network four times. Hudon often starts with a song. This one is hung on the tune of *Learning the Blues*:

*She reads Stanislavski,
On drama she's well up;
It's really astounding
To watch her develop!*

In mid-cadenza, Hudon has been developing the outline of a female figure on a white board. The song goes on:

*With art and with culture
Our lady is stacked;
Miss Marilyn Monroe
Is learning to act!*

When he hits the last bar, this is what he's got on the white board:



"This is the detail."

"And here is the works."

When Robert La Palme, whom Hudon describes as "the Michelangelo of caricaturists," moved early this year from Montreal's daily *Le Devoir* to *La Presse*, Hudon replaced him as *Le Devoir*'s political caricaturist. But for almost three years before the double move Hudon had been drawing a weekly caricature of some Quebec personality for *Le Petit Journal*. These drawings have been published in two volumes, and they're almost the only current books of humor in circulation at Montreal's public library. "We're not rich in written humor," observes chief librarian Jules Bazin with dignified understatement. After a search of his stacks he produces six or seven books that qualify as comic. They range in vintage from 1894 to 1938, and all of them support Hudon's contention that "there are two ways to make French Canadians laugh. There's the easy way — with gags. And there's the tough way — with satire." Like Hudon, Quebec's handful of comic writers swing for the satiric fences. The scene below is from *Histoires du Canada* by Jean Narrache (a pen name); Narrache is cutting up old *touches* with Letondalaya, one of the two Indians shipped to France in 1534 by Jacques Cartier:

LETONDALAYA: My pale-faced friend, I hear we redskins left a pretty unsavory reputation behind us.

NARRACHE: What do you expect? You swooped down on Montreal like a bunch of savages, whooping, drinking, setting fires, and scaring people half out of their wits.

L: Almost as bad as a Shriners' convention, eh? But tell me, is it true you pale-faces are still scared of Indians?

N: Are we! When a father of twelve kids comes home and his wife tells him, 'Jos, there's another papoose on the way,' I assure you poor Jos turns white as a sheet. Well, I have to run; if there's ever anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know.

L: There is one little thing . . . if you could . . . that is, use your influence to . . .

N: To what?

L: Get M'sieur Duplessis to slip me into a soft job?

"In Quebec, the things we laugh hardest at are the things we take most seriously," explains Pierre Juneau, French-language production chief at the National Film Board. Narrache's swipes at politics and the size of Quebec families, a concomitant of the prevailing religion, are twenty-five years old but they're still the subjects of the scenes that bring down the house at the University of Montreal's hit comedy revue for 1959, *Les Frères Avoient Raison*. In the passage below, a priest is exhorting a diffident youngster at the outset of his career in a Catholic classical secondary school:

"My son, I want to talk to you about the one subject that lies at the axis of your entire classical education. I refer to Quebec, the spiritual yeast in this tub of materialistic dough we live in. By a profound misfortune, we are condemned to live alongside the United States of America. But happily, in this purgatory, there is the blessed yeast of salvation. We are the yeast! The pure province of Quebec! Beyond the *belle province* all is darkness and the sin that corrupts. But here! Ah, here all is light, truth and redemption. Yet even now the sated money-grubbers of the Anglo-Saxon world are trying to drag us down to their own level. Their taint, alas, is rubbing off on a few of our own pure but misguided souls."

"Hell and damnation to the English barbarians.
"Paradise and salvation for good sectarians."

This is a bitterly strong satirical brew, but it has been stirring up nothing but glee among the sell-out crowds that clap the curtain down on the speech. A few minutes later the campus comedians, whose theme is the crying need of the injection of a few bucks into the educational mainstream of Quebec, have switched targets: the speaker in this scene bears as strong a resemblance to John Diefenbaker as the make-up artists can achieve.

"Well, je know that je have un petit accent when je parlez Français, but, you see, je commencer-ed to take les lessons in Français just après les last elections. Anyway, to hell avec Duplessis et his autonomy — I've got to rush back to Ottawa to organize le next visit de la Royal Family. You know, I'm a real fan de la British Empire, and je have picked up the habit of inviting Liz and her whole family to venir over here every year. Charming, non?"

Diefenbaker is the first subject to come down *le pike* in decades that has a serious chance to unhorse Premier Duplessis as the front runner among all victims of French-Canadian wit. One of the hottest troupes on the Quebec night-club circuit is Les Snobs, whose current revue features a long parody of *The Three Musketeers*. In the passage here, Lady de Winter is advising her men how to ambush d'Artagnan, who has just saddled up for a gallop to Toronto to recover a crown forgotten by the queen:

LADY DE WINTER: You know the way to Toronto?

HER MEN, AL & CAPONE: Who doesn't?
L DE W: Good. About a mile this side of Ottawa there's a motel. You can't miss it — as far as anybody knows, it's the only one between here and Toronto. D'Artagnan will have to pull up there to water his horse. Overpower him



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and show absolutely no mercy: shut him into the Parliament Buildings and make him listen to a speech in French by Diefenbaker. When he's through with that brainwashing he won't know what he's doing even if he does get to Toronto.

A & C: Right, We'll go put the snow-chains on the horses right now.

Here, in the cheek-by-jowl intimacy of the night clubs, is probably where Quebec's slashing style of humor finds the climate that nourishes it best. Paul Berval, a rubber-faced comedian who has turned down bids to star in a weekly television show, makes irregular camera appearances but regularly draws overflow night-club houses. Here is his parody of a defeated mayoralty candidate's post-election speech:

"Fellow citizens, I just got word that Craig Street was once a river. It was a surprise to me; I didn't get my paper this weekend. But I grasped the situation immediately. Some more of the previous administration's dirty work! I can see the whole plot: some contractor with a pile of dirt on his hands rigged up a deal with city hall. He dumped his dirt into Craig Street and everybody cleaned up. What a racket! But they can't get away with it — the people of Montreal have a right to that river and I'm going to see that they get it. Because when Craig Street is a river again — happy day — we're going to need bridges on all the cross streets. Toll bridges, friends!

"I ask you, what happens today? The good people of Montreal shell out their hard-earned money to cross Jacques Cartier Bridge, which is nothing but a federal bridge across a federal river with federal tolls that go into federal pockets. An outrage! But not my bridges; my bridges will be municipal bridges across municipal rivers with municipal tolls. Think of it! Our own money back in our own pockets for a change!"

For his current night-club revue Berval has augmented his troupe, Le Beu Qui Rit, with a female impersonator and a wide-eyed young comedienne, Clémence Des Rochers, who chides sex with childlessness:

"At the Conservatoire d'Art Dramatique de la Province de Québec, I was in a class by myself. I was the only one listed under the heading Special Case. Naturally, when I graduated I went to the CBC to look for a job. Where else could I go? It was important to make a good impression, so my mother made me a pretty white dress. It had blue dots and buttoned right up to a cute bow under my chin — but you can't blame mother for a little mistake like that. It was months before anybody noticed me at the CBC, but at last a producer discovered me. He rushed across the lobby and said, 'Mam'selle, you have nice hands.'

"Ah!

"Then he said, 'Would you be interested in mixing Jell-O on TV?'

"Uh. But at least my hands had been discovered. Now I was sure it was only a matter of time till the rest of my body made the grade. I wasn't even surprised by my own success. I'd always told myself, 'Think of the great stars . . . Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield . . . think how long it took to discover those four beauties!'

The pony-tailed girl who delivers these lines is the daughter of one of French Canada's best-known poets, Alfred Des

Rochers, who is the father, in all, of twelve children. Men with families on that scale often complain that they have kids underfoot; the poet suffered from the common complaint but devised a unique defense. He had a barber's chair installed in the middle of his living room and a tabletop hung from chains screwed into the ceiling. When he wanted to settle down with a good book, a cigar, and a glass of sherry, he pumped himself up in the chair, lowered the table to his elbow, and relaxed. The kids were still underfoot, but they were so far under they didn't bother him a bit.

Harping on the peculiarities of life in a big family is one of the surest ways to pluck a responsive chord in almost any French Canadian. Raymond Levesque, for one, sounds the note deftly in a tune called *La Famille*, one of the brightest numbers on a currently popular LP record by comedienne Dominique Michel. The last chorus deals with the activities of Uncle Arthur, and winds up like this:

*In the spring when uncle comes
back to town
With money his pockets are loaded
down.
He drinks his fill and finds a
guidoun.
And picks up my father to go on a
balloon.
Mother says, 'Hector, you'll stay
right here.'
But Papa pretends he just doesn't
hear.
At last he comes back to the house,
pie-eyed,
And all of us kids have to run and
hide.
The cops are called by the people
next door
Before we know who has been
knocked on the floor.
And early next morning when we're
on our own
The schoolteacher makes us sing
Home Sweet Home!*

* A nice girl; nice to everybody.

** A high old time.

Uncle Arthur, in his lusty way, stands for another of the comic stereotypes of Canadian humor—the *habitant* who subscribes to neither the inhibitions nor the manners of his cousins in the city. The best-loved *habitant* in Quebec is a raffish old curmudgeon named Père Gidéon, one of Roger Lemelin's Plouffe Family characters. Doris Lussier, the actor who plays Père Gidéon on television, uses the familiar character as the vehicle for a night-club monologue that set the barely credible mark of playing to two audiences a night, seven days a week, for more than five hundred performances in the same Montreal club without exhausting either the humor of the act or the supply of cash customers. Lussier sprays a jet of tobacco juice on the floor, hitches up his pants, and convulses sophisticates by dealing with the facts of life in the unminced terms of an old farmer with an eye for young creatures, as he calls them:

"The other day I dropped in to see the sawbones. No sooner do I get through the door, than he starts giving me a lecture. 'Look here, Gidéon,' he says, 'at your age, you're too old for the little creatures. Do yourself a favor; leave them alone.' What does he mean, my age? I'm only sixty-five. Then he asks me, 'What good does it do to fire up an engine that's fresh out of steam?' Ha! I'll show him who's out of steam." Lussier snorts, leering at the plainest girl he can spot through the footlights. She loves it.

Offstage Lussier hurriedly discards his country twang along with his plug of

tobacco and observes soberly, "It's easier to make people cry than make them laugh." He then launches a scholarly discourse on the elements of humor that points up the one thing almost all French-Canadian humorists have in common: for most of them, making people laugh is no joke. It's a serious intellectual exercise, and they're formidably equipped for it. Lussier is an ex-professor of philosophy and economics at Laval University; Paul Berval is a classics scholar; Berval's straight-man, Denis Drouin, is a graduate lawyer; Miville Couture is an eminent authority on languages; and so it goes.

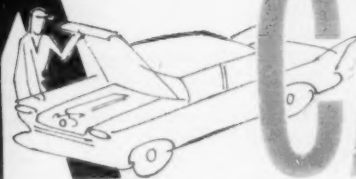
A synthesis of their dissection of French-Canadian humor would sound something like this: we laugh at ourselves and our institutions to escape them. If our comedy is tougher than Anglo-Canadian comedy, maybe it's because we've got to go a little farther to escape. Or maybe it's because there are some skeletons in English Canada's cupboard that they don't dare rattle even to raise a laugh.

But if Quebec's humorists are prone to dissect their comedy, they put it back together again with loving care and enviable élan. Who can remember a broad-cast in English to compare with this 1953 episode of a defunct show called *Carte Blanche*:

"As you know, the outstanding aim of this series of lectures is to convince my fellow Montrealers that each and every one of us must, at all costs, become self-sufficient. I've already told you how to grow oats on your balcony; and moreover how to cultivate bread trees, milk trees and family trees. I've also demonstrated, although with less success, the necessity of keeping close to hand a few chickens and a yoke of relatively sweet-tempered oxen; better keep them at home where you can put your finger on them when you need them. You see, the secret is to know how to reconcile the enjoyable with the functional, for pleasure goes with utility like thorns with roses, vinegar with cucumber and water with ducks. It follows, esteemed listeners, that each and every one of us owes it to himself to become a home gardener. Seed your home with green plants in general and, above all, with that coniferous beauty noteworthy for its harmonious proportions, welcome for the shade it affords in summer, and by its very permanence a constant reassurance of your own place in the imponderable future. I mean, of course, the sequoia. Not, assuredly, one of those giant sequoias we continually see in photographs with cars passing through tunnels in their trunks — who can afford to tour his apartment in a Cadillac these days, in any case? No, I'm talking about one of the new dehydrated pocket-sized sequoias you can buy in any drug store and which, notwithstanding the modest diameter of its trunk at the outset, will end up by occupying a large place in your life and your living room. Little by little, of course, you may have to rearrange the furniture in your apartment and even unglue your wallpaper. That is, if you want to have room to get around between your sequoia and the wall, but by that time maybe you won't want to be bothered . . ."

By that time this particular comic would probably have lost touch with most of his audience, not to mention his sponsor, if he'd been broadcasting in English. But in French Canada it was the funniest thing — as they say — since Maisonneuve asked Duplessis for permission to found Montreal. It was a real *tour-de-force*. ★

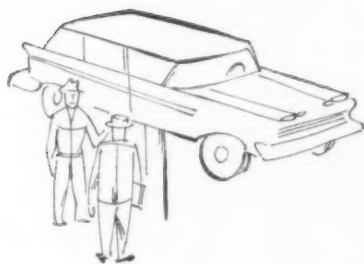
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The unconquerable French Canadians continued from page 16

"Quebec, I found, still has that old Norman thrift and that strain of Norman cynicism"

At first glance Quebec looked more ageless and more authentically French than any city in France — at first glance only. A second showed me the sprawling new subdivisions of mass-produced bungalows and uniform apartment blocks — authentic North American and nothing else — the shops crammed with modern goods exactly like those of Fifth Avenue or any Main Street on the continent, the traffic snarled and noisy as everywhere, the old patina surviving somehow but rubbed pretty thin.

The great change, though, as I glanced back, was in the people. They don't look French Canadian any more; they look

Canadian and indistinguishable (until you hear their voices) from any others in the nation.

Also, they have a striking new look of prosperity, are better dressed than they used to be even a few years ago, drive expensive new cars and worship at the sacred continental shrines of Coke, coffee, juke box, television, movies and speed. The quaintness beloved (and often imagined) by the tourist has gone completely and forever.

One used to find the women somewhat dowdily clothed in home-made or cheap, mail-order dresses, drab hats and ugly black stockings. Now their costumes are

of the latest mode, their hair expertly waved, their faces made up and eyes blackly outlined according to Hollywood's regulations, their legs sleekly nyloned.

Why is it, I wondered, as I had wondered so often before, that the plainest French-Canadian girl always manages to look pretty in spite of nature? Because, I suppose, she has a racial vitality, a feminine instinct, stronger than ours.

Anyway, the French-Canadian speech, male or female, is a little shriller than ours, the laugh a little louder, the eyes a little more candid, the faces more animated, the gestures more excited, the

affections and the quarrels more open. Returning to this Gallic atmosphere, an Anglo-Saxon knows himself for a very dull fellow.

As I reached the splendid square beside the Chateau Frontenac, the *calèches*, with their shaggy horses and garrulous drivers, were assembling for the day's work. Their quaintness was strictly for the tourists. But slithering down the hill to Lower Town, I found at least one genuine survival. A winded horse, his sleighbells jingling, struggled to pull a real hobbled up that icy slope and had stalled a full block of traffic while the driver cursed with Gallic eloquence.

There are other survivals. The tiny church of Victories, which Phips' cannons had vainly wounded long ago, was dark except for the fitful light of candles. A withered woman of some eighty years, in antique bonnet and dingy black coat, knelt silently in prayer before the altar and a man of the same age, bearded like a saint, hobbled on his crutches to kneel painfully beside her.

Just outside the door some giggling schoolgirls of the new generation played with hula hoops and a pair of schoolboys, like schoolboys everywhere, tested their gum boots in the pools of melting snow (the best gum boots that money could buy).

Canned music, another portent, blared from the Levis ferry station. A radio blues singer assaulted the air, in French, from a shop which might have been lifted bodily from the left bank of the Seine.

From bare feet to Cadillacs

That shop of itself was a humble record of Quebec's change. Though equipped with an electrical voice, it was filled with fresh-caught fish, eels, sausages, vegetables and groceries but also with hideous statuette, pictures and a jumble of gimcracks for the tourist trade. Its proprietress, one of those red, beefy women who manage every such shop in France, wrangled stridently with a customer of the same build over the price of half a cod.

Quebec, I thought, had become more prosperous but hadn't yet lost all its Norman thrift — nor that old strain of Norman cynicism either.

"I've seen the politicians come here from the country year after year," an idle taxi driver told me at a coffee counter, "and they came with one shoe and no seat in their pants. Now they're driving Cadillacs." His companion added, with a lengthy discourse on economics, that the "big bosses" couldn't cure unemployment and therefore must soon arrange another world war.

After my morning's aimless stroll it was time to peer through the pleasant surface, if I could, and see what was happening below it. So I repaired to the legislative buildings and took a good, hard look at that prodigious phenomenon which has disguised, behind a glittering façade, the real state of Quebec and deceived the rest of Canada.

Maurice Duplessis—contemporary version of the *grand seigneur* in a brown, well-tailored business suit—was busy that day. A superb maestro, he conducted his legislature as if it were an obedient orchestra. The handsome, chiseled face and famous sickle nose, the delicate white hands in elegant gesture, the quiet, tired

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voice and the sublime air of mastery, all proclaimed the old and distorted the new facts of his province and race.

Perhaps Duplessis knows the new facts, perhaps not. In his public posture he ignores them and may continue to ignore them so long as they can achieve no concerted political expression. Since it is impossible for any stranger to penetrate the magnificent Duplessis posture or discern the man behind the actor (anyway, my job was not to write of politics), I called on his right-hand man and probable successor.

Paul Sauvé is, in outward look, the very antithesis of his leader—a distinguished soldier, athlete, horseman, angler and man of wealth who, in middle age, has begun to put on weight but still shows, in his round, ruddy face with brisk military mustache, an obvious vigor of mind and body.

What, I asked this attractive personage, was the social philosophy, as distinct from the outer politics, of the regnant Union Nationale? Mr. Sauvé did not give me the usual lecture provided by his chief. He said quite simply that the

Duplessis Government sought to build the greatness of Canada as a whole. To this end its best contribution was a greater Quebec, nourishing no antagonism toward the other provinces but maintaining a culture of its own.

Yes, it was philosophically a conservative government, a defender of private enterprise but by no means a subservient organ of big business. The Union was a movement of all classes based on the autonomy of the French-Canadian race.

I didn't doubt Sauvé's sincerity nor that of Duplessis, behind all his machine

politics, as the chosen interpreter, father image and embattled guardian of his people, but I wanted more than the party line. So I sought out a very different sort of man and, driving down Grande Allée, encountered a certain historic exhibit, not without its lesson and its tinge of personal tragedy.

An energetic pedestrian was striding rapidly along that ancient street. I recognized the terrier face of Louis St. Laurent, the statesman replaced by Duplessis as the father image and reduced to his old profession of law but actually undefeated in essentials. One might pause to consider the human struggle between these two men as the latest of countless struggles between the nationalist and the moderate, but time pressed and, at the Chateau Frontenac, L'Abbe Dion awaited me with some of the new facts.

This extraordinary priest, who lectures to the faculty of social sciences at Laval University, is the most interesting French Canadian I have ever met and possibly the most important. For it is mainly out of Laval, a Catholic institution once radically conservative, that the radically liberal currents of Quebec's future are flowing.

They began to flow from the lectures of the more celebrated Father Levesque, a cherubic little man of mild manner, whom Duplessis regarded as a dangerous left-wing socialist, almost a revolutionary, though he is, in fact, a very moderate reformer. Levesque has retired, of all places, to the former home of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and his mistress, Julie St. Laurent, near Montmorency Falls, now the retreat of a religious order.

Father Dion, a grizzled man of square, powerful face deeply cut with lines of thought and suffering, remains at Laval and this in itself is a highly significant fact. How, I asked him over a bottle of good French wine, did he survive his memorable pamphlet attacking the political morals of the Duplessis machine?

The priest shrugged. No one, he said, had questioned his right to speak out as he pleased on any secular question. His superiors in the church had never mentioned the subject to him while the government writhed in anger.

To me, a stranger and a Protestant, this incident was an amazing revelation of the ceaseless debate and turmoil within the church on all problems outside the faith. To Father Dion the incident was of small importance and the secular disagreements of the church a commonplace.

What interested the devout Catholic and iconoclast of politics was something larger. He was watching from his cloister an organic and pervasive transformation in the society of his people, but not of the sort that the visitor expects and not radicalism as we understand that word in English.

Father Dion and the young men trained by him stand for a rather vague ideal of social planning, about which they are frankly pragmatic. As historians and passionate advocates of human freedom, they believe that society must learn by trial and error as it goes along.

Already, said Dion, our Canadian society was being planned in a fashion as, under modern conditions, it must be planned. The only question was how it should be planned, by whom and for what objectives. He was too wise and educated to answer that question in detail. The thing could not be blueprinted in advance but it was growing, from many roots, before our eyes.

I would do better, he added, if I looked at the first fact of Quebec myself. It is, of course, that Quebec has undergone



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an economic revolution in the course of a single generation. From that the other real facts follow, in economics, politics and the whole French-Canadian way of life.

We all know, as a statistical fact, that Quebec is now predominantly urban and industrialized, the nation's second industrial area, producing a third of its manufactures, but the fact looks quite different and suddenly comes to life when you fly from the fertile St. Lawrence valley over the sterile rocks, black forests and innumerable lakes of the Canadian Shield into Cartier's fabled Kingdom of Saguenay and there discover a vast complex of towns and industries that seem to have been dropped from the sky upon a white emptiness.

It was this leap from the river, the discovery of the shield's timber, minerals and, above all, waterpower that revealed Quebec as one of our richest regions and assured its industrialization. You cannot understand French Canada without seeing the Saguenay.

The Arvida aluminum industry, like a square fortress with countless chimneys belching smoke into a steel-blue sky, the dams and power plants, the bustling business centre of Chicoutimi, the buses full of industrial workers the new class of sleek, flashily dressed businessmen and commercial travelers in expensive cars, the mad taxi drivers speeding on the fine new highways, the jet planes of the RCAF soaring out of Bagotville — all these signs of modern industry were familiar to me in Montreal, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, Drummondville, Rimouski and a dozen other towns but they dumbfound any stranger in this wilderness.

Labor's fervent missionaries

Something even more important than industry — but a product of it — is under way here.

In an office of clerks and pretty stenographers I found an organizer of the Catholic Confederation of Labor Syndicates, which speak for the workers of the whole Saguenay region. A cheerful, intelligent little man, he had begun life as a humble laborer in the aluminum industry and now bargained, on equal terms, with the executive giants of a business empire. He said he got on fine with them. Their personal relations were excellent.

For practical bargaining purposes this man represented the grass roots of the aggressive syndicates, but the social forces stirring below the grass roots were represented by his expert adviser, a graduate in social sciences from Laval.

Such young intellectuals, in growing numbers, have left the classroom to spread the doctrine of a better-planned society throughout Quebec. They are the products of teachers like Levesque and Dion, the potent yeast working beneath the surface so skillfully maintained by the Duplessis hierarchy.

Wherever you go in urban Quebec you will come upon such a missionary. Their mission is social but they pursue it with the fervor of the original Jesuits. Faithful to their church, they preach a new kind of economic salvation, far from clear in their minds. More than any other force, they leaven the solid loaf of North America's most conservative society.

Possibly the largest question in Quebec today, endlessly debated by the tycoons of Montreal, the politicians of Ottawa, the university professors and the labor leaders themselves, is how powerful organized labor, as brain-trusted by the intellectual missionaries, has become and where it is going.

No one can say. But many businessmen cannot believe that the movement of reform amounts to much more than the babbling of a few agitators and the daydreams of a few precious intellectuals who never have to meet a payroll.

"Don't be fooled," said one of the tycoons. "Quebec hasn't changed. Only the appearances have changed. It's the same old thing."

Much less typical, maybe a minority of one, was a relatively small businessman and department-store owner in a provincial town who told me earnestly

that some kind of socialism was under way everywhere. He didn't care since the government, on nationalizing his business, would hire him as manager.

So far, the Catholic syndicates and the more conservative international unions control less than twenty-five percent of Quebec's labor force. Their strength, however, exceeds their numbers. They can paralyze great industries like aluminum, as they proved last year. Outwardly they appear to be the most intransigent labor organization in all Canada but this appearance is misleading.

What does Quebec labor really want? Does it stand to the left of labor elsewhere and, if so, how far?

To ask these questions I decided to see the top man of the syndicates at headquarters, but before going to Montreal in quest of the ubiquitous labor boss, I paused to converse with some farmers from the niggard little farms of the shield.

These were poor men, on a poor soil, discontented with their lot and envious of their more vigorous neighbors who, everywhere in Quebec, have poured into



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the industrial towns as a peasantry gives way to a proletariat. Yet they had something to tell me of the real facts—the old ones intimidated by the farmer's big piles of firewood, his little house and big barn, the new ones by his poverty.

The movements of society were far beyond the peasants' grasp, they seemed to want no part of them, they voted for Duplessis to a man and they formed—because the legislature is electorally loaded in their favor—the political base of the Union Nationale, the deep forces of the past.

It is this poor agrarian minority, more than the rich industrialists, that stands in the way of the reformers. One of the surviving peasants, a lean old man gnarled by toil, put the thing in a few words: "Duplessis est un bon homme." For the peasants that said everything.

No one knows so well as Duplessis how to keep the friendship of such a man by crumbs of local patronage, a new road, an addition to the school or hospital. *Le bon homme* spreads his favors all over rural Quebec and they are repaid in votes.

The arch enemy of Duplessis and all he stands for was not easy to waylay. Jean Marchand, secretary-general of the syndicates, had been commuting feverishly between Quebec City, Montreal and Ottawa to settle a CBC strike which blacked out the French radio and television network and threatened to revive old racial conflicts. When I caught up with him at Montreal he was installed in the Mount Royal Hotel—a far cry from his days as a poor worker's son.

It was surprising to find a Quebec labor boss living like a business executive

but more surprising to see in Marchand the exact opposite of his prototype. Without doubt he is one of the most powerful French Canadians of these times but looks rather like a mild-mannered man of small business, just over forty years old, and speaks like a professor.

Though he had been working on the strike until daybreak and had left his morning conference at two o'clock in the afternoon, he showed no trace of tension, except his refusal to take a drink.

"I never touch it," he said in immaculate English, "while I'm negotiating. Afterwards—perhaps."

He attacked a slab of English roast beef and I an exquisite French creation, as we discussed the meaning and objectives of the left-wing movement centred in the universities and their pupils, the labor unions.

Marchand didn't like the word "left" and I realized that I had been misusing it in Quebec terms. The next fact then began to dawn on me: What is commonly called a radical, socialistic, intransigent movement in Quebec, and is feared as such by many capitalists, appears so mainly because it is in Quebec and has made a sudden, drastic break with French Canada's past. The view of a man like Marchand would hardly alarm anybody in Ontario or British Columbia, the other great industrial provinces. They stand, I would guess, well to the right of the CCF's official doctrine.

Did Marchand wish to nationalize all or most of private enterprise? Certainly not. The idea seemed to startle him. Educated at Laval, a scholar turned labor leader and missionary of reform, he obviously recognized the slow timetable of history, expected no miracles and planned no Utopia.

He simply wanted the highest wages he could get for the workers, an expanding system of social security, higher living standards and a better-planned economy, but a few public utilities and natural monopolies, already state-owned in many provinces, were all he proposed to nationalize.

Nevertheless, in the old context of Quebec society and its long time lag behind the other provinces, even an elementary reformist movement is a formidable and discouraging task to men like Marchand.

How to unite all the elements of reform, the liberals as distinguished from the conservatives of that label, the impotent CCF (now calling itself the Social Democratic Party), the fractured labor movement, the left-wing intellectuals? How to organize for political action against the Duplessis machine?

How, in short, to bring Quebec socially abreast of English-speaking Canada? These are the practical questions agitating the diverse and quarrelsome elements of reform, and until they are resolved any reform will be stifled. The regime will continue to divide and conquer.

To judge the machine's prospects one would have to know how deeply the intellectual Young Turks have penetrated the labor movement and the masses generally. Marchand didn't know. No one knows. The thing is fluid and intangible, cannot be measured and will not be tested until some definite social issue is faced in politics.

Everyone seems to agree, however, that the penetration is not very deep yet, that most local labor leaders have little influence, that the intellectuals—because they alone understand what it is about—are the narrow focus of power on the left. Penetration is slow but constantly accelerating.

"Remember one thing," said Marchand as we parted. "If Quebec occasionally



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"SERVING WITH A PURPOSE"

"The present ferment of Quebec, as it struggles into a new age, will help unify the nation"

looks alarming don't take our manners too seriously. We're Latins, you know, and we often speak with passion."

He didn't speak with any passion but there was plenty of it in the voice of Huguette Plamondon, a woman of thirty-three, who has managed somehow to make herself the peer of any male labor organizer in Quebec.

Having been informed that she was the leader of the United Packinghouse Workers, I awaited, in the lobby of the swank Ritz Carlton Hotel, a beefy, muscular, Amazonian figure.

When the revolving doors projected a lovely slip of a girl, clad in costly furs and decked out more lavishly than any guest at the Ritz, she caught my eye, as she would catch any male eye anywhere, but I didn't recognize her. This was the legendary Mademoiselle Plamondon, *sans-culotte* of many picket lines, the heroine of many strikes.

As she talked, the grievances of the workers, their lack of adequate social security, their relatively long working hours, the gap between their wages and those of workers in other provinces all poured out of Mademoiselle's scarlet lips in a torrent. I was listening to a classic case history of the new Quebec.

Socialism shocks her

One point in particular interested me as an outsider. The industries owned by English-speaking Canadian or American interests (eighty-five percent of Quebec's total industry) were, she said, much more favorable to labor and easier to deal with than the French-Canadian industries, whose owners lagged far behind the times.

But as soon as I pinned down Mademoiselle's ideological beliefs, two things immediately emerged and they are common to every so-called radical I met in Quebec.

First, while wringing every dollar she can out of industry, Plamondon has no thought of socializing it, except for a few public utilities. Anything more than that seemed to shock her.

Second, neither she nor anyone else I encountered has begun to think a reform program through in terms of basic economics. How is it to be financed? Who is to pay the taxes? How can high-cost Canadian products be sold in the world market? What will happen to the value of money?

This was an unknown world to the beautiful young meat packer. So it is to most or all of the other reformers who, obsessed with Quebec's backwardness, have yet to study the economic anatomy of the nation; indeed, have hardly suspected its existence. As reformers they are ardent, as planners they are naïve.

Mostly the reformers want little more at the moment than honest politics, are infuriated by the present corruption and, as many of them assured me, are convinced that real parliamentary democracy doesn't exist in Quebec.

Jean Drapeau, for instance, a nervous, courageous little man of owlish face, who briefly tried as mayor to clean up the sexual morals of Montreal, protested that these were relatively small matters. Certainly no left-winger by any definition, and very confused in his political thought, Drapeau said he only wished to establish common decency in public life. It is no small job when Quebec inherited its easy political morals from the grafters of New France and takes for granted, with a shrug, methods that

would scandalize the average Anglo-Saxon.

From all the theorists a practical and brilliant reformer has lately emerged and the nation should watch him. Jean Louis Gagnon has become editor of *La Presse*.

The largest French-Canadian newspaper has held no controversial opinions up to now but will have them in abundance henceforth. They will be the opinions

of Quebec's most accomplished journalist, his face already known on television to everyone in the province. The man whom Duplessis once called a communist (though he is not even a socialist) now has his chance to thunder in print from an unequalled pulpit. The bold pioneer reformers of *Le Devoir* might be ignored by the regime. Gagnon and *La Presse* cannot be ignored or hushed.

What does all this complicated, mysterious movement of men and events mean to the nation at large? I asked that question of numerous learned and unlearned men and they all gave me the same answer: The present ferment of Quebec, as it struggles painfully into a new age, will tend to unify, not to divide, the nation. The answer, I think, is valid, and extremely important.

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I *always* use a jigger
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Into Old Fashioned glass, 1/2 lump sugar and 1 dash bitters. Muddle sugar and bitters. Add 2 cubes of ice, 1 1/2 oz. Wiser's whisky, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

WISER WHISKY COBBLER

To half a glass (collins glass) of cracked ice, add 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar and 2 oz. Wiser's whisky. Stir well and add slice of lemon or orange.

WISER WHISKY SOUR

Into shaker, with cracked ice, add juice of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar and 2 oz. Wiser's whisky. Shake well and strain into whisky sour glass. Decorate with slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

WISER RYE RICKEY

Juice of 1 lime in highball glass. Add 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar with cube of ice and 2 oz. Wiser's whisky. Stir well and add sparkling water.

Every French Canadian, from *Sauvage* down to the poorest worker, declared that he had no antagonism to English-speaking Canada as such and probably believed it. The ferment differs from all past experience because it is not racialist—not yet, anyway.

Quebec, it seemed to me, as I tried to assess its present, has passed through three distinct stages during its three and a half centuries and is now in its fourth.

Before the so-called conquest it was a peasant and strictly authoritarian society, ruled by crooked French function-

aries, ignorant native *seigneurs* and stern priests.

The end of New France drove the brave, pitiable little band of French Canadians into total isolation. As Abbe R. H. Casgrain has written, "they saw only one way of salvation: make themselves forgotten, bend back upon themselves, live apart and, in a sense, ask pardon for existing."

The third stage, inevitable reaction from the second, was an upsurge of pride and racial anger called nationalism. It disrupted national politics and threaten-

ed to disrupt the nation up to quite recent times.

The fourth current stage is not aimed at the English-speaking partners of Confederation. It is aimed primarily at Quebec itself. Yet, by an odd paradox, it operates to reverse the old isolationism.

One of Quebec's leading historians and social thinkers explained this process to me with Gallic bravura.

"Look," he said, "at the map! Regard the St. Lawrence! It cuts straight through Quebec and it brings in all the intellectual tides of the world. How could any-

one suppose that a race so situated on this wide current of ideas could forever remain an isolated folk society, that quaint, absurd picture on your tourist advertising? Impossible. If the current took so long to reach us that was because our natural evolution was retarded, artificially, by the conquest. Ah yes, but only for a time. Now we live in a world-wide period of historic acceleration. Quebec accelerates."

Then this eminent authority ticked off on his well-manicured fingers the specific influences that are driving the two races of Canada together despite their antagonisms.

First, a common foreign enemy, atheistic communism, has convinced French Canada that its exterior peril is no longer the imperial wars of Britain.

Second, an industrial society cannot be isolated because business recognizes no provincial boundaries. The Quebec economy is inseparable from the national economy.

Third, Quebec shares with the other provinces a common fear of American penetration. The imminent danger no longer seems to come from English-speaking Canada but from the United States. To resist it, the nation must be united and strong.

Fourth, Quebec is becoming educated in secular fields far beyond the old, narrow, classical and religious teachings of the school and university system. It sees all Canada with a new clarity.

"Did you know," the professor demanded, "that Quebec has more university students per capita than any province but Ontario, far more than the Maritimes? They are learning everything. Our universities will soon have to be doubled or tripled in size to keep up with the enrollment. It's frightening in one way, when we lack money, but it means a new and better Quebec."

Fifth, the attitude of English-speaking Canada has changed, has become much more tolerant of Quebec and begins at last, very slowly, to understand it.

Sixth, and possibly most decisive, is Quebec's rapid rise in living standards. While a gap of wages still stands between it and the richer provinces, the gap is narrowing rapidly despite the impatience of the Plamondons. A prosperous Quebec—by historic measurement almost unbelievably prosperous even in a business recession—feels, like any well-fed man, less resentment against its wealthy neighbors. The old racial tension is greatly eased by that fact alone.

Finally, the labor movement is a new bridge between the races, since workers throughout the nation are seeking the same objectives and must combine to achieve them.

This last point struck me so forcibly that I questioned several labor leaders about it. Their experiences were illuminating. All of them had attended labor conferences in English-speaking Canada as far west as Vancouver. They knew their opposite numbers from coast to coast and worked with them.

As a striking illustration, one labor organizer in the aluminum industry of the Saguenay told me he had recently visited the British Columbia aluminum centre of Kitimat and, as a result, some of the union leaders there had started to learn French so that they could deal better with their Quebec colleagues.

All this, expressed with French-Canadian eloquence, sounds convincing and, within limits, must be true. There are limits, though, and dangers. Perhaps the most brilliant mind in Quebec put the matter to me in terms which no politician is likely to use:

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ism, reform or whatever you care to call it—is all calculated to unify the races. Yes, but this involves risks and you'd better watch out for them. If the reformers win control of Quebec a few years hence, as I'm certain they will sooner or later, why then there may be trouble. Reform could turn sour if it was frustrated by bad luck or bad management. Idealism could become nationalism again in a new guise. It might seek a whipping boy in English-speaking Canada. That will all depend on economic conditions, since hard times breed hate, on the personalities of the new rulers, on the wisdom or blunders of the national government and, as so often before, on sheer accident."

Such is a learned intellectual's assessment. For myself, having first toured Quebec thirty-four years ago, I could hardly credit, on my recent travels, the change in the ordinary French Canadian's attitude toward an English-speaking Canadian.

Over and over again I asked men, high and low, to name the points of friction still remaining between the races. Invariably they were surprised at the question, evidently had seldom thought of it and were at a complete loss to answer it.

The financial quarrel between the federal and Quebec governments, the row about university grants (inwardly a complicated contest between Duplessis and the church for influence in the universities), the French Canadians' demand for their fair share of federal-government jobs—these are points of friction, I suppose, but tiny pin pricks compared to the tragic racial collisions of the past. The old frictions are withering away under the sun of a broader, wealthier Canadianism.

Is the church changing?

Still, the gulf between the races remains, not in anger but in unbridgeable separateness not so much of the mind as of the spirit. No visitor can fail to feel it. Here he enters a foreign land. So does the French Canadian in other provinces.

"Why is it," a labor leader asked me, "that I go to Ottawa or Vancouver year after year, do business with your people, get along fine officially but not once in all this time has a single one of them taken me to his home or introduced me to his wife and family, as we do here? Business relations but no personal relations. Is there something wrong with us French? Or is it, maybe, that you are now the nationalists?"

A profound question which I could not answer. But wherever I went I asked another question, inseparable from French-Canadian society, ancient and modern: where does the Roman Catholic Church, historically the inner power and intellectual governor of Quebec, stand in the present period of transition? The answers, from churchmen and laymen alike, were not what a Protestant would expect.

"You think of the church as all one thing, invariable and unchanging," said a thoughtful priest, whose face showed the attrition of his labors, whose shiny, torn and neatly mended cassock showed his poverty. "It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Apart from its theology, the church is as free as the wind. In secular affairs it is forever disputing and forever changing with the change of society."

"Today," he added, "what do we see in Quebec? We see a part of the church, a few old-fashioned bishops, trying to resist social change, sweeping back the tide with a broom, and another part, the

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larger part, adjusting itself to the new day. Have you been watching the cardinal?"

Who in Quebec, native or visitor, could fail to watch Cardinal Léger, of Montreal, who by his office must be a primary focus of power and, by his own talents, an outstanding man in any profession?

Few things of more significance have lately happened in Quebec than the cardinal's preachments in favor of the workers' right to organize and his collection of funds for the unemployed. An ascetic scholar trained in Rome and concerned up to now only with his religious duties, he has suddenly begun to take a deep interest in secular affairs and by blunt methods that must be pretty disagreeable to Duplessis.

I was less interested, however, in the cardinal's developing secular views, not yet clear to the public (if, in fact, they are to him), than in the attitude of his flock. While I had supposed that he would be above discussion, I found everybody, even the priests, discussing his recent pronouncements almost as if they had come from an elected politician.

A priest informed me that the cardinal was a man of splendid character and high ideals but knew little of economics and had hardly begun to comprehend the present movements of society. A labor leader and good Catholic said the cardinal was really a conservative making sounds like a liberal merely to assure the labor movement's devotion to the church. On one fact both politicians and labor leaders appear to agree: the church is doing nothing to restrain the labor movement and nothing to influence elections.

A few priests in isolated villages, said one of the chief labor men, might try now and then to advise unions against aggressive tactics but not once in his experience had the church interfered with him or even talked to him about his business. The Catholic chaplains who once dominated the syndicates, being their only educated spokesmen, had been replaced by the newly educated laymen. This, he thought, was not only right but also wise for the church, since it had inherited its own special problems from the industrial revolution. They form one of the real and vital facts.

Once the peasant leaves the country, goes to town as an industrial worker and is no longer under the eye of the village curé, his faith often tends to weaken. The church, said the labor man, could not afford to quarrel with the unions that protect the worker lest it further weaken his faith. It must get along with organized labor.

A churchman told me the same thing but insisted that while the faith undoubtedly had weakened many newly urban Catholics and might be losing somewhat in numbers, it was winning new spiritual strength.

In Quebec, as everywhere, he said, religion was no longer a strict social compulsion, "a mere fashion that a man must follow whether he believes or not," but a matter of free decision. Those who followed it did so out of conviction. Hence the church was stronger in essentials if perhaps weaker in appearances. However that may be, the church is caught in the very middle of the ferment, and is powerless to escape it and must learn to live with it.

As to the church in politics, I questioned one of Quebec's most practical politicians, a Catholic, who as much as anyone organized the Diefenbaker government's election sweep a year ago.

"Not once in the campaign," he replied, "did I hear from any churchman.

If I had, I would have told him to mind his own business. No bishop or parish priest ever talked politics to me, suggested anything or objected to anything."

The truth may be, as a scholarly churchman assured me, that the church was never as deep in politics as English-speaking Canada imagines.

"The legend," said this historian, "is that the church always dominated elections in the old days. It may have, here and there, in the first days of the franchise. But look at history. Repeatedly the bishops advocated one policy or one party and the people chose another. Who won the struggle between the bishops and Laurier? The legend is dead and should be buried."

A regime of social anachronism based on the oldest, strongest but declining social forces of Quebec life; a new force stemming out of the intellectuals at the top but penetrating through the labor unions slowly to the bottom; a church balanced between these conflicts—these, I take it, are among the real facts of contemporary French Canada, but there is a final and still larger fact to consider.

What about the strength of Quebec's basic culture under all this shaking impact? Can a little island of French speech, Catholic religion and distinct way of life survive permanently in the sea of English-speaking North America? Or will that precious thing established by Champlain and unconquerable in the

My most memorable meal: No. 48

Denise Pelletier

remembers



a picnic lunch amid Spanish sheep

I'll always remember our picnic in Spain. It occurred last summer when my husband Basil and I were on a motoring vacation after the European tour of the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde.

Since good restaurants are rare in Spain, we stopped at Biarritz to shop for picnic equipment. We bought a folding table with chairs, an alcohol stove, saucepans, an English fitted case and a stock of canned foods. After visiting Toledo, we took a side road toward Mocejón to get away from the tourists. It was scorching hot as we drove past wheat fields in search of shade. There wasn't a tree in sight.

We came to a general store and Basil suggested we buy some wine. The storekeeper kept his red wine in a cask and he had no bottles, so we filled an empty mineral-water bottle. The cost: eight cents.

After driving another two hours we found a delightful oasis on the bank of the Tagus River. Basil unpacked the stove and table, and I started to prepare the lunch. It was to begin with a fish bouillon to which was added fresh parsley, saffron, fine herbs and a little perfume of garlic. The main course

was fresh green peppers stuffed with Bayonne ham, shallots, walnuts and mayonnaise. After that, a green salad with a vinaigrette dressing.

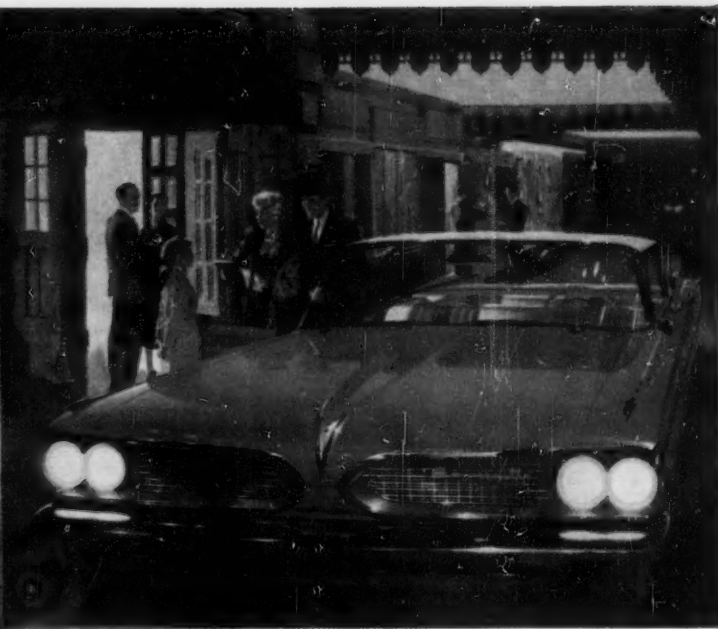
As we relaxed, waiting for this meal to cook, we heard tinkling bells. Soon they grew louder until we were surrounded by a tremendous flock of sheep. We were obviously on the path they took to their watering place.

But then a very polite shepherd came forward to show us that his sheep were well behaved. When at last he had scolded them all away, we began our belated meal. The fish consommé was delicious, and the delay had caused the stuffed green peppers to blend delightfully with the spices. But the big surprise was the eight-cent wine. It had the bouquet and body of a noble 1947 Chambertin. It was by far the best wine we had ever tasted in Spain. For dessert I sautéed some bananas and flambéed them with Spanish-made vodka. We finished the meal with instant espresso coffee.

As we were leaving at twilight, we looked back just in time to see a farmer open an irrigation ditch. In a few minutes a rivulet covered our little oasis.



"The tinkling of bells grew louder and soon we were surrounded."



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Why The Church Says: DON'T MARRY A CATHOLIC

Catholic opposition to mixed marriages is often misunderstood—and resented.

Some imagine it to be a manifestation of Catholic clannishness. Others say it is a selfish and unfair practice dictated by a domineering clergy. And still others take it as an insult to their own non-Catholic religious convictions and to their personal integrity.

Believe us when we say that none of these inferences is correct—none of these conclusions is true.

From long experience, the Church knows that the permanence and the harmony of family life are often jeopardized by mixed marriages, and, because of the religious division, the children often grow up in an atmosphere of religious indifference. This does not mean that the Church regards non-Catholics as unworthy or inferior. It is, simply, a matter of the church's concern for the religious life of the Catholic in a family which is divided from the start on one of the most vital questions demanding unity.

It is for this reason that the church recommends the marriage of Catholics to Catholics, and imposes serious obligations where a Catholic and a non-Catholic wish to be married in the Church. These obligations often cause resentment upon the part of those who do not understand the reasons for them.

Catholics believe that marriage is a holy and indissoluble union—a Sacrament instituted by Christ. If a Catholic elects to marry a non-Catholic, the obligation still remains to have the marriage witnessed by a Catholic priest. This does not require the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but it does require the signing of an agreement to refrain from interfering with the religious life of the

Catholic partner, and to raise and educate any children in the Catholic Faith.

The signing of this agreement is, moreover, only the first requirement before the Church will dispense from the law forbidding mixed marriages. The non-Catholic party to the marriage is also required to take at least six hours' instruction in the Catholic religion so as to know what is involved in marrying a Catholic. Above all, the Church requires moral certainty that the union will be a lasting and happy one.

While some may call this attitude of the Church dictatorial, thoughtful and responsible non-Catholic religious leaders take the same dim view of mixed marriages. They know from experience that such unions all too often create a disastrous disunity of family life.

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"I certainly wish you'd make your lunch before you come to work."

conquest be slowly eroded by the rising tide of North Americanism, the cultural waves beating in, day and night, through radio, television, printed words and business?

That, as every thoughtful French Canadian will admit, is no longer an unrealistic question. It is the supreme and practical question raised for Quebec by two centuries of experience. Nor do all French Canadians agree on the answer.

Some intellectuals argue that in the long run, a century or two, Quebec's unique possession will disappear under the seepage of an alien culture. One of Quebec's leading lawyers holds that view. An artist who probably has traveled his province as widely as anyone entertained me all evening with his theory that the race, as a separate entity, is doomed because its *esprit* is dying already by cultural suffocation. The French Canadian is becoming emotionally only another North American, as he already is in physical and economic life.

That is a small minority's view, a heresy of pessimism. The view of the vast majority, I take it, was expressed by three eminent social scientists who conducted for my benefit a three-hour debate, the most fascinating I have ever heard.

One of the professors, plump, short and jovial, fairly shook with excitement and his voice rose to a shout as he denied the heresy. The second, a lean, chilly, literal man, kept interrupting with hard, statistical facts and sociological lingo that was Greek to me. The third, an austere, moody introvert, tried occasionally to get a quiet word in edgeways but usually failed and sat brooding darkly in a corner.

Like the mediaeval schoolmen's angels, this remarkable trio danced all night on the point of a needle, speaking purest English but thinking in purest French. Their kindness, learning and candor overwhelmed me.

The lifework of all three had been the scientific study of their people. They had reduced French Canada to a science beyond any layman's understanding and, I dare say, beyond the comparable study of any professor in the English-speaking provinces. Though they disagreed on a thousand obscure details, and argued them with Latin gusto, they agreed that

the race, the culture and the religion were safe forever.

"No race or culture," said the man of hard facts, "has ever been destroyed by kindness, the kindness that the English applied to us. And now it's too late for anything else. We are too many."

"Observe," said the plump one, "that Quebec has four million people and will have about seven at the end of the century. It will always hold its proportion of the Canadian population. But we won't be, and are not now, the sort of people you imagine. The French Canadian is no peasant or curio for tourists but a twentieth-century North American—ah, but with a difference. What a difference! Therefore, the collectivity will survive."

"There's another thing you must remember," said the man of facts. "We have a big and growing investment in the collectivity. We are turning out engineers, scientists, sociologists, economists and business executives from our universities in droves. For their own selfish advantage, if nothing else, they will preserve the collectivity to prosper in it. They will soon become a new elite, replacing the old elite of lawyers and churchmen. They will re-orient, are already re-orienting, our whole society in ways no one can foresee. It'll be a revolution but it'll be French Canadian what-

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ever else it is. The culture is changing. But it's safe."

"Ah, the culture!" the brooding man muttered with a bleak look, and shook his head, as if the culture disappointed him, but he was given no chance to explain.

"You'll recall," the plump professor interrupted, with an excessive estimate of my learning, "that letter written by John A. Macdonald in 1856. The English, he said, must worry along with a French-Canadian problem for a century, no more. Now it is 1959 and we are still here, eh? And so long as we're here, a separate collectivity, there'll be tensions of one sort or another between you and us. That's history."

He laughed heartily. History appealed to him as a good joke.

Completely bewildered by the angels' pin-dance, I ventured to inquire what the collectivity was trying to preserve. At that the professors retreated into expertise, more statistics and mystery which, I suspected, were a disguise for their own doubts.

The language, the religion, the French-Canadian arts (now in yeasty renaissance) must be preserved, they said, but the most important thing could not be defined as more than separateness. Defined or not, it remains the vital thing. What alone matters is that Quebec feels this separateness in its heart and refuses to abandon it. Quebec is there—the overall national fact needs no better definition.

I reeled from that glorious dinner party confused about many things but thoroughly convinced of the separateness, for I could not have spent such an evening outside Quebec. No English-speaking Canadian professor would speak, think or act like those professors of Montreal.

Lemelin speaks for Quebec

A few days later I received an easier, layman's lesson in separateness from Roger Lemelin, the writer who has made so much money in literature and his big lumber business that it sometimes disturbs his social conscience. This volcano of a man, in endless eruption, took me, near the Plains of Abraham, to "the finest restaurant in America" (he can speak only in hyperbole) and, over snails from France, favored me with a special eruption.

An undoubted genius with his pen, Lemelin is vague in his ideology and tortured in his economics. Yet, with a writer's sixth sense, he feels the general sense of his people and articulates it magnificently. The French Canadians, he believes, are evolving into a better people, a more mature society. Nothing else matters much to him.

The CBC strike then under way, and the incidental blackout of his Plouffe Family, Lemelin regarded as one more evidence of the movement leftwards, pushed this time not by laborers but by artists.

All this delighted the genius (though it might threaten the man of wealth) but not for the usual reasons. Lemelin was not concerned with political theories or the fortunes of businessmen like himself. He was concerned solely with the "social milieu."

In his youth, he said, the milieu of Quebec had been so dull, stagnant and frustrating to an artist that he could not have endured it in middle age. He would have been forced to live in France or lose his inspiration. Now he finds here such a milieu of action, such a convulsion of ideas, such an atmosphere of change and excitement that he can hard-

ly keep up with it by writing from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. every day.

Living in this milieu, Quebec could not be eroded or destroyed, said Lemelin. Its danger point had been passed. The real danger, I gathered, was the cultural erosion of English-speaking Canada; it was spiritually less safe than Quebec, less sure of itself, more open to American penetration and more afraid.

"Don't worry about us," said the volcano as he bade me farewell. "Worry about yourselves."

From the Chateau's towers that night

I looked across the other towers and crowded street of Champlain's town, the unchanging river, and, in imagination, the changing but indestructible race. Lemelin, I thought, was right. Our partners of the two centuries knew how to look after themselves.

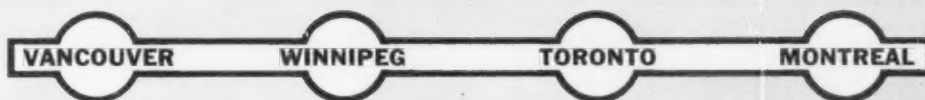
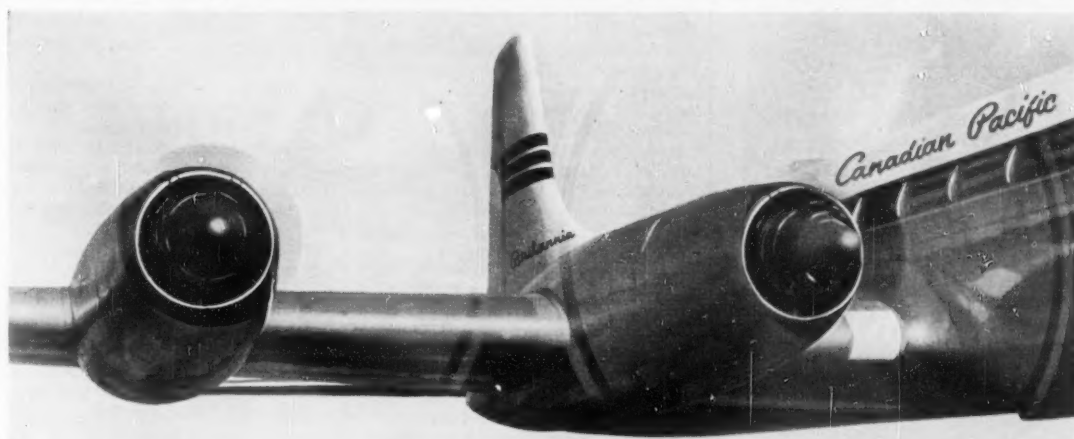
Without them Canada would be a duller nation, and perhaps it could not have survived as a nation at all against the continental conformity. At any rate, without them we would have missed our chance of unique achievement, our only great contribution to the world—a

workable duality of two distinct peoples, both Canadian, a demonstration of bi-racial living in a race-torn age.

Apart from anything else, that achievement has justified our history since the conquest not of a race, region or nationality but of ourselves jointly. And its product, emerging only in our time, is a new and true nationality.

So I took a last look at the plains next morning and wondered again at the unforeseen prodigy conceived there and slowly born through two hundred years of labor. ★

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London Letter continued from page 10

"How was our generation to know that a popinjay emperor with a shrunken arm was planning a war?"

anywhere. This, to my civilian mind, was absurd so I sat down on the ground to wait until something happened.

Suddenly an officer on horseback looked at me and shouted "Stretcher! Stretcher!" The stretcher bearers, only too delighted to have something to do, rushed over and, despite my protests, carried me to a tent where they threw water over my face, gave me artificial respiration, pounded me in the ribs, twisted my arms, and even tried thrusting my knees into my stomach.

When I managed to tell them that there was nothing the matter with me, and that I had just sat down for a rest, the sergeant major grabbed me by the arm and told me all about God. At least that was how it sounded. Then I was marched back to the battalion and once more took my place in the rear rank.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts appeared on horseback, together with a cavalry escort, and inspected us. I had a dreadful fear that at the critical moment I would drop my rifle but discipline had at last taken command. My purely unbiased opinion is that my salute with the rifle would have been a credit to any Grenadier Guardsman in Whitehall and I much resented the fellow next to me who said that I damn near knocked his brains out. My impression is that it would not have mattered much if I had.

Such are the vagaries of memory that the slow crowded train to Quebec, and the inspection by Lord Roberts, are as vivid today as if it all had happened a mere two or three years ago. Yet I have no recollection whatsoever of the return journey to Toronto although there is clear evidence that I reached the Queen City

and resumed normal existence. At any rate I resigned from the regiment and vowed never again to play at soldiering. How was my generation to know that far off in Berlin a popinjay emperor with a shrunken arm was dreaming and planning a war that would make him master of Europe?

Now it is the year 1914. Recruiting sergeants are on the streets of Toronto and it is difficult to avoid them. Finally it was impossible. I signed on and became a lieutenant.

We were a mounted unit stationed in Ottawa and it was from there that we entrained for Halifax. But what has this to do with Quebec? Simply that while we were asleep the train must have traveled through Quebec. The great gamble was on, and in my case it was a gamble that was to make England my home.

It is late August in the year 1939. The Baxters with their small son and smaller daughter, were staying on an island in Muskoka listening to the radio from Buffalo. An announcer gave us the stock-market prices, the baseball scores, and finally, having run out of anything better to report, he said in a casual voice that Germany and Russia had signed a non-aggression pact. This was it!

I told my wife that she should take the children to Vancouver, which was her old home, and wait until the crisis blew over. I would catch the Empress of Britain at Quebec.

How strange and silent was that train! It was crowded with people who had planned a holiday abroad but when we reached the pier at Quebec the news was so bad that most of the passengers stood



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on the pier and, quite wisely, decided not to board the ship. Viscount Maugham, British Lord Chancellor, strolled up the gangway with the nonchalance that would be expected from Somerset Maugham's elder brother. And there was Brendan Bracken (the shock-haired protégé of Winston Churchill), who in a short time would be Britain's minister of information in the battle against Hitler's Germany. Also there was Lord Beaverbrook, who had been minister of information in the Kaiser's war and was soon to be made minister of aircraft production in Hitler's war.

There was silence and there were tears as the Empress of Britain turned down Canada's main street—the glorious St. Lawrence River.

We were strangely silent in the beautiful ship but Bracken broke the spell with the comment: "What a lot of two-funnel churches there are in Quebec!" On the Plains of Abraham there had been the battle which was to prove the birth pangs of a nation, and now France and Britain were partners in a war that was only a few days off.

Cherbourg was in complete darkness when we paused there en route to England, but Southampton was blazing with light as we reached journey's end. That was Friday night. On Saturday night we had that terrible, cruel, moving moment when Leo Amery shouted to the Labor leader to speak for Britain! At eleven o'clock Sunday morning we were at war.

And what of the beautiful ship which had taken us down the long seaway and across the ocean? She was sunk at sea less than a year and a half after we made our crossing.

Now let us bury the past and turn to the Canada of today—a nation of two languages and two races living in amity albeit with healthy political and religious differences. There is an old saying that the French are the only people who really know how to live, because temperamentally they go to bed on the eve of a St. Bartholomew massacre and die daily. Allowing for the slight element of exaggeration there is still a basis of philosophic truth in that saying. Just as the Maritimes are dominated by people of Scottish origin, and just as Ontario and the west are dominated by people of Scottish and English descent, so Quebec remains French even though it has no basic ties with France.

The City of Quebec on a Saturday evening achieves an atmosphere of carnival which has no parallel in any other part of Canada. The streets are gay and the traffic is hilarious. Everywhere you see the priests of the Roman Catholic church mingling with the people and joining in the vibrant scene.

Then there is Montreal, that dual-

lingued metropolis with its towering hills, its sense of adventure, its dignified clubs, its university that maintains spacious grounds right in the very heart of the city. May Toronto forgive me, but there is a touch of truth in the boast that Montreal is the only metropolis on the North American continent.

Twice in the last few months did I visit Montreal and although the snow gods, on the second visit, overdid their welcome there was a white beauty that almost atoned for the crunching snow mounds and the slithering streets.

We cannot rewrite history and therefore it must remain in the book of human records that by force of arms the British won the battle that determined Canada's future but by wisdom and magnanimity they made a country of two races, two tongues, and two forms of religion into a unity that will grow in power and authority as the unfolding years run their endless course.

We Canadians of British blood are the descendants of the conquering race but in the years that lie ahead I predict that the influence of Quebec will spread, for

it maintains power of the spirit against the encroachment of materialism.

Nor should we fail to acknowledge that in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Louis St. Laurent the French gave Canada two political leaders who combined elegance with wisdom, and guided the giant Dominion toward the glory and the wisdom of her birthright.

Therefore as a Canadian expatriate let me exclaim with the lingual facility acquired at Harbord Street Collegiate in Toronto: "Vive Canada! Long Live Canada!" ★



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Muscular Aches from Outside Work?

Here's a complaint that many have at this time of year. "My work keeps me outside in all kinds of damp, cold, windy weather, and I sometimes find the day feeling all pains and aches in my muscles in back, shoulders and legs. I used to be able to stand these pains for days at a time when I was younger, but not any more. I discovered that DOLCIN tablets bring me the relief I need to keep going in my job. I always keep DOLCIN on hand and I'm happy to say they never let me down." J.J.O., Montreal.

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Mailbag continued from page 4

✓ Rocket Richard is tops — even in Vancouver

✓ The unsung heroes of the Empress disaster

HEARTIEST congratulations on your editorial, *The Dilemma of Our Defense Policy* (Mar. 28). If ever we are to win true freedom, not only for our own dominion but for the people of the world, it will be through down-to-earth recognition of the fact that men are defenseless in the atomic age. Canada is, as you say, obsolete as a military power.—MRS. J. M. TELFORD, REGINA, SASK.

✓ I only wish such leadership had come from my country, but since it has not I'd be glad to follow Canadians, and I am sure many others throughout the world would also.—RUTH BATES, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

✓ It is what the world needs—THE REV. K. B. MILTON, VANCOUVER.

✓ ... seems to me to be the first real attempt to see through our non-existent defense policy and come up with a realistic but bound-to-be-unpopular choice of answers.—JOHN WOOLRICH, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ I hope it becomes one of those documents to be remembered as one of the turning points in our story. I hope all the goodwill in this country will rally in support of this idea and that we can turn our eyes from the destructiveness of atomic preparedness to the much more constructive role of economic aid and mutual hope.—BLODVEN DAVIES, MARKHAM, ONT.

And a great hockey player

Your March 28 cover recalls the Vancouver appearance of Maurice Richard to referee the 1958 "old-timers" game before a packed Exhibition Forum. In spite of then incomplete recovery from the severe tendon injury, Mr. Richard was on the ice for over three hours continuously, refereeing the game and signing hundreds of autographs. A great Canadian, a great sportsman, and a real gentleman.—MAURICE W. CARDEN, VANCOUVER.

Last moments of the Empress

Ray Gardner's *The Night the Empress of Ireland Went Down* (Mar. 28) brings back memories of yarns with Bill Whiteside when we were naval radio operators in the First World War. Bill was the operator at Father Point who took the SOS from the Empress and by quick thinking caught the tug Eureka at the dockside and had her on her way to the scene of the disaster within a minute or so of their distress call. The Eureka was the first rescue vessel to arrive and many of the survivors she picked up undoubtedly owed their lives to Whiteside's action.—F. W. BERRY, MANOTICK, ONT.

✓ That particular disaster, one of the greatest of any kind in Canada's history, seems to be almost forgotten and I have often wondered why it seems to be given so little attention.—I. F. MORGAN, WINNIPEG.

✓ During the judicial enquiry, which followed the disaster, we frequently entertained at my mother's home Ronald

Ferguson and two other surviving members of the crew. It is my recollection that Ferguson remained at the radio, sending out messages until the instrument no longer functioned, and was literally blasted from his post by an explosion on the ship, to land in an upturned lifeboat floating in the sea.—IRENE KERR GUNTENSPERGER, QUEBEC.

The graceful Gatineaus

Holiday Weekend in Ottawa (Mar. 14) renewed old memories and nostalgically brought to light places I have forgotten. Particularly the mention of the "graceful Gatineau Hills" where I was born.—MRS. ELLA J. MACDONALD, ROME, N.Y.

Was Edith Thompson guilty?

After reading Beverley Baxter's masterly summing-up of the Edith Thompson case (Mar. 28) I would certainly say that she should not have been executed. Long live Baxter!—J. W. COWAN, VICTORIA.

✓ The killer wasn't arrested within a few hours but after several days on a tip from the victim's brother; the woman didn't shout until the killer was out of the way and he didn't wait to see Thompson's blood on the pavement.—J. OLIPHANT, TORONTO.

For heaven's sake give Beverley Baxter leave of absence (*The Baxter's* leave an old, well-loved home, Mar. 14) while he rearranges his furniture; one would al-



most think that Baxter was the only one that ever moved.—LARS SWANSTROM, ARTLAND, SASK.

Bufy Beavers

We are under Obligation to you, Sir, for the pleasing Manner in which you reported the verbose and windy Claph of Opinion now raging in this Metropolis concerning the Beaver Club (Preview, Mar. 28). Notwithstanding, I must beg Leave to repair an Inexactitude in your Account in one significant Respect... No one can purchase an Honorary Wintering Partnership in this ancient Club. There are no Membership Fees, Dues or Obligations, save that of being a worthy Gentleman. To be admitted into Membership and join our distinguished Roster, the Aspirant must first be propofed by two existing Members, then feast in the Beaver Club upon a Beaffe, Fifth or Fowl of the Canadian Forests or Streams and finally muft quaff of a Chauldron of fiery Loup Garou.—JOHN GOSIP, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, THE BEAVER CLUB, AT THE SIGN OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH, MONTREAL.

✓ As an exhibition of sheer ignorance of the history of printing, the use of an

f for the long s customary until the start of the last century, makes the Beaver Club's card a masterpiece. The correct type is available. To reproduce period printing, if the past is going to be resurrected, a little attention to detail is an essential.—R. MARSHALL, BELOEIL, QUE.

God save our gracious UN!

Much of Hereward Allix's *Does Canada really need a National Anthem?* (Mar. 28) could equally apply to the question of a national flag. The emotions aroused by these symbols could perhaps be aroused for a more worthy cause if nations adopted the United Nations flag with the name of the member country inscribed in small letters and on suitable occasions sang a United Nations anthem.—D. S. CROMBIE, CARDINAL HEIGHTS, ONT.

✓ Whether or not Canada as a supposed-to-be free country should have a distinctive anthem and flag should be decided by Canadians and not by foreigners and



immigrants who know nothing or very little about the history of our country.—H. BILODEAU, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

✓ Allix's dislike for national anthems is based on the fallacy that if you love one group you will feel hostile and competitive toward other groups. But love and loyalty only begin close to the centre and then spread outward. Let us by all means have less standing on guard.—ADELINE HADDOW, HAMILTON, ONT.

Douglas and Mosley

Premier Douglas' joke about Sir Oswald Mosley (*What Politics Needs Most—More Laughter*, Mar. 28) is palpably phony. Not silence for a cockney voice to be heard, but a roar of applause greeted Mosley's dramatic appearance at his big meetings. Only when he left the Labor Party in disgust at its hypocrisy did he become subjected to ridicule, violence, suppression, imprisonment and a conspiracy of silence.—ANDREW GLEN, LOCUST HILL, ONT.

Mount Royal memories

Ken Lefolii's article (*Mount Royal's Valiant Stand Against Progress*, Mar. 28) brought memories of my boyhood scrambles up its slopes and rambles through its woods, and of caddying for my dad over the old golf course on Fletcher's Field, way back in the early Nineties. The description as "the finest natural big-city park in the world" sounds familiar to Vancouverites who so often hear Stanley Park similarly praised.—W. L. DARLING, VANCOUVER.

✓ Congratulations... Our association does not resist progress as implied. It is no exaggeration to state that had the association not existed, a large part of Mount Royal would now be covered by auditoriums, concert halls, theatres, restaurants, churches, speedways and parking grounds. It's our firm belief that Montreal's very real traffic problems will be solved by other means than the creation of a gasoline curtain through the heart of the park.—RAYMOND CARON, PRESIDENT, MONTREAL PARKS & PLAY-GROUNDS ASSOCIATION, MONTREAL. ★



For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

come so usual that the premier is probably not aware of them anymore. He sincerely thinks that his will is the best set of rules it is possible to find. This attitude tends to transform any speaker into the sheepish servant of his desires. I have heard him twice, from the other side of the Assembly, order one of his ministers: "Sit down, Onésiphore"; and Onésiphore sat down. In such an atmosphere, arbitrary decisions are common and, of course, there is always a majority to guarantee their efficacy.

So you would expect our English press to crusade day after day against these encroachments on legislative freedom. Up to now, I haven't read a single real protest. This makes a long and a big silence.

This first example is negative. There is one of another kind, in municipal affairs. Jean Drapeau had been elected mayor of Montreal after a revolt against municipal corruption. His regime was, of course, debatable, and after two years there was a case against him as there would have been against any mayor. The English dailies never gave him a chance. Then, at the last moment, it became evident that his adversaries were Duplessis' men. Against him, there came Senator Sarto Fournier, a noisy nobody. It was nearly impossible to choose Fournier against Drapeau, at least for a community with a civic mind—which the English-speaking population generally possesses to a larger extent than French Canadians. Still, the English press helped Fournier and Duplessism to come to power. I have the conviction that the English-speaking electorate could not know the implications of the fight; but the press knew what it did. From a civic point of view, this was disgraceful.

There came the natural-gas affair. The newspaper *Le Devoir* accused eight provincial ministers of having had interests in the company which had recently bought a gas system from the publicly owned Hydro-Quebec. I don't intend to dwell upon the "scandal" here, nor to say that *Le Devoir* was right. I belong to its staff, and anyway, the matter is *sub judice*. But it can and it must be said that the affair made a great commotion in the province—except, editorially, in the English press.

Of course, Mr. Duplessis strongly dislikes *Le Devoir*. A few weeks after the natural-gas storm broke he publicly ex-

pressed his feelings in having a provincial police officer expel this paper's reporter from a general press conference in his office. The reporter had simply come in with his colleagues and had not uttered a word; his very presence was too much for Mr. Duplessis. But the eviction was hard to swallow. Three groups of independent journalists strongly protested against it, and newspapers wrote that freedom of the press implies freedom to attend the official sources of information. After some time, the *Gazette*, in the middle of an article full of

the nicest things about Mr. Duplessis, let pass a very cold protest against the expulsion, and the *Star* found it more unskillful than blameworthy.

The natural-gas affair was still rolling on last September. Important groups and papers asked from the government a full and official investigation. But not the English press. The farthest the *Gazette* felt it could go was to suggest libel suits against *Le Devoir*. That, and that only, was done by government members. The affair is now *sub judice*.

Here is a last example. It may seem

fragile, but I feel it is significant.

The Supreme Court of Canada condemned Mr. Duplessis to pay \$33,123 in damages to Frank Roncarelli, a Jehovah's Witness, for having cancelled Roncarelli's liquor permit twelve years ago, thus depriving him of his main source of revenue.

Would Mr. Duplessis appeal to the Privy Council? He had the right to do it, but decided to abstain. Instead he appealed to "the grand tribunal of public opinion in the province of Quebec." This he did in a public statement which was

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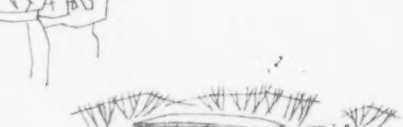
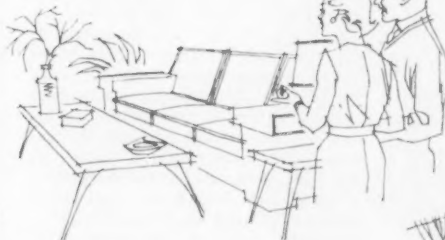
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reproduced word for word, and on their front pages, by most of the Quebec French dailies. The Gazette, on page one, and the Star, on page thirteen, used the Canadian Press summary of this declaration—thus cutting half of it. In the unprinted half, Mr. Duplessis decided that the Supreme Court judgment was an "extraordinary" one, and that "without any doubt, it cheered and encouraged the Jehovah's Witnesses." He took ironically for granted the "sincerity" of the judges, including "the Honorable Justice Abbott, who, in 1954, abandoned his functions of federal minister of finance" to sit on the magistrate's bench.

Then Mr. Duplessis proceeded to an electoral recount of all the judges who have had to render a decision about this affair in three different courts. Adding the individual votes given in the Supreme, Appeal and Superior Courts, he implied that, though losing in the Supreme Court by six to three, he nevertheless won on the whole by a nine-to-six margin. Did Montreal's English-speaking press regard this as a very peculiar way of speaking of the Supreme Court, for a man who is attorney-general of his province and is always urging respect for authority in general and "his" magistrates in particular? Anyway their reports left all this aside, and, presumably out of a sense of delicacy, they were silent in their news column. And so the urge to comment editorially became weaker. As a matter of fact, there was no editorial comment.

So, where are we? Still in English Canada with its pride in liberty and its respect for our institutions of justice? Or what happened to our Englishmen, at least to their leaders?

Because, once and for all, let me state that I am putting a case against the leaders of English-speaking Quebec, not against the people. People know what they are told; they can't guess what their papers systematically hide.

There must be an explanation somewhere.

When a British or French colonialist came into Africa, he often had the wisdom to let the Negro king live and to respect the customs of the natives. Of course, in such a bargain, the interests of the local ruler are sacred, and so are those of the colonialist. Authority, pride and money thus assured the Negro king is free. He can cut heads if such is the tradition. He may have slaves if he does it with enough circumspection. He is permitted and even encouraged to keep things unchanged: this is wise for both the colonialist and the Negro king.

Two things are required from the Negro king: that he be respectful toward the colonialist and strong against the natives. There is no deep loyalty toward him; if he is dethroned, a new Negro king will gather the same advantages. But, provided the contracts are fulfilled, the colonialist will not help in dethroning the old monarch. You never know where these revolutions could bring you. Only a British liberal—and unfortunately there are British liberals even in the colonies—would be innocent enough to spill some of his indignation over the acts of the Negro king or over the misfortunes of his subjects. A deep and secret pity is usually substituted for real indignation.

Under such an arrangement how could a decent British citizen expect the natives to build a decent democracy? It denies them the dignity of behavior and the high moral standards that are commonly found in a British community.

Let us be frank also, and sincere, and even generous. Natives have their own utility. When properly handled, they become excellent servants. And they have the special charm of quaint old things.

They sing and dance very well under the moon. Ah! the lovable creatures: it is refreshing to look at them an hour or two. But there are hard facts that you have to take into account. Don't let your heart go too far. A native is a native, a wealthy Briton is a wealthy Briton; such is the will of the Lord.

Consequently, the rights of a native always remain hypothetical. He often looks like a human being: in a restrictive sense he even is, but of a peculiar species, like a child condemned to childhood for his whole life. Never give too much freedom to a primitive population: they have developed a kind of social equilibrium that it is perilous to change. The old Negro king knows how to treat them. He may look barbarian, but he inherited a wisdom and he has developed tricks of his own. When his whip whistles over the shoulders of his subjects, it is hard for a civilized colonialist not to intervene. The best thing is to close your eyes, to refuse to hear, to go play cricket somewhere else, and to pretend that it's all liberal propaganda and nonsense.

Of course, such a topic is becoming delicate in the twentieth century. Better never formulate principles like that. So you never do, even to yourself. You simply act according to them. It is the unwritten code: Live—and let live the Negro king.

I take for granted that, on the whole, English-speaking citizens in Quebec should react the way they do elsewhere in Canada: that is, have strong community feelings and loyalty, a great attachment for parliament and its normal procedure, and a greater one for freedom. As they do not, at least publicly, then we must conclude that Quebec is a colony, and that the wealthy leaders of English Canada deal with the Duplessis regime as they would deal elsewhere with a Negro king — *mutatis mutandis* of course.

And that is what many French Canadians have come to think, after carefully reading the daily press of these important businessmen. They believe that the colonial era has not quite ended here. Something of it manages to survive under new and more complex forms.

In practice, big money is, here much more than elsewhere, on the side of conservatism, of tyrannical tendencies, of political corruption. No one could expect it to be crusading for political and social progress. Is it not a little sad to think that, in provincial politics, it has become an iron curtain against progress? There seems to be an unwritten contract between Big Business and the Negro king.

They probably despise him in their minds, despise his tough methods, despise the majority that tolerate him. Nevertheless they consolidate his power. The result is disastrous for every Quebecker, including a majority of the English-speaking Quebeckers, who are not wealthy, and simply share the political consequences of a vicious deal.

Most probably also, the wealthy leaders and their press are afraid of the Negro king and his political power; they simply pay him back for what they get. (I'm talking of the wholesale operation, and not of the personal interests of Mr. X or Z.) This may seem normal. If it is, then democracy is just a question of knowing what is the price of a man. Those who get a better price for their silence or their active complicity make more money, and shall be more respected citizens; but they lose the right of despising the small man who sells himself for a glass of beer.

Of course, nobody can dictate the editorial policy of a paper, except those who own and manage it. But we are permitted, I believe, to state what we think that policy is.

And having in mind the attitude of Canadians outside Quebec, perhaps I may add: You would be pleased if we got rid of the Duplessis regime. Many French Canadians think the same way, though not necessarily for all the same reasons. But one of the strongest supports for this regime is Quebec's wealthy and, most of the time, English-speaking economic leaders. It is a fact. It expresses itself in a press which seldom attacks the Duplessis regime, often covers it, defends it and propagates it so that, when you're up against the Negro king, at the same time you're up against his associates, the modern colonialists. ★



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In the next Maclean's

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Staff luncheon: North Sea herring, Danish meatballs, Quebec ideas.

We were eating Danish food at the time

A good meal not only nourishes the body but stimulates the mind, so fortnightly staff luncheons are an institution at Maclean's. They always produce arguments about how a magazine should be run, and they also produce ideas that grow into articles and even into whole issues like the one you are reading now.

We used to hold our staff free-loads in a flossy Chinese spot. When familiarity made snow peas and butterfly shrimps as ordinary as beef stew, we moved on to a French buffet.

It would be nice to report that this inspired our French-Canadian issue, and we did discuss the matter tentatively while we were still nibbling *hors d'œuvres*. But when we actually decided to put it together, we were stuffing ourselves with smorgasbord at Toronto's Little Denmark.

We had already done a special issue on the North. Historic celebrations had provided a reason for doing issues on the prairies and British Columbia. We wanted to do a special issue on Quebec to mark the 200th anniversary of the Plains of Abraham, but the task appeared fraught with such magnitude and complexity that the actual decision to set it in motion kept getting postponed. Then, one brave Wednesday noon-hour, a particularly enterprising editor popped a spicy Danish meatball into his mouth and suggested stonily that we'd better quit talking about our Quebec issue and start getting it in motion.

That was more than a year ago and, ever since, editors, authors, artists and photographers have been devoting thought and toil to

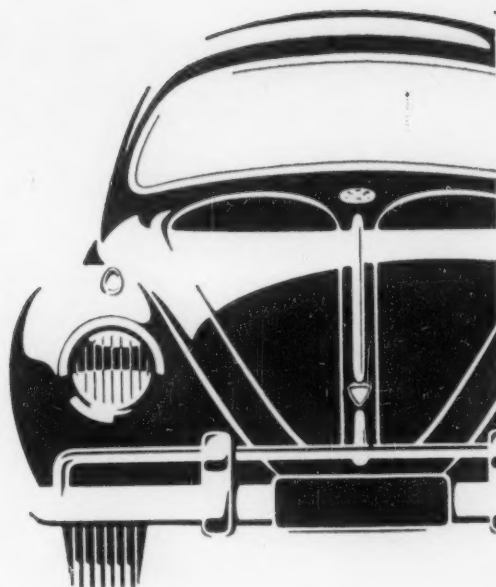
this issue. Hugh MacLennan traveled the length of our mightiest river gathering material for *The Incomparable St. Lawrence*. To illustrate this, Gabriel Bastien painted twenty sketches, then did pictures from ten of them.

That noted journalist, Bruce Hutchison, flew from British Columbia to spend "unbroken days locked up with French Canada" and write *The Unconquerable French Canadians*. Roger Lemelin, creator of the *Plouffes*, and Marcel Dubé, winner of a dozen awards for stage and TV plays, accepted commissions to write short stories, *The Plouffes Visit Toronto* and *Nathalie Was My First Love*.

Donald Creighton, chairman of the history department of the University of Toronto, and the distinguished biographer of Sir John A. Macdonald, agreed to write a special article on the influence of the Roman Catholic Church on Quebec, and eight outstanding French-Canadian artists did paintings for us on "some aspect or impression of Quebec as it affects you visually and emotionally."

Meanwhile, Gaby, French Canada's famous photographer, was chasing up and down Quebec taking new portraits of some of his most interesting compatriots. June Callwood was visiting the Rocket Richards, our Quebec editor, Ken Lefolli, was finding out what French Canada laughs at, and our Parade editor, Gerry Anglin, was beating the bushes for French-Canadian items.

In short, this French-Canada issue represents a massive amount of sweat and labor, all of it set in motion, ironically, by a Danish meatball.



People who know are turning to Volkswagen

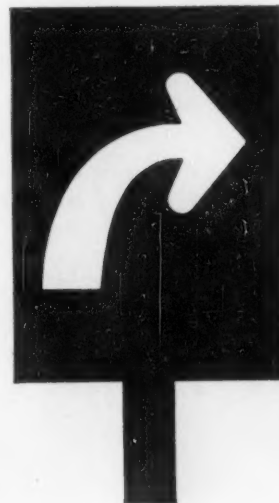
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THE SPLIT-LEVEL WORLD OF GORDIE TAPP



He made the big time as Cousin Clem, TV's likable shaggy bumpkin. Off-camera he's a shrewd, grey-flannelled wit, who cringes at the public's picture of cheerful clumsiness.

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MY DAUGHTER MARRIED A NEGRO

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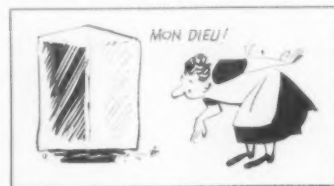
Parade

Nothing like a quaint new custom

A fellow in St. Boniface, Man., has been telling us about the time he and a friend boarded with a French-Canadian family in Quebec City while working there for a couple of months. They were warmly received, let in on such family news as that a son of the household was shortly getting married, and given keys to let themselves in whenever they came home late. This they did frequently, and were puzzled always to find a large wash-tub with some coins in it on the floor in the hall. After talking it over they decided this must be one of those intriguing local customs—a lucky tub in the hall each

halfway out by his lapels and shook him silly. Then he strode back to his little car, refolded himself into the interior and drove off—leaving the cab holding up traffic.

As the trout season opens again we wish all fishermen the luck three of them had on a cool, mountain lake near Quebec's Laurentide park last year. Two of them were veterans of rod and fly, and their day's catch proved it. The third was a clumsy amateur, and watching him sympathetically the skillful pair realized he hadn't hooked a trout all day. Before they left the spot they had presented him with a dozen speckled beauties and, at first flabbergasted, he had warmly accepted them. Later on the veterans spotted the amateur proudly posing with his shimmering string as his wife took his picture.



evening to collect visitors' coins for the betrothed youth. Usually in cheerful mood when they let themselves in nights, they frequently added a clinking donation. It was weeks before they discovered that their kindly landlady was as baffled as they had been. She couldn't understand why the iceman kept leaving her too much change every morning.

Eagle-eyed Parade scouts (motorized division) report that the Quebec scenery is rivaled only by the road signs. Somewhere along the Quebec-Montreal highway you'll see

WE SPEAK ENGLISH
AT 1,000 FEET

and in far eastern Quebec near the New Brunswick border there's a farmhouse displaying the startling legend:

BARGAINS, FACTORY PRICED
ANTIQUES

But Quebec can't vie with Ontario as a sportsman's paradise, for just over Quebec's western border another roadside sign proclaims excitedly:

WORM FOR SALE

As the light turned green at Guy and St. Catherine Streets, in Montreal, an old man found himself trapped in mid-traffic at high noon. The driver of a tiny foreign car kindly held back to make sure the old one shuffled safely to the curb, but the hackie of a battle-scarred taxi behind blasted his horn with impatient annoyance. When this got no results he rolled ahead and bunted the small obstruction in front of him. At which a perfect giant of a man unfolded himself from the tiny car, yanked open the taxi door, hauled the driver

A resident of Pointe Claire, Que., who during business hours frequently meets a couple recently arrived from England, was saddened to discover they had acquired a bad impression of Canadian home cooking. Five times, friendly Canadians had invited them out for dinner and every time they had been served home-baked beans. "Just to prove you're wrong," he declared, "you're coming home for dinner with me right now and I won't even phone my wife to warn



her." Silencing their protests he drove them home, only to find the house deserted. A note on the kitchen table said, "Finally got that hairdresser's appointment—you'll find a can of beans on the shelf."

Visiting her daughter in Shawinigan Falls, Que., a Toronto grandmother suggested that she'd like to take her ten-year-old grandson to the movie Robinson Crusoe. Told that Quebec forbids children under sixteen attending movies, she said playfully that young Johnnie could dress up in long trousers. Immediately enthused, Johnnie demanded, "What do we go as, Gran—mother and son or man and wife?"

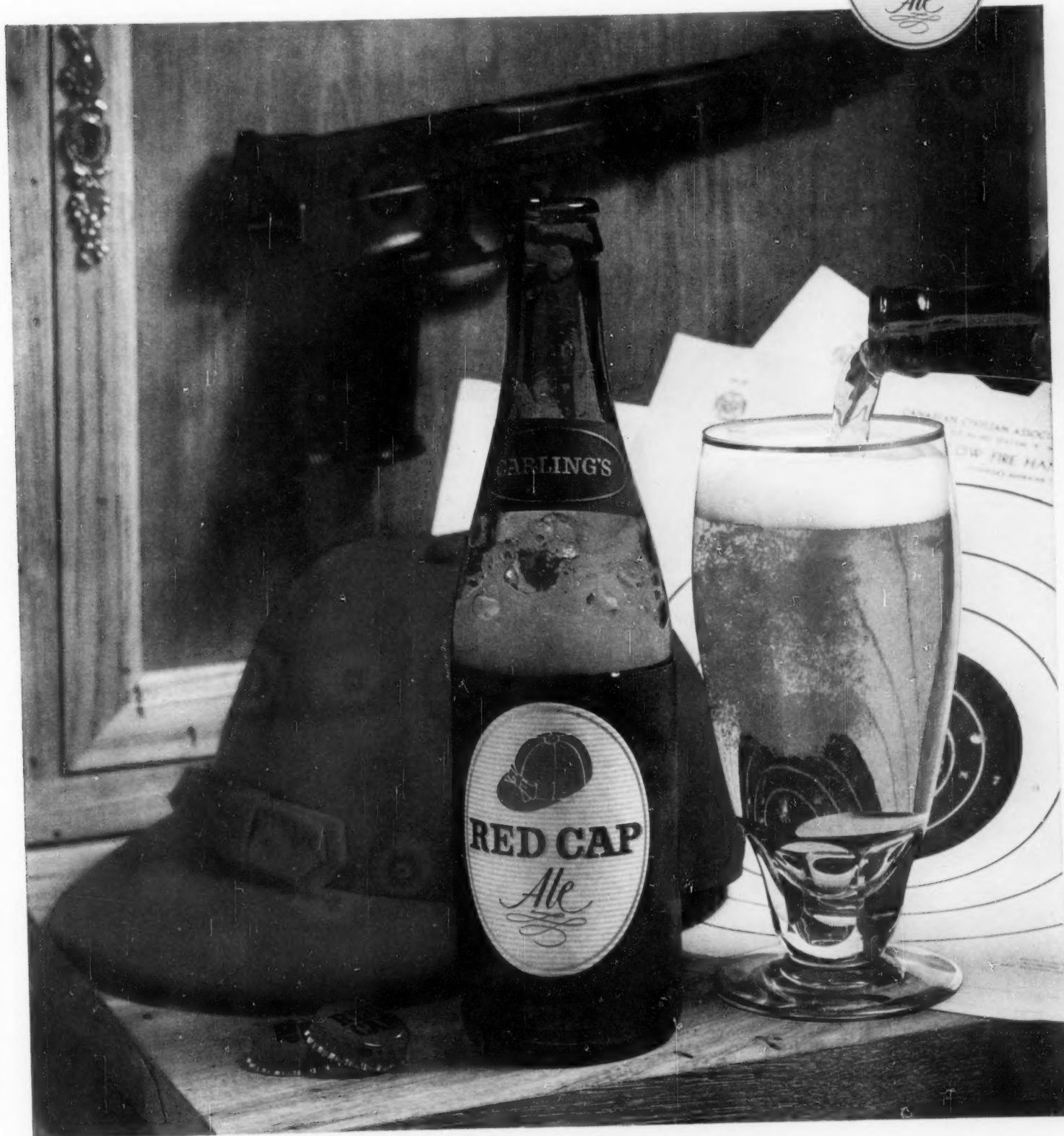
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